Collier's

OCTOBER 18, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

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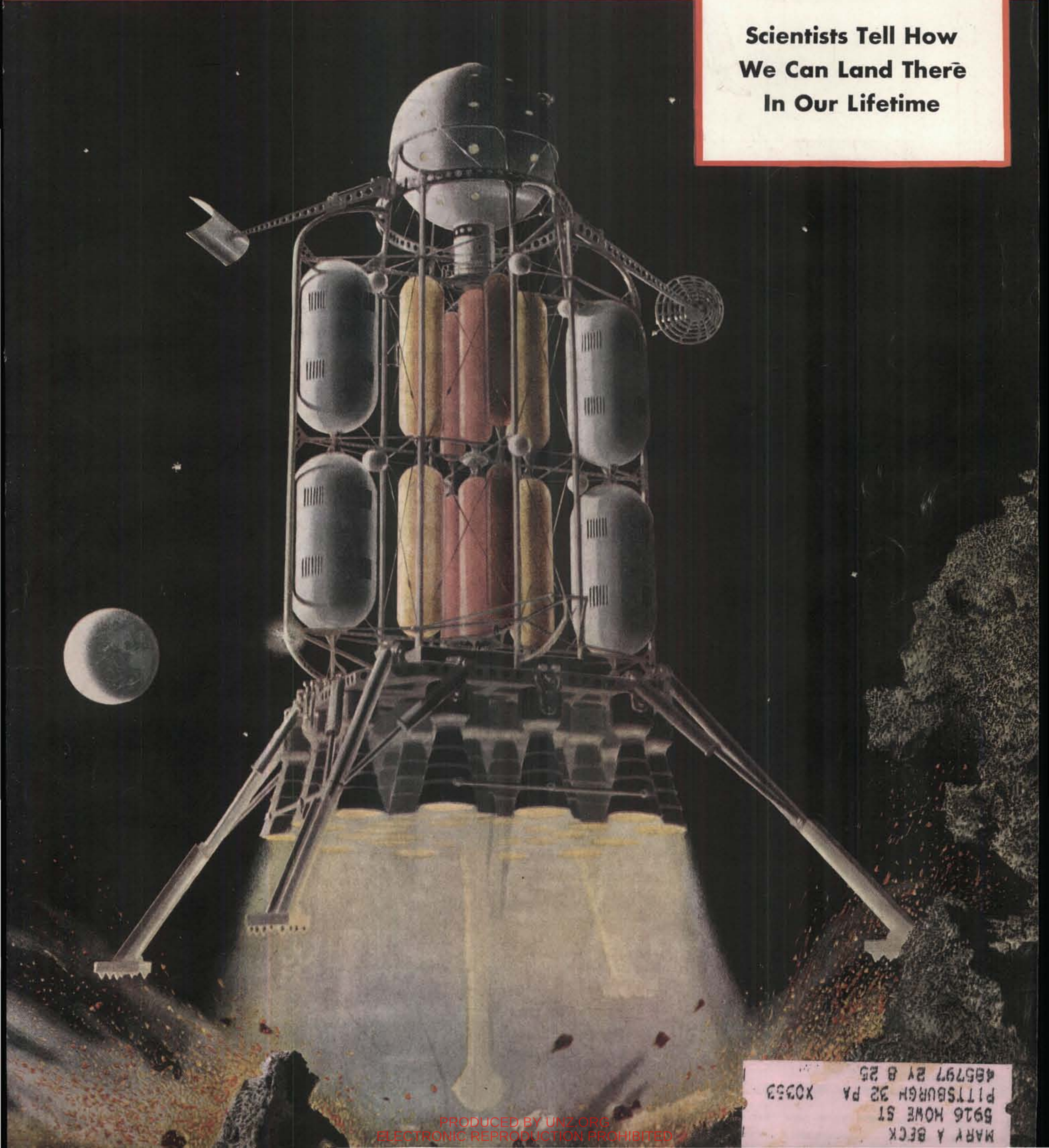
MAN ON THE MOON

Scientists Tell How
We Can Land There
In Our Lifetime

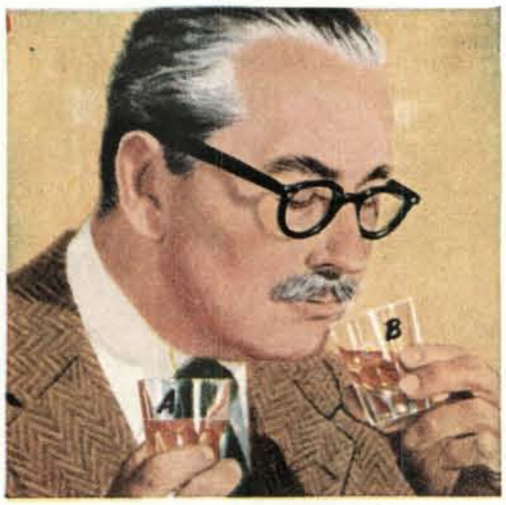


MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA X0353
485797 2Y 8 25

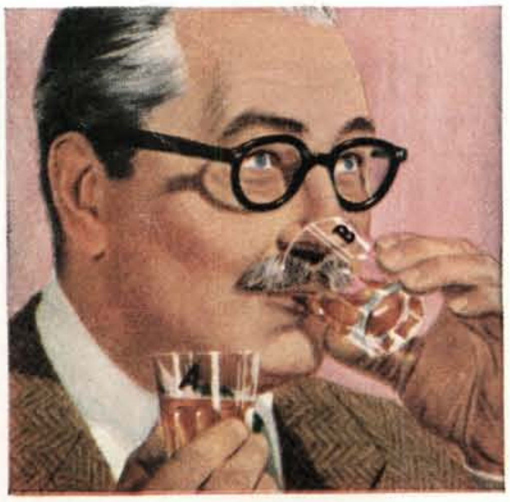
A real estate salesman out west*
Is sold on this simple taste test.
"Compare whiskies," says he,
"And I'm sure you'll agree
After one sip that Calvert is best."

* RALPH EMERIAN, real estate salesman, Fowler, Calif.

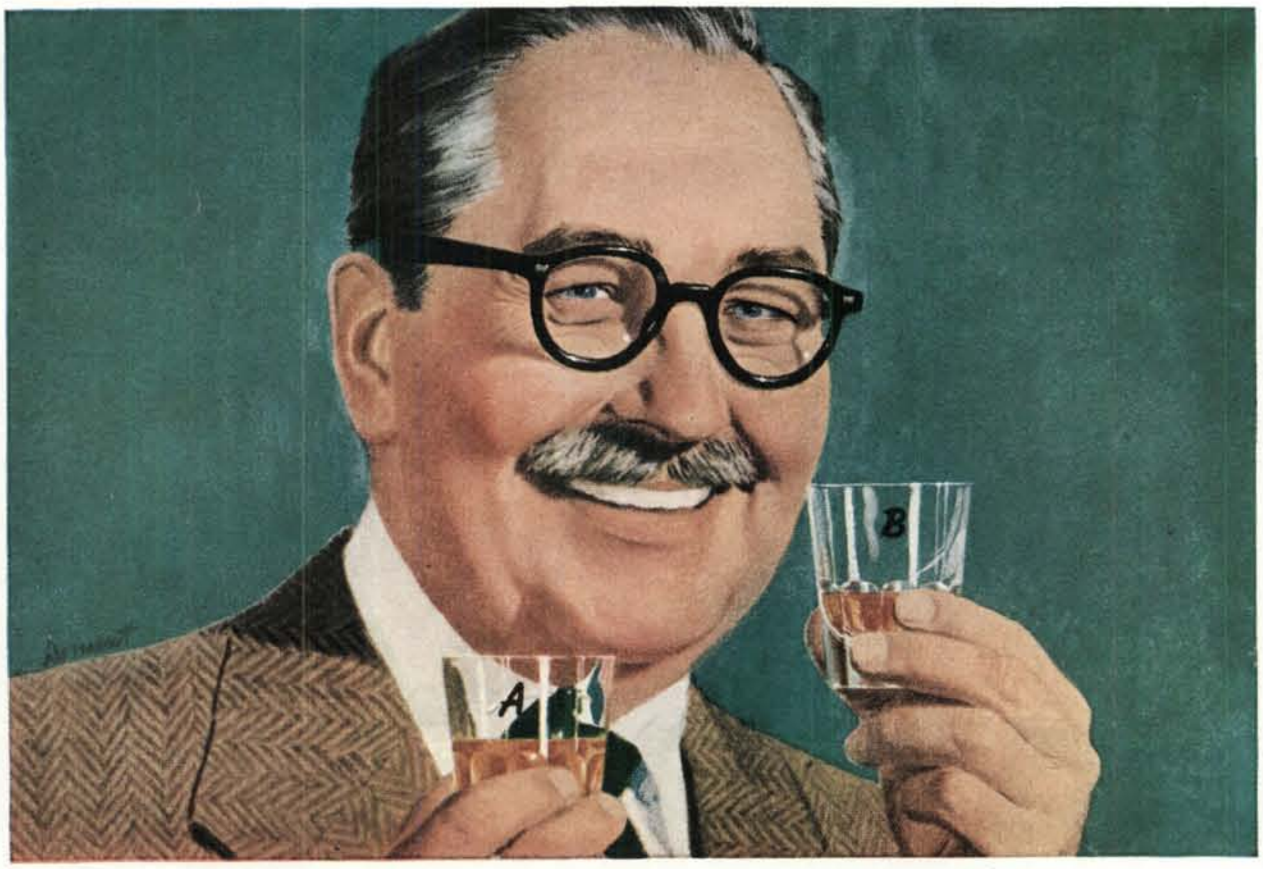
There's the rhyme... and here's the reason!



1. SNIFF ¼-oz. samples of Calvert and any other whiskey you choose. Compare the difference in bouquet *—without knowing which is which.*



2. TASTE each whiskey critically to decide which is *smoother* and *mellower*. Swallow carefully to judge freedom from bite, burn or sting.



3. CHOOSE the right whiskey—the one that *really* tastes better to you. We predict that you will pick Calvert because it is skillfully blended to the taste preference of a "Consumer Jury" made up of thousands of folks like you. But, after testing, if you still like another brand better, stick with it. *Fair enough?*

Calvert
RESERVE

Compare... and you'll switch to Calvert

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

The man with the helping hand

You start out to drive twenty miles . . . or two thousand . . . without a worry in the world. For you know that no matter where you drive, you'll seldom be beyond the reach of the man with the helping hand.

You drive with confidence, secure in the knowledge that his care and skill have made trouble unlikely . . . and that he'll be on hand to help if it should arise.

You are tired and dusty from long hours of driving, and he opens the door to rest and refreshment.

You enter strange towns and seek out unfamiliar places to eat and shop and sleep with assurance. For the man with the helping hand has told you of those that meet your needs—and match your pocketbook.

Should you wander from the road and go astray, he is there, ready to point out the direction you should take.

He is your friend, your guide, your counselor. All these services he gives you with a smile . . . and without payment. For he considers them an essential part of his job.

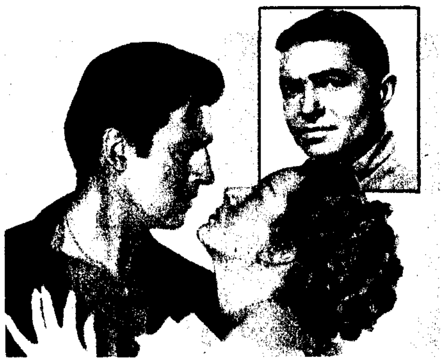
He is the man who makes motoring a pleasure. He is the man who operates your gasoline service station.

This tribute to the men who serve you in more than 200,000 service stations throughout the country is published by Ethyl Corporation — manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound.

ETHYL
ETHYL CORPORATION

Picture OF THE MONTH

As we go to press, the plaudits for "Ivanhoe" are loud and resounding and we have a conviction that the proud producers will soon hear them echoed. For now M-G-M presents one of the world's favorite stories of love and adventure, "The Prisoner of Zenda", filmed for the first time in Technicolor!



With new realism and radiance, the royal romance has also been invested with the cast of stars it so richly deserves. Stewart Granger is seen in the dual role of the abducted king and the intrepid impostor; Deborah Kerr is the blue-blooded beauty who is affianced to the real king but surrenders to the love-making of the impostor; James Mason portrays the conspiratorial Rupert of Hentzau and makes him seem the wickedest villain in Christendom. In brief, every role is brilliantly cast and played.

The famous story by Anthony Hope tells of the fabulous adventure of a vacationist who happens to look exactly like the king of the country he has chosen for his holiday. A palace revolt occurs and suddenly the stranger is in the storm-center, impersonating the king at the spectacular Coronation ceremonies, battling the king's mortal enemies, making ardent love to the princess who is unaware of his true identity. "Fate doesn't always make the right men kings".

We can only suggest the excitement and sumptuousness of some of the scenes. But there is the royal hunting lodge in which the king is drugged and then abducted . . . the pomp and regalia of the Coronation ceremony that makes a monarch out of a commoner . . . the Royal Ball . . . the deserted Summerhouse into which the pretender is lured for an attempted assassination . . . and finally, moat-rimmed Zenda Castle where the true king is imprisoned . . . and an indescribably suspenseful duel occurs between Rudolph, the king for a day, and Rupert of Hentzau who covets the throne.

With its romance, intrigue and turbulence . . . and M-G-M's flair for making the spectacular *real* and the *real* spectacular . . . "The Prisoner of Zenda" emerges as must-be-seen entertainment! Once again, a book beloved by millions becomes something greater on the giant motion picture screen. Not long ago, we urged you to see "Ivanhoe". Now, as friend to friend, we urge you to see "Zenda"!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in color by Technicolor "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" starring STEWART GRANGER, DEBORAH KERR, LOUIS CALHERN, JANE GREER, Lewis Stone, Robert Douglas and JAMES MASON as Rupert of Hentzau. Screen play by John L. Balderston and Noel Langley. Adaptation by Wells Root from the novel by Anthony Hope and the dramatization by Edward Rose. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Pandro S. Berman.

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October 18, 1952

ARTICLES

What Those I Counsel Don't Know About Sex . . . . . MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE 15
Fair Today, December Cloudy . . . . . A. W. MARTINEZ 17
The Master and Master Leahy . . . . . COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 26
Funny Women . . . . . EVELYN HARVEY 34
Cartoonists Play Hamlet 48
MAN ON THE MOON 51
The Journey . . . . . DR. WERNHER VON BRAUN 52
Inside the Moon Ship . . . . . WILLY LEY 56
Do You Have a Colorful Personality? 62
Why It Pays Off to Hate America . . . . . SEYMOUR FREIDIN AND WILLIAM RICHARDSON 82

FICTION

The Merry Microwave . . . . . HANNIBAL COONS 20
The Pushover . . . . . MATT BRYANT 22
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Diagnosis Completed . . . . . F. M. BARRATT AND JACK FINNEY 28
Please Wait for Me . . . . . MICHAEL FOSTER 40
Their Money's Worth . . . . . ROBERT MOLLOY 72

●

48 States of Mind . . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 8
And Now We Take You— . . . . . PARKE CUMMINGS 10
. . . a la Mud 12
Editorials 86
Cover . . . . . CHESLEY BONESTELL

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

A historic moment: man's first landing on the moon. The lunar rocket ship is about to touch down; its motors are being turned off, and the shock-absorbing central landing leg, visible inside the rocket flames, is just above the moon's surface. This view, with the distant earth in the background, was painted by artist Chesley Bonestell from the perspective of a man standing on the lunar north pole. For a full description of the ship and the trip, turn to page 51.

Week's Mail

Old Tunes, New Singers

EDITOR: I'm writing in regard to your article Some Pops Stay Tops (Aug. 23d). I'd certainly like to know why you chose those vocalists. According to your article, you had the six leading vocalists. Please tell me why Lisa Kirk and Vivienne Segal are more popular than Doris Day, Rosemary Clooney, Jo Stafford and Kay Starr.

I don't think you'll accept my criticism when I tell you—and I think it's only fair to tell you—I'm only fourteen years old.

KENNETH HOUGH, Concord, Cal.

You mistook the point of the story, Kenneth. We were talking about singers who are specialists at making and keeping old songs popular. And we didn't say "*the* six leading vocalists." We just said "six."

Bay State Safety

EDITOR: May I take an excerpt from your article, Safer Highways—The Massachusetts Way (Aug. 23d), and discuss it in your Week's Mail column in order to bring to light an injustice against a group of people who have committed no crime except that they have a common handicap—deafness.

To quote from your article—"If a driver has a frightful record of causing death and injury, a company can refuse to insure him. He is then tossed into an assigned risk plan out of which all the companies take a number of the bad risks . . ."

I have been driving cars ever since the age of ten and have never had an accident. However, being totally deaf, I am refused insurance by regular channels and am forced to take it under the "assigned risk plan," which incidentally costs 15-20 per cent more than the same policy purchased direct from the insurance agency.

I am pretty sure that neither I nor any other deafened person in this country has a "frightful record of causing death and injury." I am pretty sure also that the reverse is true and that deafened people as a rule are better and safer drivers than the average hearing person.

Many deafened people, because of this overcharge and discrimination and unjust and unwarranted accusation, are going without insurance. I would like to see this condition rectified and insurance made available to deafened people at standard rates and without discrimination of any sort.

WILLIAM BERNSTEIN,
Youngstown, Ohio

. . . Your August 23d issue listed one article incorrectly. Safer Highways—

Western Electric Company
HAWTHORNE STATION, CHICAGO, ILL.
DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG UNTIL BAY IS CUT INTO SERVICE
NATIONAL DEFENSE
MULT

Another muscle in America's arm

HERE'S a Western Electric installer. He's connecting more telephone equipment at an aircraft plant so more war planes can speedily be put into our skies. Each telephone added, every new bank of equipment installed, makes America stronger. At Western Electric we're working hard at the urgent job of producing these things. It's our *regular* job because we're the manufacturing unit of the Bell System.... have been for seventy years.

But beyond this, the specialized skills gained in a lifetime of telephone work are now more and more being called on by America's armed forces. For them we are making such electronic marvels as radar fire control systems for anti-aircraft and naval guns, for bombers, for guided missiles.

Western Electric

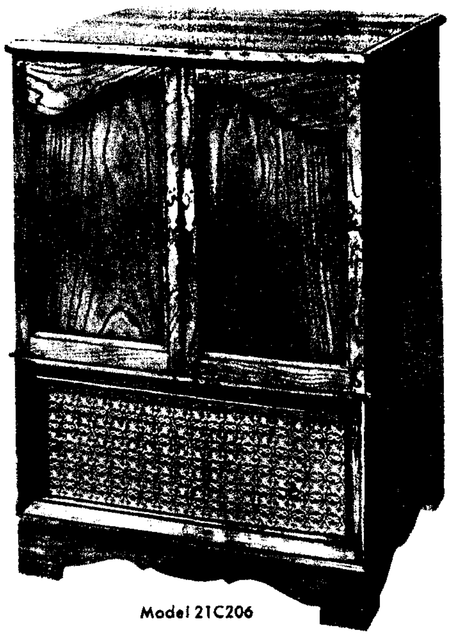
MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

G. E.'s NEW ULTRA-VISION

LUCILLE BALL: Star of CBS Television's "I Love Lucy"
G-E ULTRA-VISION with Aluminized Picture Tube. See the sharp black and white contrast!
Standard TV with Non-Aluminized tube. Grayed down blacks, murky whites. Poor contrast!

BLACK-DAYLITE TV

ANYWHERE GREATER POWER
ANYPLACE CLEARER PICTURE
ANYTIME LESS GLARE
THAN ANY TV TESTED NATIONWIDE!


Model 21C206

ALUMINIZED MIRROR GIVES BLACKER BLACKS—WHITER WHITES!

G-E Ultra-Vision. 267% more sensitive than previous sets. World's first and only TV with 21-inch G-E Aluminized Tube, plus tilted, dark tone safety glass, plus G-E Stratopower chassis! Greatest picture of all time!

COMPARE it side by side with any TV. You'll see why G.E.'s new Ultra-Vision is revolutionizing all TV standards for picture and performance. Proved by top engineers in over 250 tough reception areas! Ask your G-E TV dealer to show you the most startling comparison in all TV! Once you see G-E Ultra-Vision you'll be spoiled for anything less.
General Electric Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

G-E TV prices start at $199.95*

**Including Federal Excise Tax and One-Year factory warranty on picture tube and 90 days on parts. Prices subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Week's Mail CONTINUED

The Massachusetts Way should appear as fiction. Surely the author wrote the article without driving in the Greater Boston area.

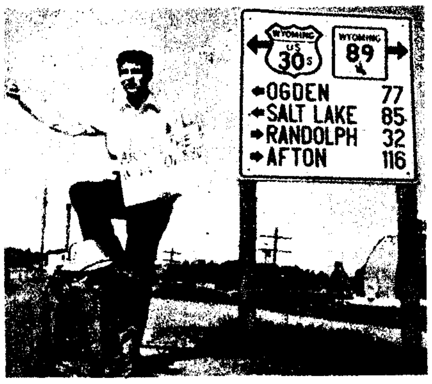
Being in the armed forces, I've driven in many areas on the East Coast and I've never seen such a complete disregard for highway courtesy.

The death rate may be low, but so is the rate of compliance with the laws—despite what you say. To see the mandatory hand or turning light signal given is to experience an oddity. And I drive every day. GEORGE L. FITCHETT, Lexington, Mass.

Budget Globe-Trotter

EDITOR: It's a man's world! But anyhow congratulations are due Bob Christopher, who took that jaunt Around the World on $80 (Aug. 23d). Guess it goes to show if a person really wants to do something, there certainly is a way.

All I can say is, too bad there are so many hazards involving the same kind of trip a gal could try. So we girls will take it in our stride and keep on living in our dull little Iowa cities and continue reading your good articles about Bob Christopher and his colleagues.
SHELLY DENSLEY, Sioux City, Iowa



. . . While reading Around the World on $80, I noticed Mr. Christopher is going the wrong way. After leaving New York, rounding the world, and arriving in California, I should think he'd be going back to New York. Not west toward Salt Lake as his picture indicates right outside Evanston, Wyoming.
LARRY PAULY, Evanston, Ill.

Christopher was standing at a road intersection when this rather misleading picture was taken. Being a seasoned world traveler, and also able to read, he knew which way he wanted to go.

. . . Why do you insult the intelligence of your readers by publishing a yarn like this?

"54th through 61st day . . . food $2.75 (45 cents a day!).

"11th through 16th day . . . food $1.32 (22 cents a day!)."

Even if this guy were a panhandler or pencil seller he could not have done it.

"3d day . . . haircut $.20 . . . 11th through 16th day . . . haircut $.20."

What was wrong with the first haircut? AL WERHAN, Manlius, N.Y.

Christopher was entertained by many people in various countries, hence the low food bills. The price of the haircut is correct, but the second one was listed by mistake.

. . . I enjoyed thoroughly Around the World on $80, and rather felt I'd have enjoyed more of the details. It was so very unusual that there must have been enough of interest to fill a book.
MRS. DOROTHY W. JENSEN,
Saint Albans, N.Y.

Christopher has written a full-length account of his adventures which will be out shortly in book form—with 90,000 words of details.

Tax-free Moonshine

EDITOR: Your editorial, Return Engagement (Aug. 23d), is the most clearly written and enlightening digest of this current situation—which, as you have said, is caused by the present exorbitant and unjust federal tax. This tax has given tremendous impetus to tax-free moonshining, with an estimated production of about twice the normal volume of the legal distillery plants. I understand it has resulted in the throwing out of work of some 50,000 employees of distilleries, cooperage plants, and mills and allied industries.

And, as you have so aptly said, it nets the government a tremendous decrease in tax, totally defeating its purpose, with all other state, county and city governments suffering likewise.
R. S. CLARK, Memphis, Tenn.

. . . I have just read your editorial, and it seems to me that your arguments (well supported by the facts) are unanswerable. However, there is one important phase of the matter, which, while you mention it, is of vital interest and is due all the emphasis that can be given to it: the physical suffering and fatalities that result from the poison dispensed by the bootleggers.

There are a number of people who would not be moved by the financial losses that the several governments are suffering who would think seriously about the human wrecks that are to be charged against the bootleggers' poison.
JOHN W. WAYLAND, Harrisonburg, Va.

. . . The editorial on taxes levied on liquor seems to hold water well enough. But why single out liquor for a tax case? Certainly federal taxes have had a somewhat similar effect on numerous other heavily taxed things.

The 20 per cent amusement tax hasn't driven the operators to moonshining, but it has restricted their operations and put many of them out of business.

The case against corporation taxes would be more important and farther-reaching. Businesses not started, materials not produced, competitions not established are not easy to talk about. Here in Montana it has been often said that the most important factor in keeping out business is that enormous tax shadow. For individuals the sentiment is: Why work, strive, study, struggle to hand it over? ARTHUR D. MILES, Livingston, Mont.

. . . Your editorial, Return Engagement, is not only timely but slightly terrific. We in the retail liquor business have tried many ways to educate our customers concerning increased moonshining and the excessive increase in the distilled spirits tax.

We are in a neighborhood composed of mostly upper-income level. We have noticed the trend toward smaller sizes and lower-priced items. This alone proves consumer resistance to higher taxes. J. R. GRAHAM, Arcadia, Cal.

DISTINCTIVE

with a truly different
flavor and aroma—
extra-mild FATIMA
continues to grow in
favor among King-Size
cigarette smokers
everywhere

FATIMA
CIGARETTES
FINEST
TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC TOBACCOS
Extra-Mild

OU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke
—*plus* the added protection of

FATIMA QUALITY

Copyright 1952, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

give your hair that
"JUST-COMBED" LOOK
...all day long

INFORMATION
Wonder-working Viratol* does the trick!

Vaseline
TRADE MARK ®
CREAM
HAIR TONIC
Contains VIRATOL* with LANOLIN
For well-groomed hair and daily care of the scalp
*THIS SPECIAL COMPOUND GIVES LUSTRE KEEPS HAIR IN PLACE WITHOUT STIFFNESS
NET 4 FL. OZ.
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
CONSOLIDATED
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Try this tomorrow morning . . . First, groom your hair with *new* 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic. See how neat and natural it looks! Then, hours later, notice how it *still* has that fresh-combed look.

The reason? A special new compound which makes hair *look* and *feel* natural . . . and keeps it in place *for hours longer!* It's called VIRATOL, and only 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic has it!

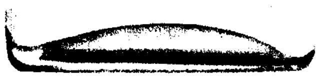
There's Triple-A Lanolin in this completely *new* hair tonic, too. And it's homogenized for easy flow. Get a bottle today . . . you'll like it!

NEW

Vaseline
TRADE MARK ®
CREAM HAIR TONIC

* *A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place . . . gives it natural-looking lustre.*

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd



48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Straining our imagination far beyond the danger point, we strive without too much success to see a proud American parent gazing fondly at his brand-new, cradled, first-born son and saying: "Someday he may be Vice-President of the United States."

* * *

Like Mr. Sylvester Nagg, of Salt Lake City, we, too, grow slightly weary of all this political breeze-shooting about our national income. We still can't live within it nor without it.

* * *

Old 48 is getting just a shade suspicious of letters and brochures protesting in dilapidated clichés that the world's trouble is that there are no undeveloped areas left. So, we get stuffy too, demanding to know whether the writers of these depressers ever thought of looking under their hats.

* * *

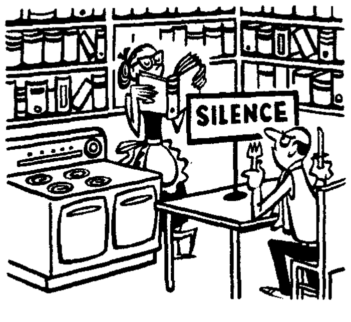
Little along in the year for outdoor-eating observations, but they're still pretending to enjoy it in Louisiana. Which is why we receive at this late season a profound comment from Mr. Coaker Leemans, who writes from Alexandria. He'd like to know how it happens that ants got their reputation for industry and hard work when they're always attending picnics?

* * *

Newspaper publishers are beginning to doubt that those "Twenty-five Years Ago Today" and "Fifty Years Ago Today" items on their editorial pages are absorbing much attention from the highly valuable younger readers. The Beaver City (Nebraska) Times-Tribune, however, isn't abandoning these antique intelligences. It is merely changing the caption to read: "When Pa Was Courting Ma."

* * *

Customer in Lansing, Michigan, says he's at last found out why his dinner is always late. The kitchen's become the library—42 cookbooks. Says his wife spends so much time reading them and deciding what not to cook that by the time they sit down to the evening scoffings, it's time to go to bed.

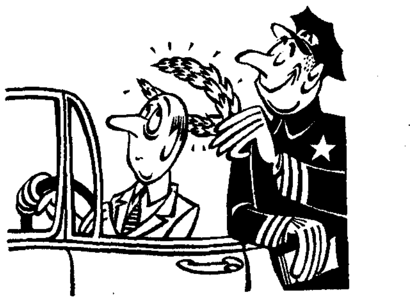


* * *

Let's see. You hop three times laterally in each direction. Then you move in behind somebody who has already moved in behind somebody. Thus, a sort of conga line is formed, except that you don't grab the person in front of you but choo-choo around with your arms imitating locomotive pistons. Let's try it again, folks. No, old 48 hasn't gone any goofier than he's been for some time. We're merely practicing the Adlai Glide recently announced by the National Association of Dancing Masters. Should be simple for any politician, particularly those side steps. But we seem to be getting it all mixed up with the Ike Hike. Now in the Ike Hike you fold your hands under your chin with your left leg raised and. . . Woops! Old 48's not quite as graceful and nimble as he used to be.

* * *

Mr. Ed Fortune doesn't believe it yet. His friends say he has been heard to mutter to himself: "Nope, I musta been dreaming." Anyway, when he got home to Knoxville, Tennessee, he had the doctor look into his ears. Ears working fine. And still Mr. Fortune doesn't believe it. Y' see (as the broadcasting salesmen say), he was driving up through north Georgia when a highway cop motioned him to a halt. Now what? "Sir," said the cop, "I've been watching you. Please accept Georgia's compliments. You've held to a steady speed within the law. For forty miles you've made the proper signals. You've obeyed our stop regulations. You've observed our traffic signs. Please accept the thanks of the state of Georgia for helping to keep our highways safe. Good-by and good luck, sir." Of course Mr. Fortune had not heard of those new highway-patrol orders in Georgia. That's why he was tottering.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

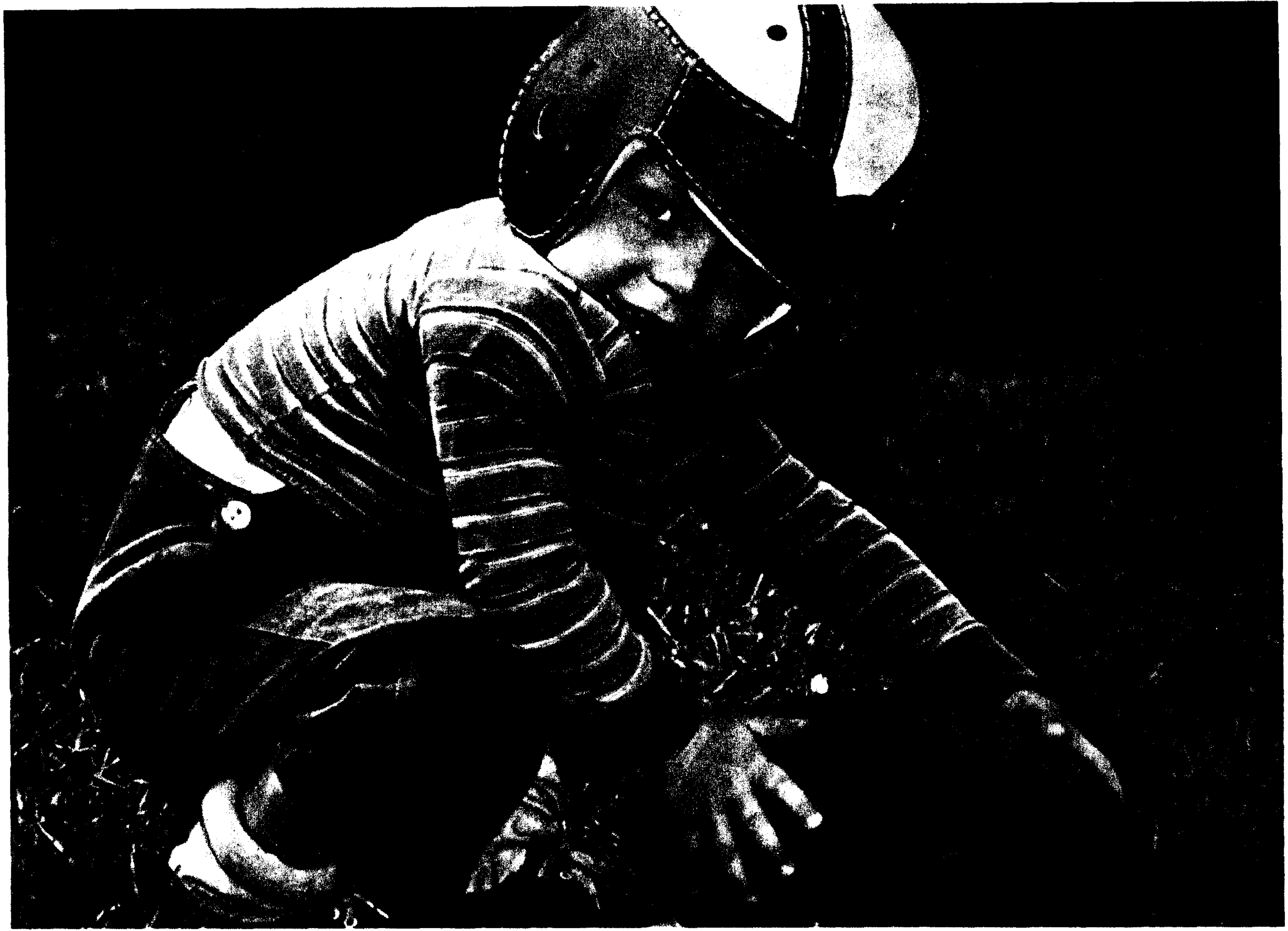
When the general and the governor have finished damning each other with faint abuse and you're wondering what on earth to do for excitement, get up a good rousing game of Q-U. Miss Binnie Fellican, of Dover, Delaware, says it's no end of fun. A suitable prize is, of course, awarded to the winner. All you have to do is find a word beginning with Q in which the second letter is not U. Good safe way to spend Halloween.

* * *

Our research department has found the reason why more men are successful in business than women. The women, our fact finders explain, have no wives to tell them what to say. ▲▲▲

4th down and goal to go!

. . . time to signal your MONY adviser



At the tender age of four, a lad has a wide choice of the goal he wants to reach someday. All-American halfback—cowpoke—jet pilot—doctor—lawyer—even President of the U.S.A.! But a lot can depend on what *dad* does about it—and how *soon!*

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Orange	*Cloudy*
Orange flashing	*Rain*
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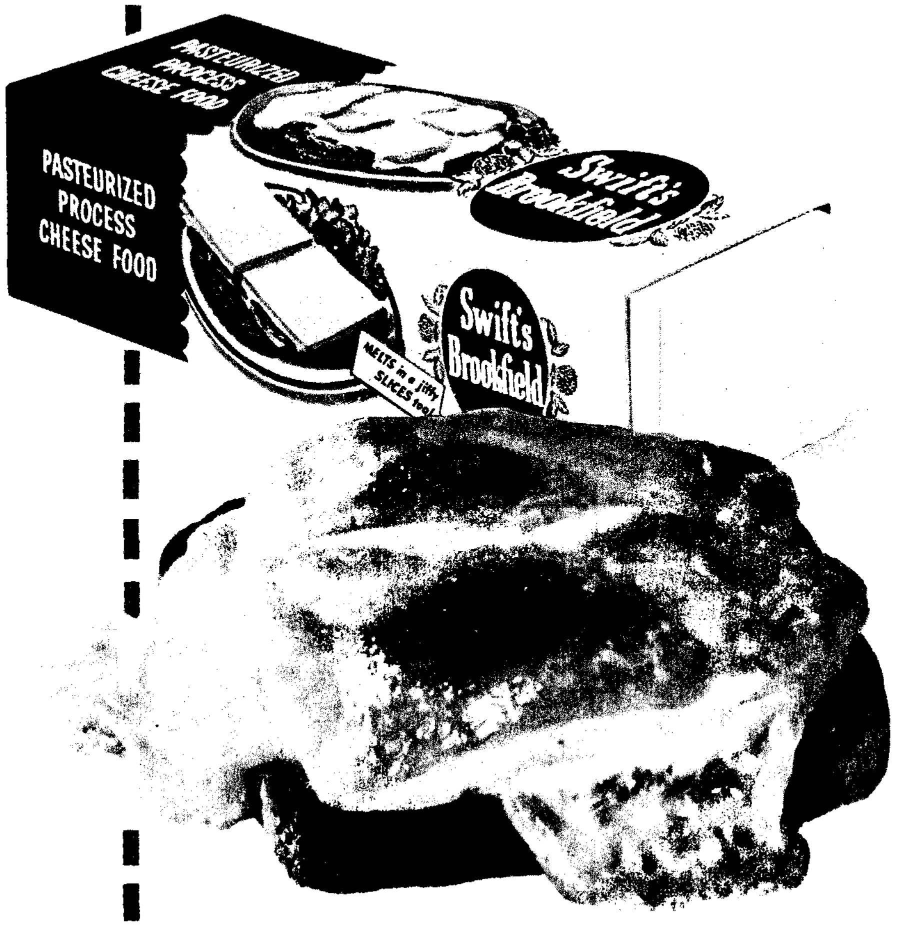
Swift's Brookfield

"swellest snack this side of midnight!"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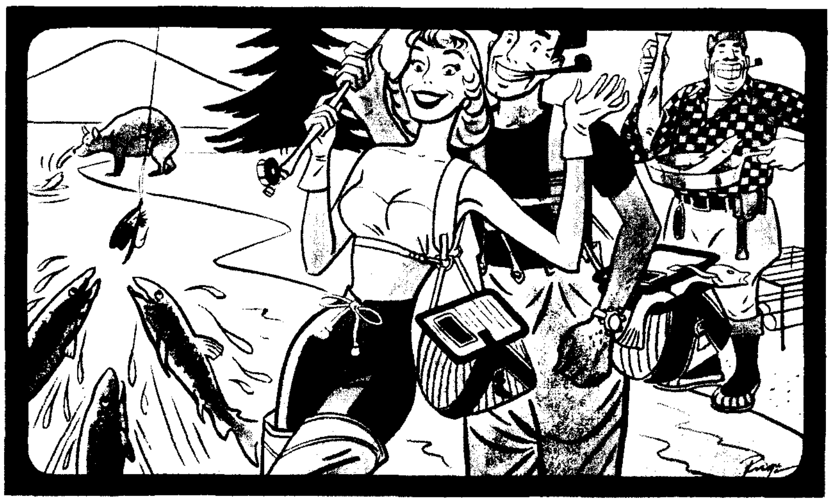

JOHN RUGE

And Now We Take You—

By PARKE CUMMINGS

If YOU'RE a fisherman I suppose you're brooding about the winter prospect and chafing because the season is closed. No need for that if you go to the movies with any regularity, because I'll give you three to one that a month won't pass before you find yourself viewing one of those shorts about the Great Outdoors—in gorgeous color, and so realistic you'll find yourself slapping at imaginary black flies.

Say—here's luck! There's one playing at the Bijou right now—Speckled Beauties—so let's take it in. Here we are, and it's off we go to Irretrievably Lost Lake. Normally I.L.L. would be pretty tough to get to, being 850 miles from the nearest gopher hole, but thanks to a one-engine amphibian and a good job in the cutting room we'll be there in no time. In fact, there she is now, shimmering like a jewel below us. We cut off the engine, glide slowly down in lazy circles and —nice landing! It will take 30 or 40 seconds to pitch camp and then we're after the Big Ones.

Get a load of that scenery—the sparkling water, the circling forest, the billowing clouds and Mount Rafferty in the distance. Now here comes Jerry. One look at him and you know that he's a fellow who knows a royal coachman from a pair of waders—a conclusion justified by the fact that he has waders on his legs and the royal coachman on his line.

In he wades, up to his hips, the picture of confidence. Now he casts and —zingo!—it's a strike. You don't find the trout in Irretrievably Lost Lake sulking around the bottom and ignoring photographers. When they hear the shout of "Camera!" they get right into action. Now we witness an epic struggle between man and fish, Jerry's fly rod bending like a fly rod, and finally the monster is netted. Look at the size of him! Must be 200 pounds. Nope, the narrator says eight and three quarters. He seems to think that's big. Maybe it is. I'm not a trout fisherman. Perhaps I had them confused with tuna. I've seen 11 shorts on tuna as against only eight on trout, including this one.

Never mind; let's get back to the action. Take a look at Jerry's expression. Does it strike you as being just a trifle smug, a trifle self-satisfied? Me too. I wonder why. Hey, what's this? Land sakes alive and heavens to Betsy, it's a woman! How did she get way out there in that wilderness? Oh, I get it. She's Molly Labruyère, wife of Frenchy, the guide. Frenchy's the chunky fellow who smokes a pipe and says, "She's gonna be fine day and fish she's gonna bite, but tomorrow I think she's gonna rain."

Say, what do you know! This *dame's* going to try this he-man's sport? Get a load of that sly look on Jerry's face. It doesn't take any mind reader to figure out what's going on inside his cranium. He thinks she's going to get her line all snarled up and take a backward flip into the water. In fact he's all set to fish her out. Now she makes her cast and—brother, look at that wrist action!

Man, I'm telling you this Molly is immense, and so is that 25-inch behemoth she's landed. Now look at Jerry, registering openmouthed admiration and shaking her hand. I'm afraid we misjudged the lad.

Well, it—it—it certainly—h'm. Something seems to be missing, and I can't quite put my finger on it. Rapids? Nope, we've seen rapids. Beaver dam? Nope, saw that too. I've got it: we haven't seen a bear. And unless we see a—whoops, I spoke too soon. There he is—over in that cove where I'm pointing. And look at him scoop that fish out of the drink with his paw! Mr. Bruin, as our narrator points out, demonstrates that there's more than one way of landing the Big Ones.

We can proceed now, and we come to the climax. The big final scene where the succulent beauties are cooked to a beautiful golden brown over the open fire. Ah, what a sight! Look at those gorgeous fillets, prepared just right! Hear the logs crackling and the butter sizzling! There they go—into the skillet. And get that aroma!

Very sorry, folks, but I just can't bear it any longer. I've got to go out to the lobby and get some popcorn. ▲▲▲

TIME OUT!

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...don't let any odor offense come between you!

STOP BREATH ODOR
Never before—such freedom from odors due to smoking, eating, drinking—all bad breath!

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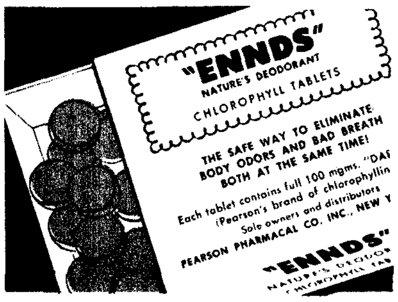
Never before—such freedom from all body odors—even perspiration odors from underarm and whole body.

STOP OTHER PERSONAL ODORS*
Never before—such *complete, long-lasting* freedom from all personal odor offense!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HIGH POTENCY "ENNDS"

more effective than any other chlorophyll product—act faster, longer, more thoroughly to stop all odor offense all day!

YOU READ in Reader's Digest how chlorophyll, Nature's most effective deodorant, has miraculous power to stop odors of breath and body *both at once!*

Now, here's even greater news! America's most popular chlorophyll tablets, *high potency* "ENNDS", have power to protect you from *all three* forms of odor offense (breath, body and OTHER personal odors)...faster, longer, more completely than ever before possible!

Protect you from TRIPLE "O" all day!

Yes, *high potency* "ENNDS" go to work *at once*...are so effective that just one or two tablets stop TRIPLE "O" for all day!

You see, "ENNDS" are made from a more potent *form* of chlorophyll that acts faster, longer, more thoroughly throughout your system than any other chlorophyll product. *High potency* "ENNDS" tablets are triple effective.

High potency "ENNDS" stop not only breath and perspiration odors. They act internally even to check odors of "difficult days" and other odors people don't discuss. They keep you *fresh as a daisy*... from head to toe!

"ENNDS" are *guaranteed* to stop TRIPLE "O"...or money back! You wouldn't *expect* such protection from chewing gum or candy substitutes, or from old-fashioned deodorants, mouthwashes, toothpastes or so-called "deodorant" soaps that act only on the surface!

High potency "ENNDS"* Chlorophyll Tablets are completely safe—pleasant tasting! At drug counters everywhere.

Over 90% stopped TRIPLE "O" in clinical test

Scientific odor test... with hundreds of examinations of factory and office workers proved that "ENNDS" stopped Triple "O" worries as never before possible! You see, high potency "ENNDS" act inside body (where odors start) to destroy all personal odors...keep you safe from offending *always!*

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"ENNDS"

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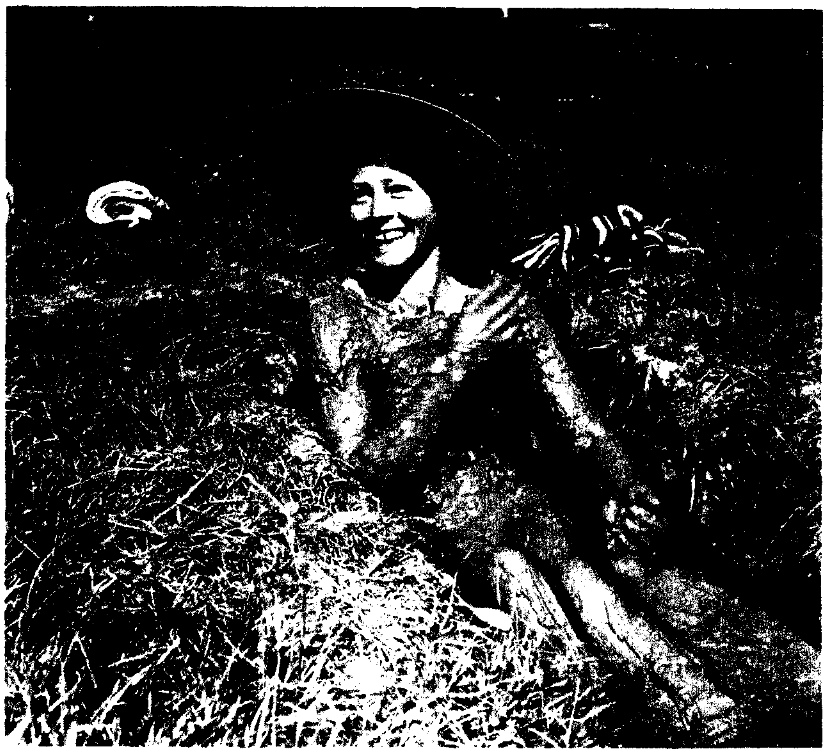


Seeking health, a lady sits in the mud in Sobernheim, Germany

...a la Mud

PENICILLIN, aureomycin and the sulfa compounds may be good for what ails the average American, but in Sobernheim, Germany, not far from the border of France, the natives put their faith in mud.

For, according to them the rich, smooth, cool red mud of Sobernheim will, when sat in, cure or alleviate rheumatism, palsy, jaundice, constipation, boils and tumors. It will soothe the nerves and rejuvenate the blood system. As aids and adjuncts to the mud, devotees of the pleasures and promises of Sobernhein recommend a Spartan vegetarian diet, ice-cold showers in the early morning and frequent massages. In the past half dozen or so years some 5,000 "patients" have been thinking that the system is right.

Visitors to Sobernheim slide into mud-filled holes two feet wide, four feet long and hip-deep—the men on one side of a high fence, the women on the other. They usually sit for 15 minutes to an hour daily for from three to four weeks, dutifully submitting to massages immediately after each mud-dunking and conscientiously eating their meager meals of nuts, fruits and vegetables. In the process they sop up a great deal of sunshine and fresh air. Complete relaxation is not specifically part of the cure. It is simply unavoidable.

Sobernheimers make no claims for miracles. The only element in the mud which they say has curative powers is a certain amount of radioactivity. They also readily admit that mud baths are not new, being at least as old as the ancient Romans and possibly older.

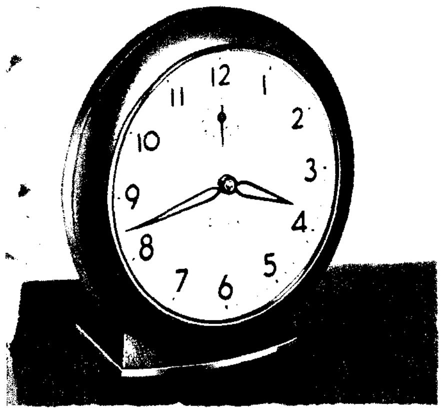
The mud-sitters say they feel like silk and ivory when they come out. "It is bathing de luxe," said one happy rheumatic in German. He might have said, ". . . a la mud."

BILL STAPLETON

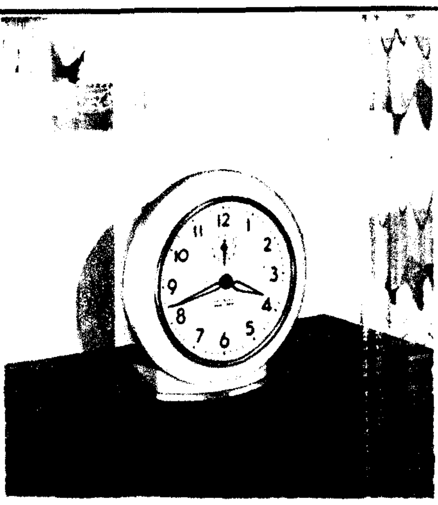
Patients don't smear mud on, but simply soak in it. Many take two baths daily for four weeks

BILL STAPLETON

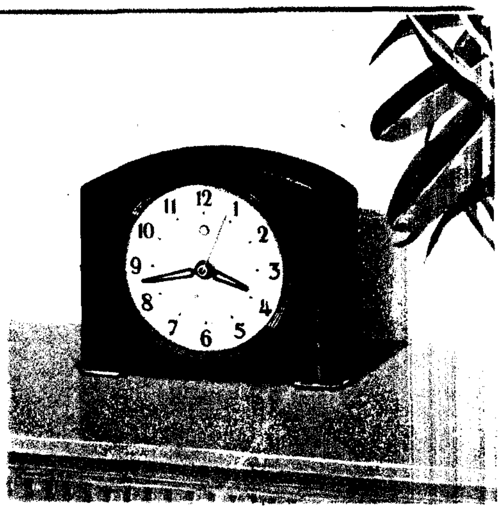
Two-by-four-foot holes are filled every day with gravel-free mud which has consistency of paste



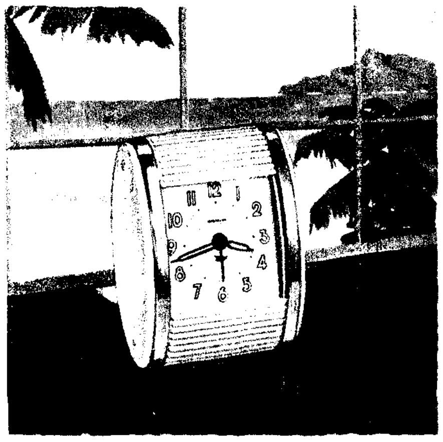
IG BEN ALARM. World's most famous larm clock. A tick you can hear and a deep, ntermittent "fire alarm" gong. Spring-riven. $5.55. With luminous dial, he's $6.60.



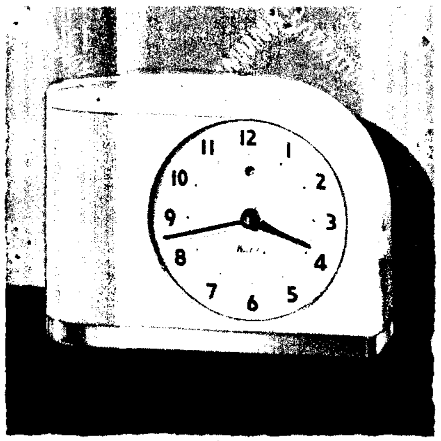
BABY BEN ALARM. "Little brother" of Big Ben. Has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. Spring-driven. $5.55. With luminous dial, he's $6.60.



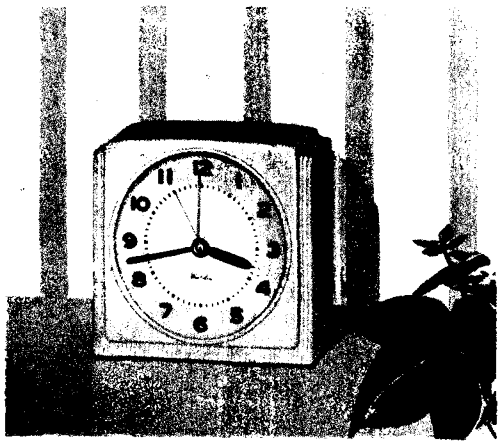
GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM. A truly handsome clock, with a rich, mahogany-finish wood case and a pleasant-tone bell alarm. $7.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.



RAVALARM. You *can* take it with you. loses up like a clam . . . tucks easily into orner of bag. Flip it open—it's on duty and n time. Spring-driven. Luminous dial. $7.60.



MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM. Calls you *silently*. First call is blinking light; later joined by audible alarm. $9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



BANTAM ELECTRIC ALARM. This good-looking little chap is only 3½ inches high. Clear-toned bell alarm has cheerful call. $4.35. Luminous, $5.00.

A good time *by Westclox* can be had by all!

INDIAN summer's come around again . . . and with it, eleven timely tips from Westclox. Chances are the family's back "on schedule" by now—scurrying off to school . . . rushing out to work. When it comes to keeping them all on time, there's nothing like a Westclox in every room in the house. Any one of these Westclox will prove a faithful, cheerful servant . . . and for so little! Now is a good time to make Westclox part of the family.

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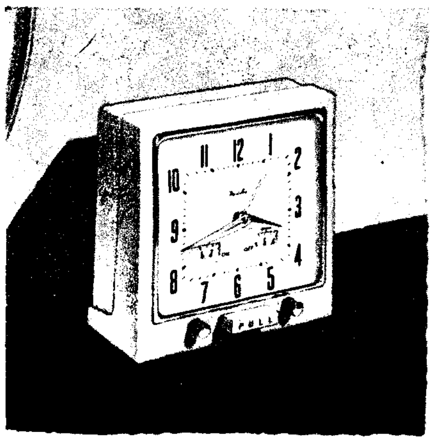
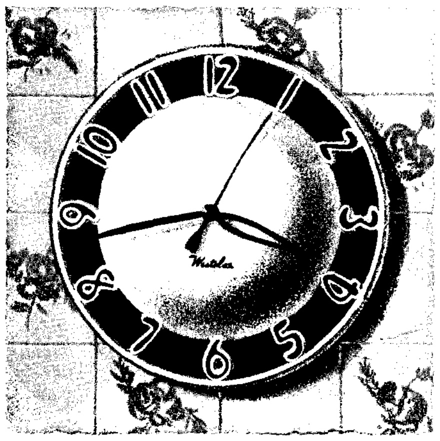
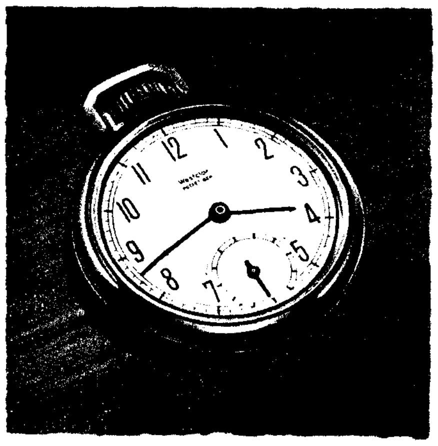


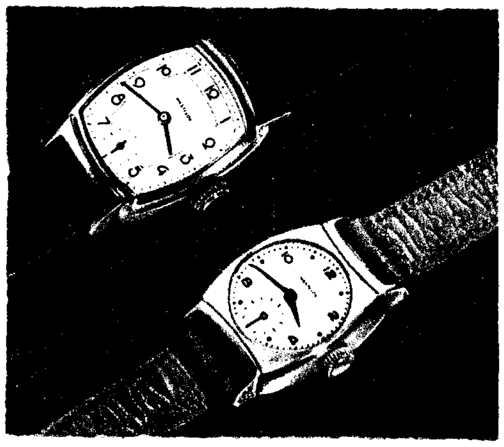
ECTRIC SWITCH CLOCK. "The clock with brain." Automatically operates roaster, hts, turns radio on and off, has morning ffee ready. Easy to use. Plain dial. $12.50.



MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Fits any room, any color scheme. Mounts flush on wall; surplus cord is concealed. Removable caserings in many colors. $6.95.

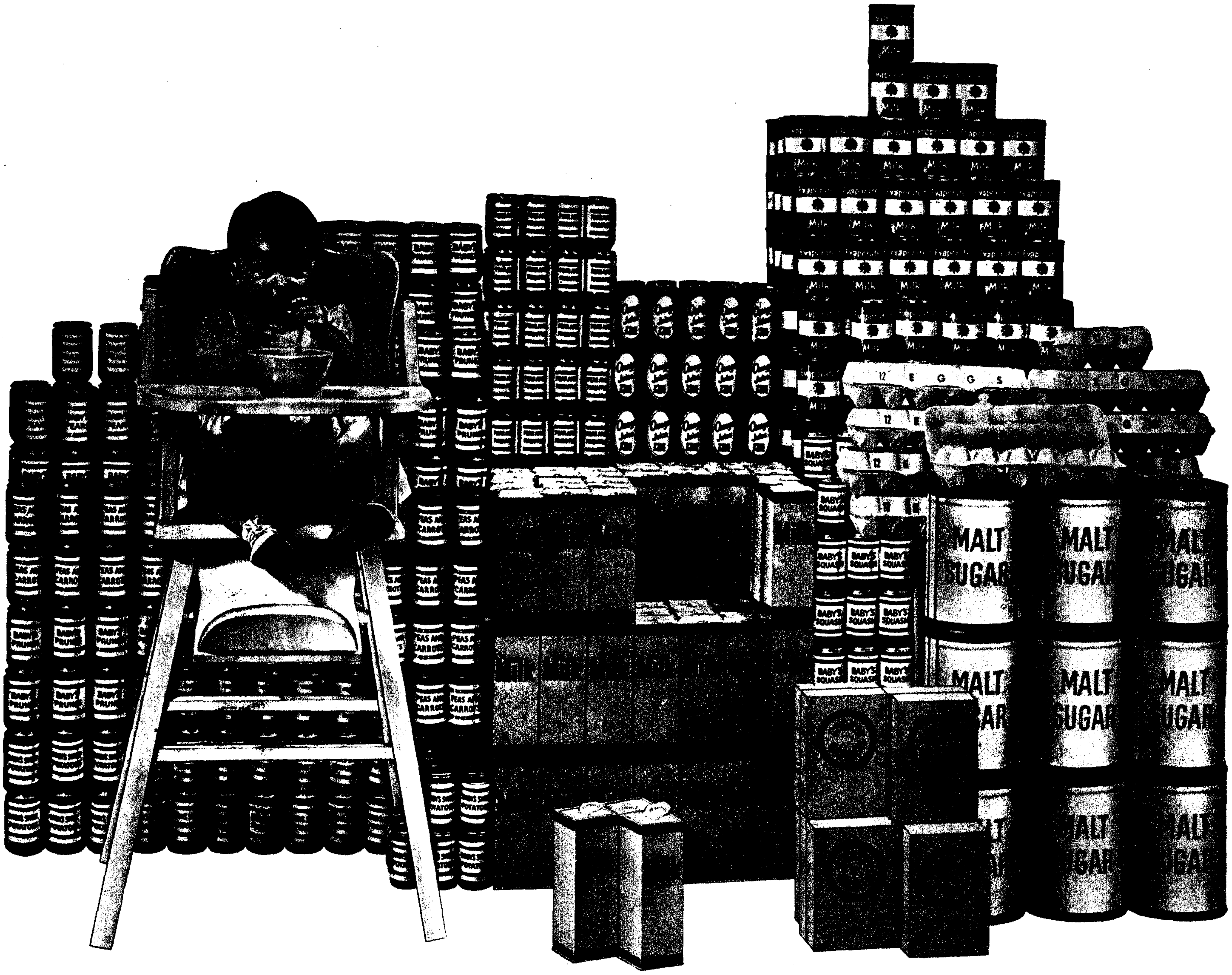


POCKET BEN. Thin, good-looking and reliable. Built for rugged service. This is truly a watch that "can take it." $3.35. With luminous dial, he's one dollar more.



WRIST BEN. Thin, handsome and rugged. $5.95. With luminous dial, he's a dollar more. **LANCE.** Westclox finest! Smart, small, compact. Comes in plain dial only. $11.95.

VESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario • *Prices quoted do not include tax and are subject to change.* • *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.



How big is a baby-sized grocery bill?

A look behind this one-year-old's highchair will give you an idea of how much food he has consumed (or spilled on his bib) during his first 365 days.

There are 124 quarts of milk, 113 cans of meat, 324 jars of vegetables, and a little more than a peck of cereal. Add 45 pounds of malt sugar, all the evaporated milk, and the scores of other packages—and you have the staggering total of 652 pounds of food that he has tucked away in his first year.

And what's more startling, when you stop to think of it, is the high cost of keeping your family's grocery bag filled. Since 1942 the cost of food has nearly doubled. The approximate increase is 85%. Food for this youngster's first year now costs $151.95.

In view of the cost of food alone these days, it is wise to give some thought to how your family's grocery bag would be filled if you were no longer on hand to pay the bills. You may need to step up your Life insurance program to make sure your family will always have plenty to eat, decent clothes to wear, and a good house to live in.

Ask your Travelers agent or broker to tell you about The Travelers Family Protection Plans—designed especially for the man with a growing family. We will be glad to send you the name and address of The Travelers man nearest you, on request.

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What Those I Counsel Don't Know about SEX

By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

Marriages and lives are being ruined because in our supposedly enlightened age many people still know dangerously little about sex, writes a woman minister who doubles as a marital counselor. Here are some of the problems she is asked to solve. Her answers may help you

AS a minister who has served parishes in several parts of our nation and has been consulted by hundreds of men and women for advice on marital problems, I know that we moderns can discuss certain sex facts and functions freely. Books Grandfather would have hidden under the shirts in his dresser, we put on our best-seller lists. Subjects Grandmother would have blushed to ask even Grandfather about, we schedule as the next topic of discussion clubs. But in spite of the millions of frank words, pictures, songs, and even graphs that compete for our attention, too many of us still know dangerously little about sex.

In our reaction against Puritanism we have been like refugees from famine pouncing on whatever is edible, whether it is wholesome or not. Many of us have substituted a great store of misinformation for the old-fashioned prudery. The result is moral and spiritual distress. I can measure it from the mail I receive as a minister and as a marriage counselor.

When I write on child care, family relations, teen-age problems, religion or personality improvement, I get scores of letters. But when I write on any subject even vaguely touching sex, letters pour in not by the scores but by the hundreds. The long-distance calls for counseling help could keep a full-time clinic staff busy for months.

What questions are these people asking? Just what don't so many modern adult Americans know about sex?

I have found that the first and most elementary mystery to both men and women is the simple vocabulary of their own anatomy.

Sooner or later in every parish, a person I'll call Mrs. Allbright asks me for help. "I don't want my children to learn about sex in bits and snippets the way I did," Mrs. Allbright commendably says. "I should have talked with my oldest daughter long before this. But I don't seem to be able to find the right words. I thought you might tell her for me."

When I point out that a knowledge of the proper words is an important part of sex understanding, she sputters: "Are you trying to tell me that I don't know the facts of life? Why, I've been married 16 years. I have four children."

Yet, in the end, she must admit that she needs help. And I have found that my distressed client could just as easily have been Mr. Allbright, who doesn't know how to discuss sex with his son. Throughout my years in the ministry, I have made it a rule never to talk over the facts of life with any young person until one or both parents have agreed about the information they want given to their children. In these consultations I have discovered that a major reason why many couples married for years hesitate to mention sex to their children is because they simply do not know the common correct names for their physical parts.

Sometimes they know slang terms. But usually they lack the necessary basic vocabulary which can be found in any medically sound book on human anatomy written for laymen. The dilemma of the modern parent attempting to give sex instruction without the proper vocabulary is like that of a father trying to teach his son to drive a car without knowing what to call the brake, starter, clutch and gearshift. But the anatomical word problem actually is far greater. Consider the word brake. Suppose it has a veiled suggestive meaning which can by innuendo be made to sound smutty. Imagine the necessity to hem and haw over any mention of it. Consider further that, rather than hem and haw, the parent may feel he has to gloss over or omit mentioning the brake altogether. What sort of driver will his son be?

Yet, in telling our children vital facts, many of us have been handicapped for years by just such omissions. And sometimes our own thoughts about sex have had overtones of guilt or shame simply because we do not know the correct names for our bodily parts and functions.

Closely allied to vocabulary ignorance and equally baffling to many of the people who consult me is an understanding of the fundamental sex functions. Often those who think they know the most about the subject are the least informed.

As a medical man, Dr. Jones takes for granted that he knows about all there is to know on sex matters. So, he assures me, does the middle-aged couple he refers to me for spiritual counsel after their premarital health examination. Then the doctor reveals how little *he* knows about bad sexual conditioning as a cause of marital failure. He adds: "You won't need to talk long. If they don't know all about sex by now, they never will. It's his second and her third try at marriage."

Divorcees Don't Learn by Experience

Where, in all the realms of human endeavor, except in marriage, is past failure supposed to guarantee future success? If an examination is flunked, the subject must be studied and learned before it can be passed. If a cake fails, the woman consults her cookbook to see what she did wrong. If a man muffs a business deal, he tries to correct his approach before he meets the next client.

Not so in marriage. Time after time men and women who have been through a divorce and are planning a new marriage try to skip the sex-instruction part of the counseling sessions I require before I marry any couple.

To find out how much couples about to be married do know, I test them all on the Sex Knowledge Inventory for Marriage Counseling, a set of 80 questions which I have been using for years in co-operation with its originator, Dr. Gelolo McHugh of Duke University. The questions are so basic to a wholesome and necessary knowledge of sex that the answers can spell the difference between a happy or an unsuccessful marriage. Yet, as evidence of the extent of misinformation, I have never found a premarriage couple who could answer two thirds of the questions correctly.

This is in keeping with Dr. McHugh's wider findings gathered from studies conducted among two groups: unmarried men who averaged twenty-two years of age and unmarried women averaging twenty years old. In giving the test to more than 2,000 such young adults from every state, he discovered that both groups were woefully lacking in accurate sex knowledge. His research reveals that the men averaged only 53.72 correct answers on the test, and the women 55.06.

Quiz yourself on the following samples adapted from the test. Are these statements true or false?

1. Difference in physical size causes sexual incompatibility in marriage.
2. It is dangerous to have sex relations during a woman's menstrual period.
3. There is no sex life for a woman after the menopause.
4. Sex relations should take place only when the woman wishes it.
5. It is normal for a woman to initiate relations with her husband.
6. Pregnancy can occur even though neither partner reaches a sexual climax.
7. Unresponsiveness in sex relations helps prevent pregnancy.
8. Pleasure from the sexual climax varies greatly from time to time in the same person.

The first four statements are false, five and six are true, seven is false and eight is true. I believe that anyone who has three or more of these facts wrong should seek expert advice to correct what could be a great store of incorrect sex knowledge.

Wrong or inadequate ideas about sex can be tragic. For each false concept an individual cherishes, he may overlook a true concept that could help make his marriage—and his life—happier. The man who puts full blame for sexual incompatibility on physical reasons is likely never to discover the inner tensions which really are causing the trouble. A great many wives, and husbands, too, are not enjoying their marriage to the fullest because they never have learned that sex relations can take place healthfully just as often as both parties wish and that it is perfectly normal for the woman as well as the man to take the initiative. And every couple should know that pleasure and other emotional reactions do not influence conception, just as they should realize for their own good that intensity and length of reaction vary decidedly from time to time.

Even when men and women understand the basic facts of sex, they still may have serious problems. Some of the people who consult me know all about sex technique, but remain unhappy because they don't know how to use it.

HANS KNOPF

Author Margaret Blair Johnstone is pastor of both the Union Congregational Church in Groton, Mass., and the Christian Union Church in West Groton. Wife of an engineering inspector and the mother of a boy and a girl, she has been a consultant and writer on human relations for many years

I'm thinking specifically of a young wife I'll call Martha Collins. As a social case worker she often knows the answers to the marital problems of others. But her own marriage is far from idyllic. "All I know is that I'm completely unreasonable in my own home," she says unhappily, "and if I don't snap out of it, I'm going to lose my husband. It isn't that we don't know what to do—we do. And the fault isn't Ted's, it's mine. I find that I can't respond to him. Do you suppose I'm frigid?"

Few couples I counsel ever consider that there are psychological as well as physical factors to take into account. The social worker and her husband should know that a satisfying sex relationship depends on more than just knowing about technique. A conditioned emotional frigidity, for example, may occur in women because of a lack of privacy. Overcrowded, small, modern living quarters restrict the chances for marriage intimacy. Couples should recognize this and try to make provisions for absolute privacy when they want to be together.

Unresponsiveness also can result when there is a mental block caused by poor timing. The normal woman derives her keenest pleasure from surrender, while the healthy male gets his from dominance. The average wife feels most relaxed and free of tensions in the evening. On the other hand, a man usually feels most rested and refreshed in the morning just when his wife is concerned with getting up in time to prepare breakfast and get the youngsters off to school. Compromise is the obvious solution, with each partner trying to cater to the other's preferences.

Another common danger facing couples is letting sex become perfunctory. When spontaneity is gone and either the husband or wife feels he must co-operate only because it is his duty, sexual relations can become as routine and as monotonous as brushing teeth or washing dishes.

Sometimes psychological female coldness stems directly from physical causes. Fear of pregnancy and, amazingly enough, fear of pregnancy's direct opposite, sterility, can bring on tensions that will leave a woman feeling incomplete and unfulfilled.

I am constantly appalled at the number of troubled people who don't know about the competent professional help available to them. I am even more disturbed when in ignorance they secretly and wrongly blame each other for the situations in which they find themselves. In this day and age men actually still blame their wives for bearing only daughters. Women without children often inwardly accuse their mates of some premarital excess which, they imagine, has robbed the husbands of the ability to give them children. Both frequently nurse these and other grievances in complete silence, never dreaming of the damage they are doing to their physical happiness and, of course, their marriage.

When difficulties seem insoluble, husbands and wives should search for trained help together. They shouldn't seek to establish the blame, but to find an answer. They should use every technique professional men offer to get over the dangerous impasse which "a little learning" about sex may have brought them.

Whenever a couple confess disappointment in marriage and admit that their sexual relations "are not what we thought it would be," I realize they do not know what full sex experience in love is.

Books on Love Aren't Helpful

As one bewildered man told me, "We read all the modern books. We should know the score." Then, as an afterthought, he suggested the key piece in the puzzle confronting him and his wife: "Sometimes I think the literature itself may be the root of our trouble. If we weren't always reading about what love should be, perhaps we would be a good deal more satisfied with what we have."

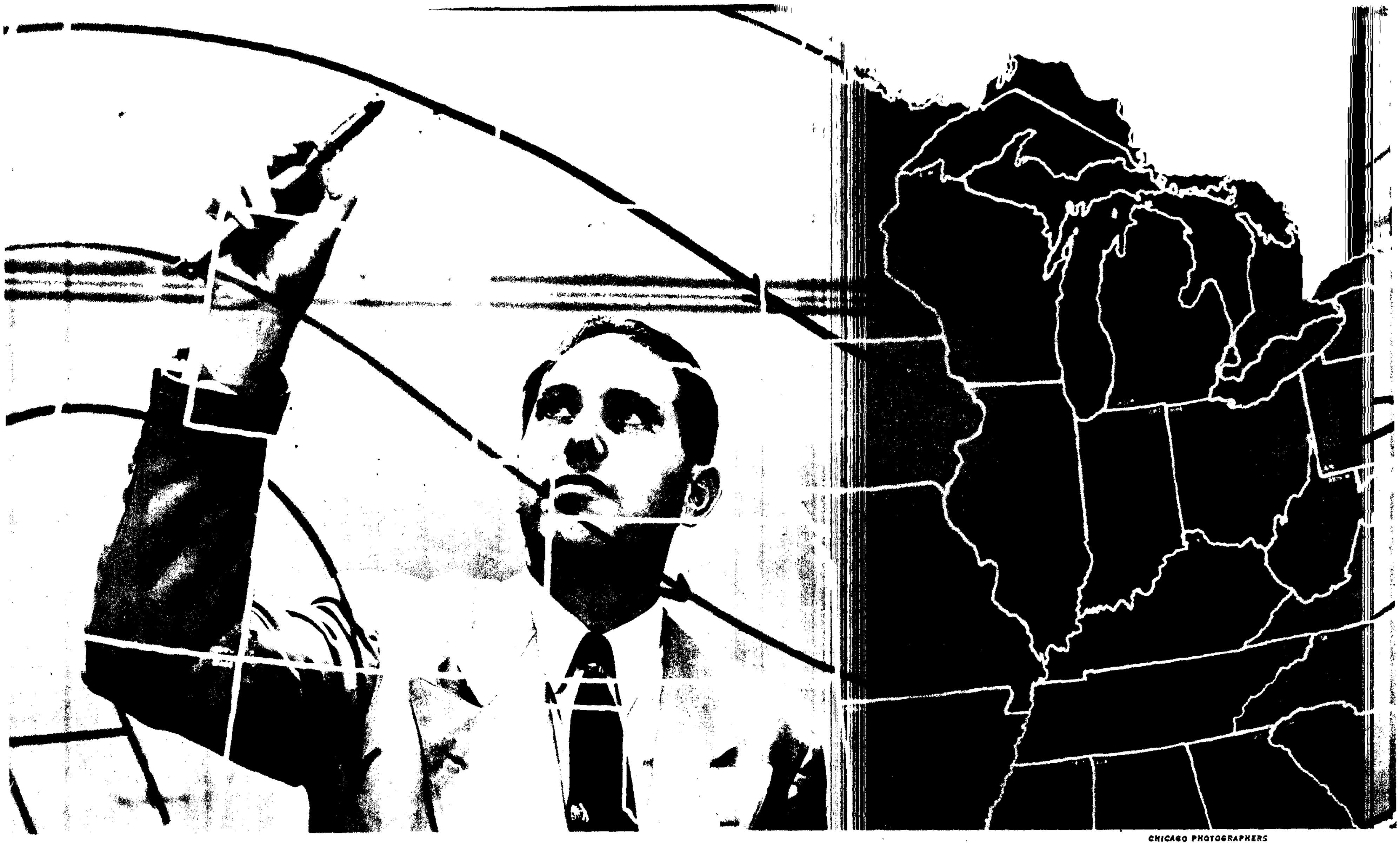
If it is true, as one expert said on reading Kinsey, that no one was ever seduced by a statistic, it is equally true that no couple ever achieved sex harmony by reading novels. In real life most couples find that sex harmony is not a lucky card you happen to draw; it is a deep satisfaction, achieved in the give and take of steadily improving experience.

What constitutes full sex experience in love? I am constantly asked that question. One of the best answers I know came from a man who had learned the hard way. He had ruined his marriage through infidelity. "You can buy sex relations," he said. "You can purchase passion, any amount of it. In fact, you can experience either or both without love. But you cannot buy the desire to be together after sex needs are satisfied. That's not bought; it's given. And it's not the real thing unless it's shared."

Then, quite unconsciously, he added one of the best definitions when he said: "Real love is not just physical union. It is spiritual communion."

Persons who do not recognize and understand this definition perhaps have not read one particular book carefully enough or put it to work in their lives. It is a very old book, which for ages has told people what every modern marriage counselor must eventually tell them:

For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife . . . so then they are no more twain, but one flesh. Mark x. 7-8. ▲▲▲



CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

Dr. Jerome Namias, chief of U.S. Weather Bureau's Extended Forecast Section in Washington, works out long-wave wind problem on a glass map

Fair Today, December Cloudy

By A. W. MARTINEZ

That's the type of weather forecast we may expect soon. Meteorologists have learned that a giant, everlasting wind located high in the atmosphere is the key to climatic patterns

IN MID-JUNE, a 200-mile-wide wind roared out of Siberia, zoomed over the Pacific, then zigzagged across the United States at two times the speed of hurricane winds. The invader didn't ripple a leaf as it cut a path over dozens of cities; it was too high for that, 30,000 feet up. Yet it brought serious trouble, our worst heat wave in 10 years.

The U.S. Weather Bureau meteorologists who helped discover this big wind call it the "jet stream." And where it travels in coming weeks will decide the kind of winter we will get. They believe the jet stream is the hitherto unknown third force in the weather which, together with two other forces—the sun's heat and the rotation of the earth—deploys heat and cold over the entire Northern Hemisphere.

Keeping track of the jet is part of a new global method of forecasting, a method which interprets not only conditions on the earth's surface but also the movement of layers of air near the base of the stratosphere. Knowledge of such movements already has helped the bureau predict the weather over the entire U.S. fully a month ahead. Soon the information may support an even more remarkable forecast—regular predictions of what each region can expect for a whole season ahead. Such long-range predicting has great possibilities. For example, it will be of inestimable economic value for a clothing manufacturer in the Northeast to have advance word that the winter in his area will be unusually warm, or for the Midwest farmer to know that spring will be abnormally wet.

The jet stream is like no wind you will ever meet on earth. Surface winds travel a chaotic, unorganized course. The jet meanders back and forth from the polar regions to the tropics, a river of air moving from west to east around the northern half of the earth. It travels its fastest—about 300 miles an hour—when it lies between two contrasting currents of air—one exceptionally hot, one abnormally cold. The effect is somewhat like a torrent rushing through a canyon. When the temperature on either side is relatively equal, the jet slows down and may stop altogether or flow gently backward.

In winter, the track of the jet lies roughly along the 25th parallel, which cuts across the Gulf of Mexico. In summer, it migrates north to the 45th parallel, on a line with Oregon. If the earth were as smooth as a billiard ball, the big wind would move along these tracks in a neat circle. But varying degrees of heat and cold, rising from mountain ranges, great plains and water masses, bend the jet into horizontal waves that may extend for 3,000 miles or more.

These waves bring our sudden hot and cold spells—the freaks we know as "unseasonable weather," because the 200-mile-wide jet literally drags big chunks of weather along behind it. When it curves southward, it brings in its wake a blanket of polar air that may cover a whole continent. When it curves north, thousands of square miles of tropical air follow behind.

Most of the jet stream's waves follow a certain seasonal regularity, shifting cold and warm fronts around. Weather Bureau men now have a fairly accurate month-to-month picture of this wave pattern on the basis of weather records averaged out over a period of years. Day-to-day upper-air reports, provided by a network of weather ships and land stations, help them pinpoint the jet on their maps and estimate its course for days ahead. Their new knowledge of average jet paths, plus their daily wind observations, keep increasing the accuracy of their long-range forecasting. And since the observers are ever improving their ability to spot the jet's habits and interpret its behavior, seasonal forecasts should be only a matter of time.

But the jet stream is not always well behaved. Often it runs erratically off its track, making deeper and more radical waves—partly induced by vast oceanic storms and pressure areas, partly by other causes still a mystery to meteorologists. When the

Long-range forecasts, now u

U.S. WEATHER BUREAU

Radiosonde balloons, like this one about to be sent up on a Pacific Weather Patrol, help track jet stream. They record temperature, pressure and humidity up to 50,000 feet high

jet does run off its track, trouble always looms. For example, on the morning of last June 3d, meteorologists in the Weather Bureau's Extended Forecast Section in Washington, D.C., were monitoring the thousands of coded weather reports which flow in via teletype daily from all over the world. Suddenly the message "4444" caught their eye. These symbols meant that a particular weather station was unable to make its upper-air observations—an unusual occurrence.

The warning came from U.S. weather ship "Q," anchored 500 miles off the barren Aleutian reefs. The "Q" is one of 106 U.S. government land and sea stations which twice a day, by means of radio-equipped balloons, take weather soundings as high up as 50,000 feet. But this day, surface gales were so strong that the "Q" couldn't get its balloon aloft.

The disturbed conditions around the "Q" were danger signals. In Washington the long-range forecasters began to center their attention on the whole Pacific area. Minutes later, weather ship "V," plowing through heavy seas 500 miles south of the "Q," messaged that its radio-equipped balloon, rising through the sky more than 10,000 feet high, reported a wind speed of nearly 100 miles per hour. Weather ship "V's" balloon had, in fact, poked right into the lower part of the jet stream—about to go on a rampage.

Later reports from other weather ships and aircraft showed that the "Q" had felt the first shocks of a 1,000-mile-long storm sweeping over the eastern Aleutians. Heading toward it, collision bent, was a second storm, equally big, moving rapidly eastward from the Japanese mainland. Pressed between the two storms, the jet wind, traveling its regular route out of Siberia, was whipped up to an estimated peak speed of 300 miles an hour.

Watching the jet move toward the U.S. mainland in a northerly arc, Jerome Namias, chief of the Extended Forecast Section, predicted the heat wave that was to hit our mid-continent several days later. He was only a little off in his timetable.

The deep northern wave of the jet nearly reached the coast of Alaska. Then it veered sharply south and, at 30,000 feet, streaked down along the West Coast. In its wake it set up vast subsidiary wind currents on either side, sucking in thousands of miles of polar air and, in the second week of June, leaving the Pacific Coast in the grip of a freeze that brought parts of Oregon eight inches of snow and ruined thousands of acres of spring crops all the way to southern California.

Off the southern California coast, the jet spun northward and started across the nation. It was now nearly a thousand miles south of its normal track and was dragging behind it a vast blanket of tropical air. The mid-June heat wave was on. The jet, meanwhile, zigzagged out over the Atlantic. It brought rainstorms to southern Spain and a heat wave to the Balkans. Somewhere over the Siberian steppes it slowed down.

But for the sweltering U.S. the trouble had only begun. New storms and clashing fronts out in the Pacific regenerated the jet as it circled the hemisphere. Again and again through June and July, these disturbances whipped up the big wind's speed and sent it far south of its course; as a result, its north-bound waves continued to pull in tropical heat. In some cities directly beneath the jet's core, record-smashing temperatures went as high as 110 degrees. East of the Rockies—from Texas to Massachusetts—the jet created an effect like a speedboat tearing through a quiet pond. There were freak storms and flash floods in some areas, drought in others. Total damage: hundreds of millions of dollars. Fortunately, such a jet-borne heat wave comes only once in about a decade.

Jet Gets Involved in a Coal Strike

The jet can produce equally disastrous cold effects, and once it even succeeded where human persuasion failed in getting the Taft-Hartley law invoked. During the nation-wide coal strike in February, 1950, President Truman was debating whether to use the act. He finally decided that the most important determining factor was whether a cold wave would strike the East and cause a national emergency. The White House called Weather Bureau long-range forecasters. A special 30-day forecast, delivered to Truman by messenger, showed the jet wind bringing a cold wave. A few days later, the President invoked the Taft-Hartley law.

The first hint of the existence of the jet stream came in 1938. Dr. Carl-Gustaf Rossby, a balding, heavy-set Swedish-American scientist then head of the meteorological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, reported some startling findings about the upper layers of air halfway to the stratosphere. These layers, he announced, move in long, waving lines which stretch clear around the earth at altitudes ranging from 10,000 to 50,000 feet. The long waves, he added, shift the surface weather around the globe, and if we knew what they were doing, we could predict the local weather which follows in the wake of the waves more accurately than ever before, and for periods of days or even weeks ahead.

The report was something of a scientific bombshell, for weather forecasts had always been based on what was happening at or near the earth's surface. The upper air had been largely unexplored, because there were no means for getting regular observations above 10,000 feet. But as early as 1932 Rossby, with the help of MIT Professor Hurd C. Willett and a brilliant, quiet-spoken young pupil, Jerome Namias, had begun to make what for that time were daring flights. In the lone MIT meteorological plane, they flew as high as 16,000 feet to get upper-air soundings. The Navy, Army and the U.S. Weather Bureau helped by supplying data from some of their early high-altitude flights.

Since the tragic dust-bowl days of the mid-thirties, the Weather Bureau had been seeking a way to predict climatic changes at long range; the Rossby research pointed in that direction. Rossby went to the bureau as assistant chief. Subsequently he had Namias join him there. They also had an ally in the expanding use of radiosonde balloons sent up by the bureau. These balloons are fitted out with tiny, lightweight transmitters which broadcast temperature, pressure and humidity from as high as 50,000 feet.

In the next few years, as more and more upper-air soundings were taken across the U.S., Rossby and Namias began to draw and accumulate the first maps analyzing the great winds aloft.

If you look at a daily weather map, you will see that it is covered with concentric rings. The rings outline areas of more or less equal barometric pressures, the so-called highs and lows which drift from place to place and govern surface weather. The markings are circular because the air which

to 80% accurate, are studied by hundreds of thousands of farmers and businessmen

determines pressures moves in a circular motion either in or out of the pressure area. On larger maps, these rings are bigger and more and more spread out, like a stone dropped in a still pond.

What Rossby and other meteorologists began to see for the first time, with the aid of radio balloons, was a single, big pressure line which stretches clear around the top of the earth and affects all the smaller rings. They were seeing the pressure line of the big jet, but in the early forties they did not know it. Instead, they studied the effects of the long-wave wind patterns caused by the jet. By averaging what the long waves had done in previous years, and comparing this with day-to-day observations, they were able, in 1941, to begin the first experimental five-day weather forecasts twice a week.

Rossby moved to the University of Chicago; Namias became chief of the Weather Bureau's new long-range section, whose forecasts now became a military secret. In 1942, he added 30-day forecasts to the section's work; one of the long-range forecasts accurately predicted the weather conditions which the Allied forces could expect for the North African landings. Similar forecasts by Namias helped the military plan bombing raids and landings on both sides of the globe throughout the war.

Meanwhile, as radio balloons and high-flying planes increased the number of upper-air readings, more and more evidence piled up as to the origin of the long-wave winds. Such readings showed, for example, that unexplained winds of hurricane force roamed high over the southeastern U.S. and along a narrow line running from North Africa to the Indian Ocean. Then, in 1943 and 1944, B-29 pilots on bombing missions over Japan reported a noteworthy occurrence: the planes, flying inland over Japan's south coast, were brought almost to a standstill by fierce head winds moving steadily from west to east.

The Ribbon That Encircles the Globe

A straight line linking up all the areas where such high-altitude winds were detected would, the weathermen figured, form a kind of ribbon around the globe. Were all these gales, then, related to one big earth-girdling stream? Rossby, still collaborating with the Weather Bureau, and Namias focused their attention on the imaginary line and found that these storms were thus related. Bit by bit the two men filled in whatever gaps existed in the line with fresh reports from Allied aircraft and regular weather stations. These reports showed that the big winds fell off sharply 100 miles or less on either side; moved fastest at 30,000 feet, slowed down above and below that altitude, and migrated with the seasons like a vacationist—north in summer, south in winter.

By 1945, there was no doubt of the existence of the jet. Weathermen now knew that wherever the jet went, the upper air was sure to follow; that the big wind was, in fact, the core or center of the great waving tracks of upper air which in turn control the weather on the ground through the shifting of hot and cold fronts. But learning to spot the activities of a cone of wind no more than 200 miles wide, which might be meandering over a thousand miles of sky, was another matter.

Regularly spotting the jet from the reports of a handful of weather ships, as well as from those of aircraft, would have been akin to sticking your hand into a haystack and always pulling out the needle. The Weather Bureau's long-range forecasters had to learn to pinpoint the jet by a series of complex deductions based on mathematics and on the behavior of pressures and temperatures. They learned, for example, to look for the stream in an area where there were two sharp extremes in temperature, high on one side and low on the other. The jet travels fastest in such troughs between clashing air fronts.

By 1947, Namias and his staff knew enough about the big wind to begin forecasting its activities on a limited basis, thereby sharpening their regular long-range predictions. Today these five- and 30-day predictions are used by hundreds of thousands of businessmen. (For $4.80 a year, 2,000 of them subscribe directly to the service.) More and more data about the jet is being used to improve these forecasts of general trends of temperature and rainfall over wide areas of the nation.

Meteorologists can pick up the jet's trail over the U.S., the North Atlantic and Europe; but there are vast areas of Asia and the North Pacific where they lose it. The weathermen also know that there is a Southern Hemisphere jet which governs weather below the equator, but they have only fragmentary reports of it. More soundings are needed of the air above 10,000 feet and over the vast oceanic areas.

Harried weathermen caught with their predictions off base often have dreamed of a machine that would do their forecasting for them. They now have such a machine at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. A high-speed electronic computer called the "Maniac," it is making experimental forecasts.

In the next few years institute scientists expect it or its successor to be making the most accurate 24-hour forecasts ever known, regularly and largely without human aid.

The system which makes the Maniac's forecasting possible is based on the movement of the same long waves in the upper air which led to the discovery of the jet as their source. In his early research, Rossby laid the groundwork for long-range forecasting with his method of observing and cataloguing the records of the upper winds. But he went a step further. He suggested that we could predict the movement of the upper air by fixed mathematical laws of energy and motion. If we knew one set of conditions in the atmosphere and applied them to the right equation, he said, you could forecast the weather by means of arithmetic!

Developing the right equation was the work of meteorologist Jule Charney. His equation called for barometer readings (which reflect the movement of air) at fixed points across the continent, and at various levels up to 50,000 feet. By applying the equation to the figures for each point, upper-air wind shifts could be predicted in hourly stages, gradually building up to a 24-hour forecast.

But the arithmetic involved was astronomical. During the war, the Army tried formulas. It took a corps of office clerks working at desk calculators for months to make a single 24-hour forecast.

Today, meteorologists have the electronic computer—a sort of super desk calculator—to do their arithmetic for them. The Maniac does 21,000,000 multiplications, additions, divisions and subtractions in an hour and a half. From this information scientists get a 24-hour upper-air wind forecast for the entire United States.

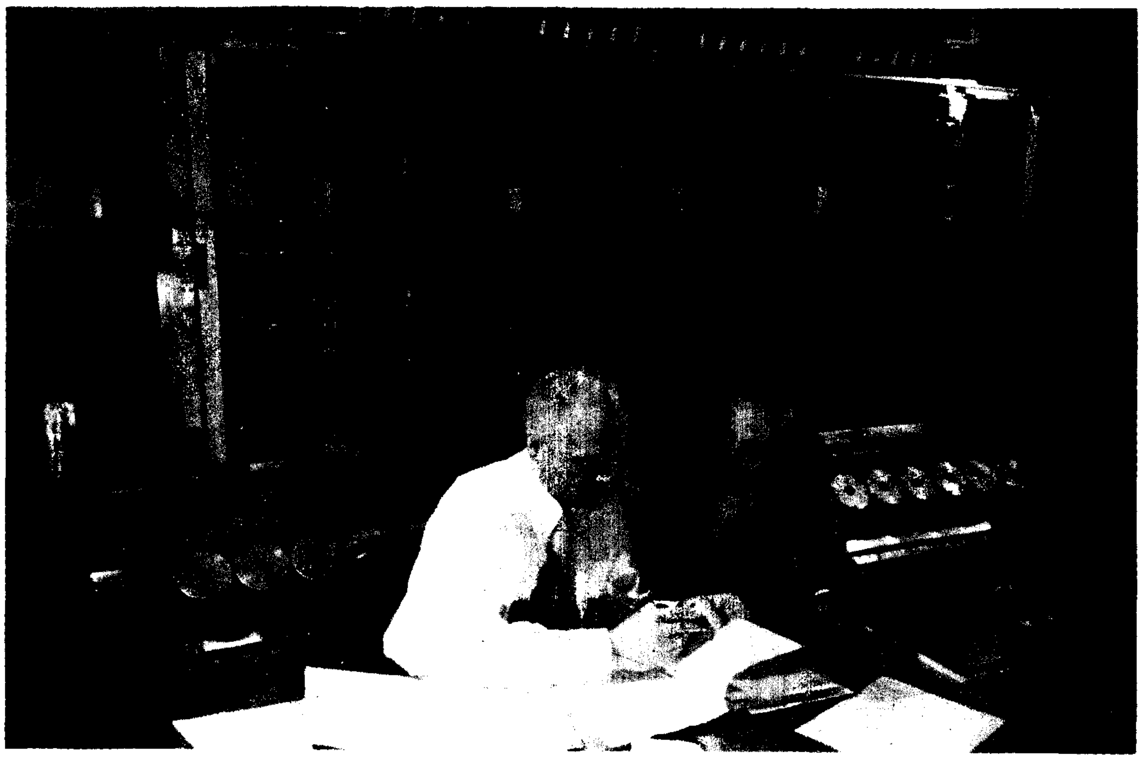
Giving the Maniac Data to Work On

The Maniac is eight feet long and eight feet high, and has a maze of tiny tubes, resistors and condensers. To feed it and get the answers necessary for a nation-wide forecast, meteorologists collect upper-air barometer and wind readings from some 300 points in North America and at sea. These figures, together with instructions for computing them according to the equation, go into the Maniac on a coded punch tape. The answers return on another tape to be decoded.

What kind of forecast does this produce? Somewhat better than a human forecaster's. But this is only the experimental phase. As the project moves out of the pilot-plant stage, Navy, Air Force and Weather Bureau men co-operating in the work expect the computer to increase the accuracy of daily forecasts by virtually 100 per cent.

And according to Charney and Professor John von Neumann, who head the institute project, nation-wide robot forecasting out of Washington may be only three or four years away. They point out that it is only a matter of mechanics to make the entire system automatic. Weather observations could flow directly into the computer, get processed and move on into facsimile printers—the machines which now print and transmit news pictures by wire. They could print and transmit weather maps clear around the country in the same way.

With greater knowledge of the jet stream, and with machines to compute its effects aloft, meteorologists believe they are getting close to solving one of our oldest of guessing games: what the weather is going to be tomorrow—or for that matter, next season. ▲▲▲



RALPH ROYLE

A high-speed electronic computer called the "Maniac" helps Dr. Norman Phillips (l.) and Dr. Herman Goldstine work out weather problems mathematically at Princeton, New Jersey

The Merry Microwave

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity
August 9, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Terrace Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear George:

George, by any chance do you have your football uniform with you? If not, don't worry about it for one minute. I have an old pair of knitted pajamas I can sew some shoulder pads in for you in no time, and a dandy pair of used tennis sneakers that should be just the ticket for speedy end runs. You won't need a helmet, as they are supposed to protect the brain. In other words, boy, start warming up. Owing to the most amazing circumstances, we're suddenly in the football dodge.

As you know, very little fan mail ever comes into this place for anybody in the publicity department. We make all the noise, but for some strange reason we don't seem to be known in the deal at all. Frankly, I don't understand it.

At any rate, I am happy to inform you that I have suddenly had an honest-to-God fan letter. Addressed personally to me, just as though I were Stewart Granger. What a thrill.

It's from some kid named Ed Smith, who says that next semester he'll be a senior at Cayuga, and one of the head donkeys in his class, and that for their big home-coming game on October 25th against the Cadets they are going to try a new wrinkle. All the classes are going to submit plans for the half-time activities at the big game, and the class figuring out the most thrilling entertainment involving the least expenditure of cash will be given the great honor of putting on the home-coming half-time nonsense, and will also be given a dandy pewter cup to stand forever on the mantelpiece. And since this Ed Smith says I am a famous publicity man—that's what he said, George—he is taking the liberty of writing to me to see if I could maybe give the class of '53 an idea or two that might help them win this splendid pewter cup.

Well, now, that's touching. A genuine college boy writing to old Uncle Dick for aid. Me, who had to quit school in the middle of the sixth grade and go to work in that unheated lumberyard. On the other hand, I remember reading somewhere

. . . mounted Indians pouring in through the tunnel, the cavalry starting to fire, the neighing and

In which Dear George suddenly finds himself in the football dodge, the television dodge, and—as always—the dodge dodge. A very ingenious fellow, this George—when he isn't being a fool

that nearly all the big endowment money given to American colleges has come from men who never went to college. Makes a man stop and think, doesn't it?

But to business. This child of learning goes on to state that another reason he has had the temerity to write to great old me is that he thinks I may know of his father, Mr. Edward R. Smith. Well, of course I don't know his father from a jay bird—if I had to remember every guy I've ever fired around here named Smith I would get little else done—but it's a fine reason for doing what I have in mind.

Because, George, I intend to help this lad as few lads have been helped before. Any time you come to Uncle Dick for aid you have come to the right party. I will either win this pewter-cup derby for the class of '53 or I will personally eat the college, bell tower and all.

Because in casting about for ways to help this deserving lad I find that on October 25th we will have a tremendous location company just a few miles away making The Iroquois Story. With around a thousand more or less genuine Indians on hand, several truckloads of costumes, a couple of hundred small, underfed horses masquerading as genuine Indian ponies, and several stars including Bill Bender, beautiful Rhonda Fears and even archery expert Howard Hill, who can shoot a broomstick through the eye of a needle any day you care to name.

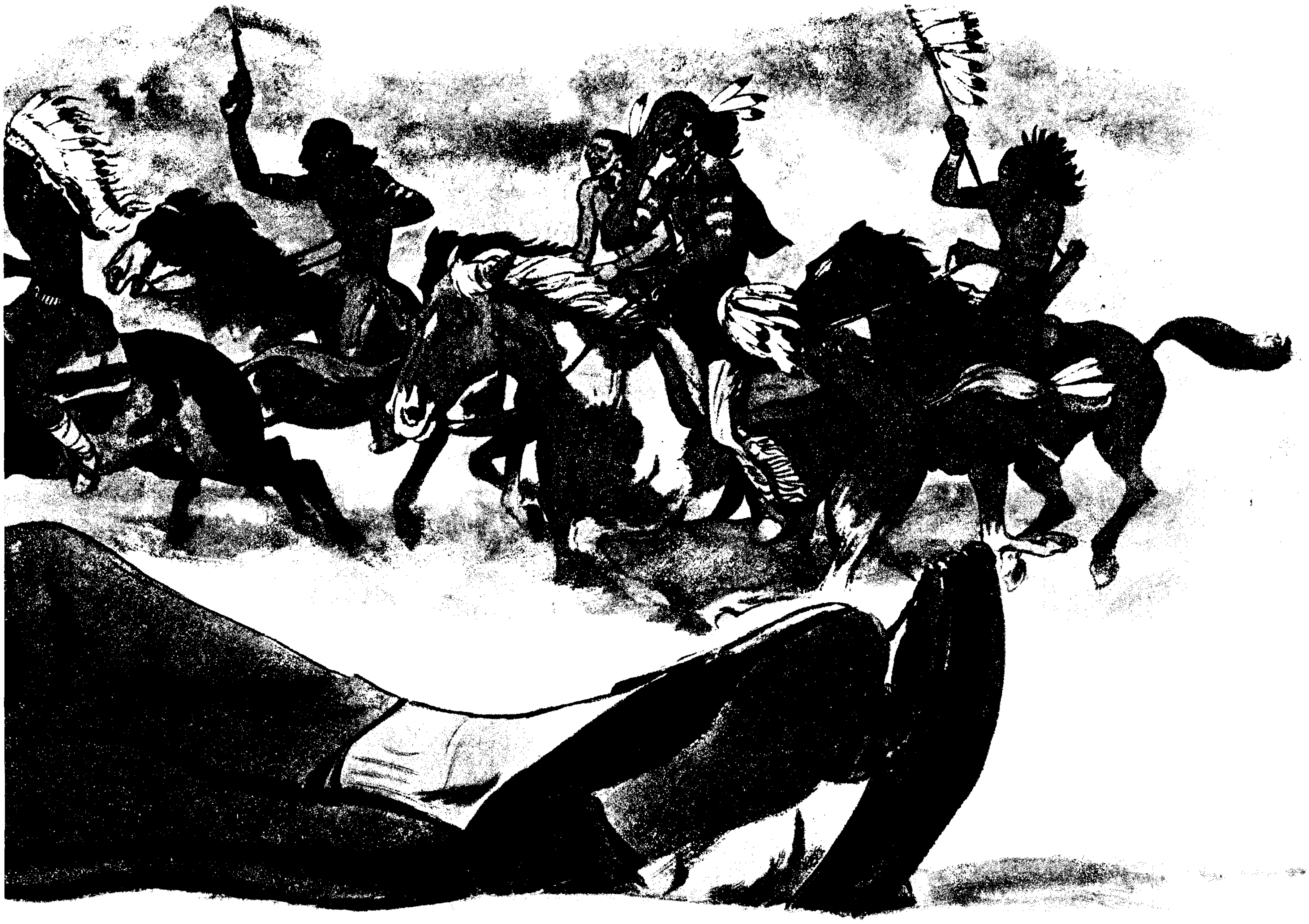
I have therefore replied to young Master Smith, and told him that I so admire enterprise in the young that I am going to send practically this whole kaboodle over to Cayuga on October 25th to put on such a home-coming celebration for the Cayuga Indians at their Big Game as the world has seldom seen. And all for free. It won't cost the good old class of '53 a plugged nickel. It's little enough to do for any son of Edward R. Smith. And I don't want a thing in return, not even a mention in the college paper. It'll cost us several thousand dollars to go over there and put the thing on, but that's okay. If the class of '53 just wins that pewter cup we'll be happy. That's all I'm interested in.

Now, George, you may doubt this. You may think that I have an ulterior purpose of some sort.

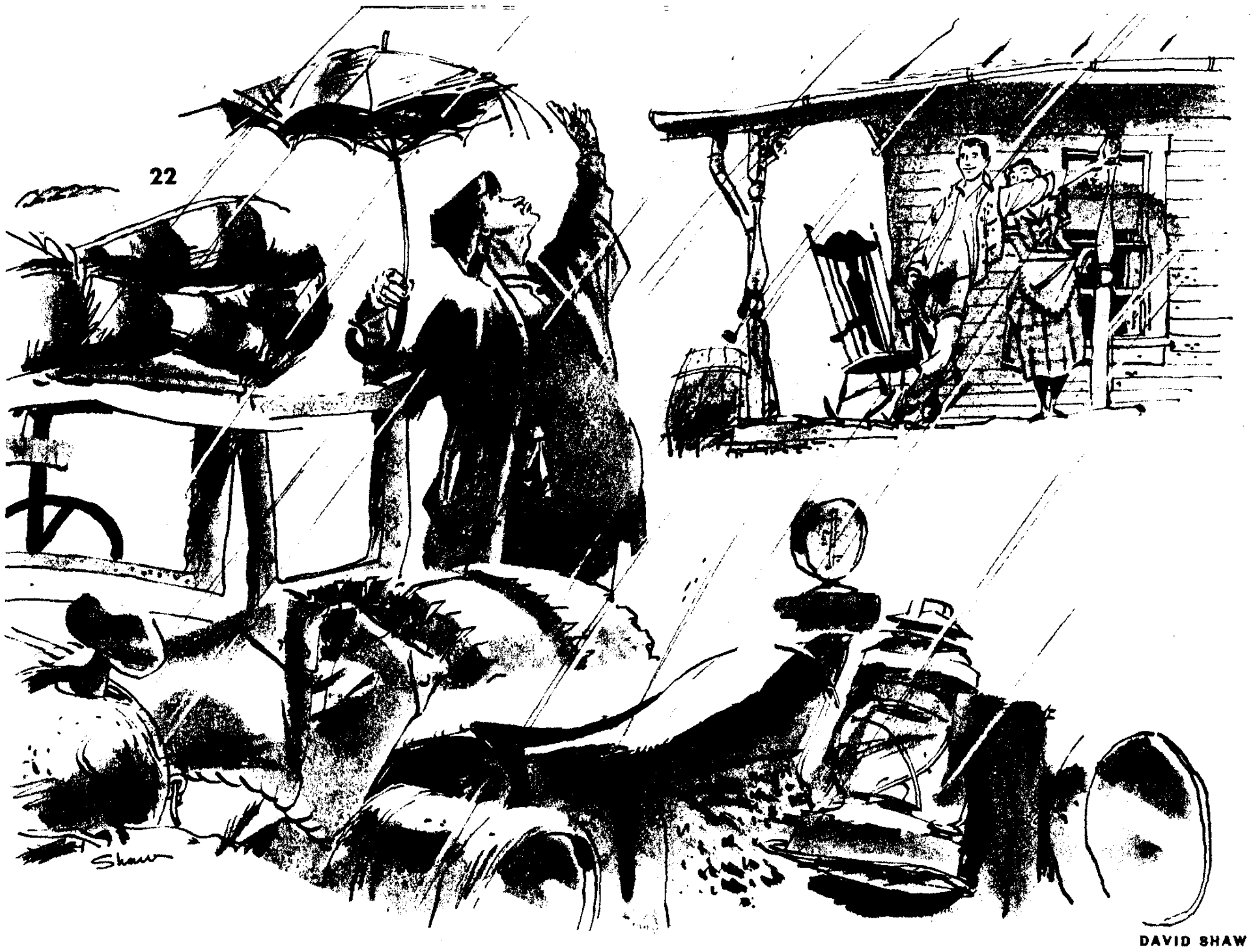
And, George, you would be so right.

You see, I have also discovered that this Cayuga-Army game on October 25th is one of the games that will be televised nationally on the microwave this fall. Ah, the microwave! Ever since they put in that great chain of relay stations I have been racking my brain to figure out some way of bending the thing around through my office, so that I could possibly put on a small free message for the citizens. Time on the thing naturally costs around a million dollars a minute, which has *(Continued on page 64)*

plunging of hundreds of frantic horses, the smell of gunpowder, the cries of the wounded . . .



ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



DAVID SHAW

A furious and sodden lot of Mintons stopped their junk-laden seven-passenger at the house

THE PUSHOVER

By MATT BRYANT

NANCY hadn't had to eavesdrop to hear Mrs. Wade at the Community Meeting. "I declare," Mrs. Wade had bawled, "it looks like 'Carpet' Cook has got himself a regular door mat in young Ben." And then everyone had laughed. They had all heard about the steer butchering.

Folks in Turkey Creek Township called Ben's father "Carpet" because he had let Old Billy Minton and his shiftless tribe of squatters stay on his land and walk all over him for twenty-three years. And the reference to Ben as "Door Mat" was because Old Billy had been bolder than ever in the year since Ben and Nancy had taken over the farm.

Nancy didn't want to change Ben; she loved his gentleness. But she didn't want him laughed at, the way his father had been.

The beavers were an example of Ben's generosity.

A man from the State Conservation Department had brought the twelve caged animals and asked Ben if he would co-operate in an experiment to see if beavers could be relocated in Turkey Creek Township after a thirty-year absence. The beavers, with their round, soft cheeks and big buckteeth, had looked like so many fat, happy children bundled up for winter play. The animals had beamed brightly at Nancy, and Ben had said, "Sure, put them down by the creek in the grove." Nancy couldn't have loved him more.

But when Old Billy Minton and his clan had butchered a steer from the beef herd, brazenly lying that it had broken a leg, Nancy had been furious with Ben. All he'd done was enter "total loss" in the farm ledger. And the incident had become a township joke.

Now Nancy stood fretting at the pantry window, mentally prodding Ben as he talked with Old Billy down in the barnyard. Old Billy was angrily shaking his walking stick in Ben's face, and Ben, infuriatingly, was just nodding and smiling.

"Tell him to pack up and get out, Ben," Nancy muttered. "Don't be soft. Don't let people laugh at us." But she knew that Ben didn't distinguish between being kind and being imposed upon.

And then the side door banged, and Ben came in, stripping off his denim jacket. "It's real cold out," he said, wanting to avoid another discussion of the Mintons.

"Well," Nancy said, shrewish in spite of herself, "what have the Mintons done now?" They always tried to distract attention from their crimes with a flood of complaints.

"Nothing," Ben said innocently. "He just wants me to fix the creek bridge. Says a couple of planks are out."

Nancy said, "Translation: The Mintons have stolen two planks to fix up their shack."

Ben laughed and hugged her, and Nancy forgot the Mintons and thought how much she loved him.

IT WAS a new, freshly washed day late in April that Nancy drove up the old state road that cut through the grove and saw the two sections of cut fence. The Mintons were supposed to drive their ancient seven-passenger to and from the grove by way of a lane up through the fields to the highway. But every spring, when the ground got soft, they cut a section of fence along the old state road, and every spring the Herefords strayed out.

When she got home, Ben was anxiously putting pans of downy chicks into the oven. The brooder had failed again. Nancy couldn't keep the accusation from her voice when she said, "Your squatters have cut the fence again—in two places. They got mired in one, so they just cut another entrance a few hundred feet farther south. You've got to put them off, Ben."

"No," he said gently, "they've been here so long they're convinced that we owe them a living."

Nancy sighed. "Well, they've got neighbors."

Ben looked up quickly. "Neighbors?"

Nancy wondered if Ben had finally been pushed to the limit. "The beavers," she said. "They've built an incredible stick house in the old sinkhole." She laughed, partly at Ben's relief. "Beside the Minton shack, it looks like a mansion."

"Oh," Ben said, "well, maybe the beavers will complain to the Federal Housing Authority about maintaining the standard of the neighborhood."

Ben and Nancy were in the orchard, wiring up limbs on the sun-splashed apple trees a week later. It was a joyous day until Old Billy, filthy and ragged, came shuffling toward them.

"Gotta get rid of them beavers," he shouted. "They're makin' a marsh out of my ground. You don't, Ben, and I ain't responsible for what happens to them."

"Leave them alone, Billy," Ben said kindly. "You don't want to get in trouble with the state."

"Won't be no trouble," Old Billy sneered, " 'cause there won't be no carcasses, and there won't be no beavers neither." He whacked the trunk of the tree with the stick and stomped off.

Nancy thought of the chirping, funny-faced beavers and was about to insist that Ben do something, and then she remembered the animals as they had been in their cages, with their powerfully arched backs, bright eyes and, she suspected now, deceptively benign expressions.

THERE was a cloudburst late in May that decided who would be the official squatters down in the grove. While it was still pouring, a furious and sodden lot of Mintons stopped their junk-laden seven-passenger at the house. Old Billy came up to the porch, yelling and trembling with rage. "Flooded, the whole corner of the grove's flooded," he gasped. "Them rats done it with their dam. I'm gonna get the law on you, Ben, danged if I ain't." And he sloshed back to the car.

Ben put his arm around Nancy and said, "Well, at last we've got a summer-long supply of water for the beef herd."

Nancy looked at him speculatively, and then she leaned against him. Perhaps he wasn't like his father after all.

But it never seemed to stop raining that summer, and before long the man from the Conservation Department was back. The experiment had worked too well.

"The State Highway Department says we have to get our beavers out of your grove," he said. "Their dam has kept the old state road down there under water all summer."

Ben and Nancy drove down to watch the man set his traps. Nancy was relieved when he explained that the traps wouldn't hurt the animals. As she watched, she thought darkly of the Mintons. They were now settled in an old railroad shack in town, preying on the villagers. The general feeling in town was sympathy for Ben and her.

When the beavers were at last captured, the man from the department told Nancy he had never seen houses and dams that indicated happier, better-adjusted beavers, and he could only hope they wouldn't come back. He destroyed the dam, and he took the beavers to the game preserve twenty miles away.

Within a week, the Minton clan was back, more arrogant than ever. They scraped gravel from the road for a driveway. They stole a tarpaulin to fix the roof of their shanty, and they tore down the Herefords' shelter to build an additional room.

"All right, Ben, you've got to admit this is too much," Nancy said hotly, when she reported the Mintons' doings. "You've got evidence—go call the sheriff."

Ben shook his head and laughed. "That's not necessary," he said. "The other squatters are back, too. I doubt if those beavers wasted a day around the game preserve. They must have come up the creek like little outboard motors. They've already repaired the dam, bigger and better than ever."

The Highway and Conservation Departments feuded for two years, but the beavers finally won. During the battle, the Mintons left the township, still threatening but defeated. The old state road was abandoned. And Nancy named the little lake Mintons Pond. "As a reminder," she said to Ben, "of what a pushover you can be sometimes. And so I won't forget to trust in you."

"And in the beavers?" Ben asked a little too innocently, a little like a man who might have known what he was doing all along. ▲▲▲

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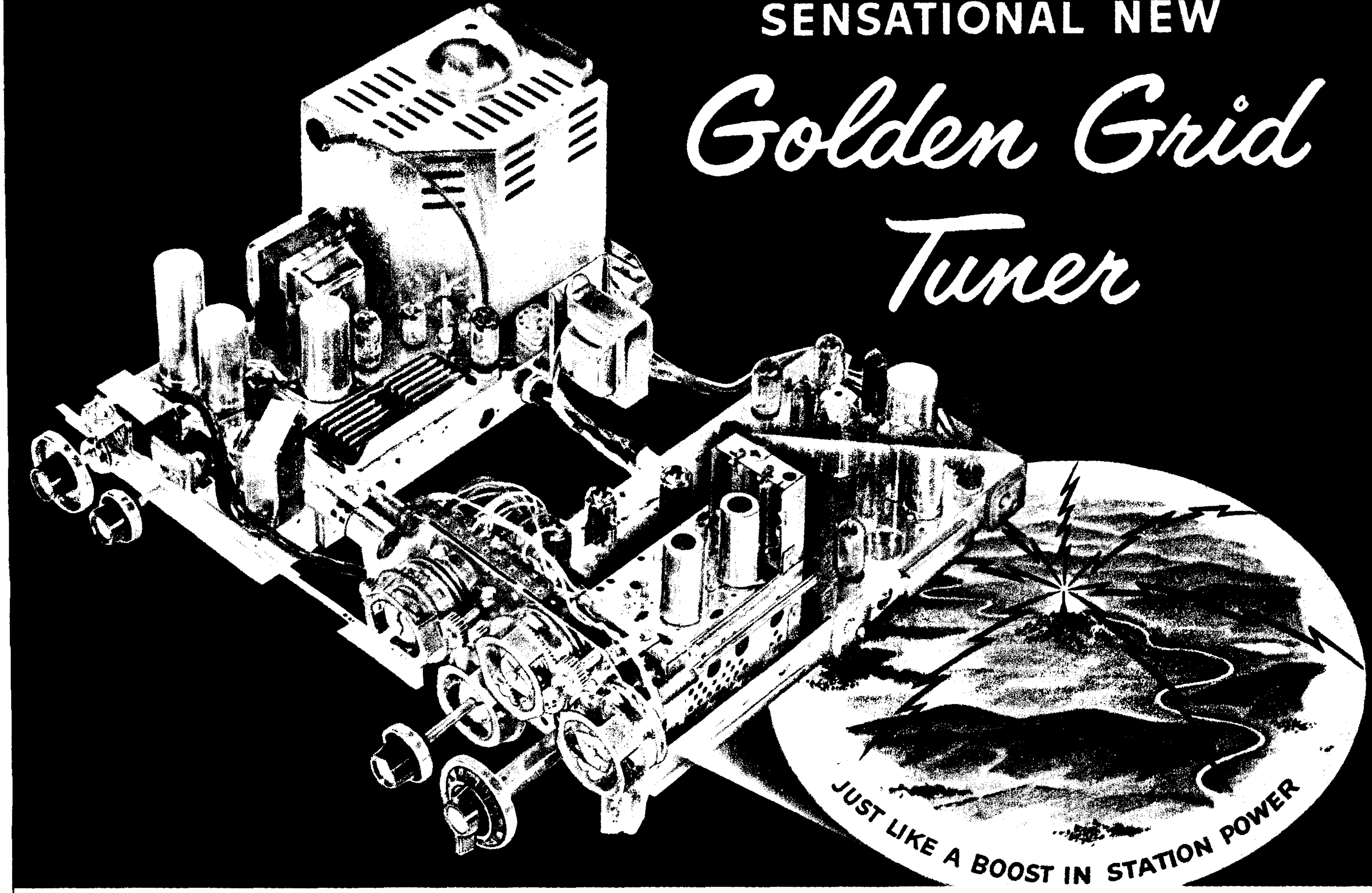

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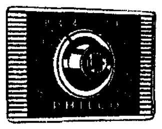

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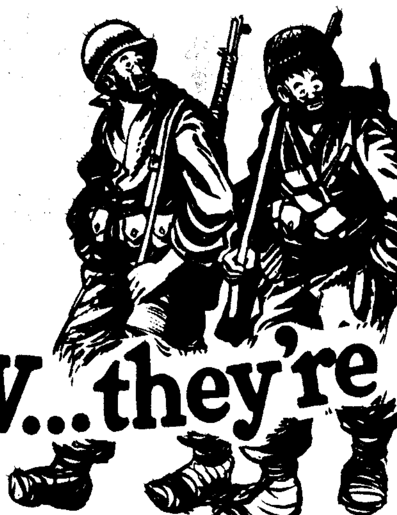

NOW...they're in TOKYO...in a brand

Bill Mauldin's Willie

These are some of the leading theatres which will be playing "Back at the Front" starting Oct. 15th.

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BIRMINGHAM	MELBA
FLORENCE	NORWOOD
GADSDEN	PITMAN
MOBILE	DOWNTOWN
MONTGOMERY	EMPIRE

ARIZONA

PHOENIX	FOX
TUCSON	PARAMOUNT

ARKANSAS

CAMDEN	MALCO
EL DORADO	RIALTO
FAYETTEVILLE	OZARK
FORT SMITH	JOIE
HOT SPRINGS	MALCO
JONESBORO	STRAND
LITTLE ROCK	CENTER
PINE BLUFF	SAENGER

CALIFORNIA

ANTIOCH	STAMM
BAKERSFIELD	FOX
BERKELEY	BERKELEY
CHICO	VECINO
CROCKETT	LANAI
EUREKA	EUREKA
FRESNO	WILSON
HANFORD	FOX
MADERA	MADERA
MARTINEZ	STATE
MARYSVILLE	STATE
MERCED	MERCED
MODESTO	COVELL
MONTEREY	STATE
NORTH SACRAMENTO	DEL PASO
OAKLAND	T & D
REDDING	CASCADE
RIVERSIDE	DE ANZA
SACRAMENTO	ESQUIRE, TOWER
SALINAS	VOGUE
SAN DIEGO	SPRECKLES
SAN FRANCISCO	ORPHEUM
SAN JOSE	UNITED ARTISTS
SAN LUIS OBISPO	OBISPO
SAN MATEO	MANOR
SANTA CRUZ	DEL MAR, RIO
SANTA ROSA	CALIFORNIA
STOCKTON	ESQUIRE
VALLEJO	EL REY
VISALIA	FOX
WATSONVILLE	CENTER

COLORADO

ALAMOSA	RIALTO
BOULDER	FOX
COLORADO SPRINGS	UTE
DENVER	DENVER, ESQUIRE
FORT COLLINS	TRAIL
GRAND JUNCTION	COOPER
GREELEY	STERLING
LOVELAND	RIALTO
PUEBLO	MAIN
RIFLE	UTE
ROCKY FORD	GRAND
STERLING	FOX
TRINIDAD	FOX

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT	POLI
BURRVILLE	TORRINGTON DRIVE-IN
DANBURY	DANBURY DRIVE-IN
HARTFORD	STRAND
MERIDEN	MERIDEN
NEW BRITAIN	PALACE
NEW HAVEN	ROGER SHERMAN
NEW LONDON	GARDE
NORWALK	NORWALK DRIVE-IN
NORWICH	PALACE
STAMFORD	STAMFORD
WATERBURY	STATE
WILLIMANTIC	CAPITOL

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON	KEITH'S

FLORIDA

CORAL GABLES	MIRACLE
FT. LAUDERDALE	GATEWAY
FT. MEYERS	LEE
JACKSONVILLE	ST. JOHNS
MIAMI	MIAMI
MIAMI BEACH	CARIB
ORLANDO	BEACHAM
PALM BEACH	COLONY
PENSACOLA	FLORIDA
SO. DAYTONA BEACH	#1 AUTO
TAMPA	PARK

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ATLANTA	GRAND
AUGUSTA	MILLER
BRUNSWICK	RITZ
COLUMBUS	GEORGIA
GAINESVILLE	RITZ
MACON	CAPITOL
MOULTRIE	COLQUITT
ROME	FIRST AVENUE
ST. SIMONS	CASINO
SAVANNAH	AVON

IDAHO

COEUR D'ALENE	WILMA
IDAHO FALLS	RIO
LEWISTON	LIBERTY
MOSCOW	NUART
NAMPA	PIX
PAYETTE	CHARM
POCATELLO	CHIEF

ILLINOIS

AURORA	ISLE
BLOOMINGTON	IRVIN
CENTRALIA	ILLINOIS
CHAMPAIGN	VIRGINIA
CHICAGO	GRAND
DANVILLE	FISCHER
DECATUR	LINCOLN
DIXON	DIXON
ELGIN	GROVE
FREEPORT	FREEPORT
GALESBURG	ORPHEUM
JACKSONVILLE	ILLINOIS
JOLIET	RIALTO
KANKAKEE	PARAMOUNT
KEWANEE	KEE
LA SALLE	MAJESTIC
LINCOLN	VOGUE
MATTOON	MATTOON
MT. VERNON	STADIUM
OTTAWA	ROXY
PEORIA	RIALTO
QUINCY	BELASCO
SPRINGFIELD	ROXY
STERLING	STERLING
STREATOR	PLUMB
WAUKEGAN	GENESEE
WEST FRANKFORT	ROXY

INDIANA

ANDERSON	PARAMOUNT
BEDFORD	VON RITZ
BLOOMINGTON	INDIANA
CONNERSVILLE	TIMES
CRAWFORDSVILLE	STRAND
ELKHART	ELCO
EVANSVILLE	LOEW'S VICTORY
FT. WAYNE	JEFFERSON
FRANKFORT	ROXY
GOSHEN	GOSHEN
HUNTINGTON	JEFFERSON
INDIANAPOLIS	INDIANA
KOKOMO	SIPE
LAFAYETTE	MARS
LA PORTE	ROXY
LOGANSPORT	STATE
MARION	INDIANA
MICHIGAN CITY	TIVOLI
MUNCIE	RIVOLI
NEW CASTLE	CASTLE
PERU	ROXY
RICHMOND	TIVOLI
SOUTH BEND	PALACE
TERRE HAUTE	INDIANA
VINCENNES	NEW MOON
WARSAW	LAKES

IOWA

AMES	COLLEGIAN
BOONE	RIALTO
BURLINGTON	PALACE
CEDAR RAPIDS	IOWA
CLINTON	CAPITOL
CRESTON	UPTOWN
DAVENPORT	ORPHEUM
DES MOINES	PARAMOUNT
DUBUQUE	AVON
FORT DODGE	DODGE
FT. MADISON	FOX
IOWA CITY	ENGLERT
KEOKUK	IOWA
LAURENS	ELITE
MARSHALLTOWN	ODEON
MASON CITY	PALACE
MUSCATINE	UPTOWN
NEWTON	CAPITOL
OSKALOOSA	MAHASKA
OTTUMWA	CAPITOL
SIOUX CITY	ORPHEUM
WATERLOO	PARAMOUNT

KANSAS

ARKANSAS CITY	HOWARD
ATCHISON	FOX
CONCORDIA	STRAND
DODGE CITY	DODGE
EL DORADO	EL DORADO
EMPORIA	GRANADA
HUTCHINSON	STRAND
KANSAS CITY	GRANADA, FAIRWAY
LAWRENCE	GRANADA
LIBERAL	TUCKER
MANHATTAN	WAREHAM
NEWTON	CHIEF
PITTSBURG	MIDLAND
SALINA	VOGUE
TOPEKA	JAYHAWK
WICHITA	CRAWFORD
WINFIELD	REGENT

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND	CAPITOL
HOPKINSVILLE	ALHAMBRA
LEXINGTON	BEN ALI
LOUISVILLE	RIALTO
MAYSVILLE	RUSSELL
OWENSBORO	MALCO
PADUCAH	COLUMBIA
PIKEVILLE	WEDDINGTON

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA	DON
BATON ROUGE	PARAMOUNT
HOUMA	BIJOU
LAFAYETTE	JEFFERSON
LAKE CHARLES	PARAMOUNT
MONROE	JOY
NEW ORLEANS	JOY
SHREVEPORT	DON

MAINE

BANGOR	OPERA HOUSE
PORTLAND	CIVIC
ROCKLAND	KNOX
WATERVILLE	HAINES

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE	CENTURY
CUMBERLAND	STRAND
HAGERSTOWN	HENRY
MT. LENA	HIWAY DRIVE-IN

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON	BOSTON
FALL RIVER	ACADEMY
GREENFIELD	LAWLER
HAVERHILL	PARAMOUNT
LAWRENCE	BROADWAY
LOWELL	MERRIMAC SQUARE
NEW BEDFORD	EMPIRE
WORCESTER	CAPITOL

MICHIGAN

ALMA	STRAND
ALPENA	MALTZ
ANN ARBOR	STATE
BATTLE CREEK	BIJOU
BAY CITY	WASHINGTON
BRONSON	BRONSON
CHEBOYGAN	GOLD FRONT
DETROIT	PALMS
ESCANABA	DELFT
FLINT	PALACE
GRAND RAPIDS	KEITH'S
HANCOCK	KERREDGE
IRON MOUNTAIN	BRAUMART
IRONWOOD	IRONWOOD
JACKSON	MICHIGAN
KALAMAZOO	STATE
LANSING	GLADMER
MANISTEE	VOGUE
MARQUETTE	DELFT
MIDLAND	MIDLAND
MONROE	FAMILY
MT. PLEASANT	WARD
MUSKEGON	REGENT
NILES	READY
OWOSSO	CAPITOL
PONTIAC	STRAND
PORT HURON	RIVIERA
SAGINAW	FRANKLIN
SAULT STE. MARIE	SOO
TRAVERSE CITY	STATE
YPSILANTI	MARTHA WASHINGTON

MINNESOTA

ALEXANDRIA	ANDRIA
AUSTIN	STERLING
DULUTH	GARRICK
FAIRMONT	NICHOLAS
HIBBING	LYBBA
LITCHFIELD	HOLLYWOOD
MANKATO	TOWN
MINNEAPOLIS	ORPHEUM
ST. CLOUD	EASTMAN
ST. PAUL	ORPHEUM
VIRGINIA	GRANADA
WHITE BEAR	WHITE BEAR
WINONA	STATE

MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI	ROXY
GULFPORT	PARAMOUNT
HATTIESBURG	REBEL
LAUREL	ARABIAN
MERIDIAN	ROYAL
VICKSBURG	JOY

MISSOURI

CAPE GIRARDEAU	BROADWAY
COLUMBIA	UPTOWN
HANNIBAL	TOM SAWYER
JEFFERSON CITY	CAPITOL
JOPLIN	FOX
KANSAS CITY	UPTOWN-TOWER
MOBERLY	GRAND
SAINT LOUIS	FOX
SPRINGFIELD	FOX

MONTANA

ANACONDA	WASHOE
BILLINGS	FOX
BOZEMAN	ELLEN
BUTTE	RIALTO
GREAT FALLS	CIVIC CENTER
HAVRE	HAVRE
HELENA	MARLOW
LEWISTOWN	JUDITH
MILES CITY	MONTANA
MISSOULA	WILMA

NEBRASKA

CRAWFORD	ELITE
FREMONT	EMPRESS
GRAND ISLAND	CAPITOL
HASTINGS	RIVOLI
HOLDREGE	SUN
KEARNEY	FORT
LINCOLN	STUART
NORFOLK	GRANADA
NORTH PLATTE	PARAMOUNT
OMAHA	ORPHEUM
SCOTTSBLUFF	BLUFFS
STRATTON	MOON

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS	FREMONT

NEW HAMPSHIRE

MANCHESTER	STRAND
NASHUA	STATE

NEW JERSEY

TRENTON	LINCOLN

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE	KIMO
FARMINGTON	ALLEN
LAS CRUCES	RIO
SANTA FE	SANTA FE
SILVER CITY	GILA

NEW YORK

ALBANY	STRAND
AUBURN	AUBURN
BATAVIA	MANCUSO
BINGHAMTON	STRAND
BUFFALO	LAFAYETTE
CHATHAM	CRANDALL
CORNING	FOX
CORTLAND	STATE
DUNKIRK	REGENT
ELMIRA	COLONIAL
GENEVA	GENEVA
GLOVERSVILLE	GLOVE
HORNELL	STEUBEN
ITHACA	STATE
JAMESTOWN	PALACE
LOCKPORT	PALACE
MASSENA	RIALTO
NIAGARA FALLS	CATARACT
OGDENSBURG	PONTIAC
OLEAN	PALACE
ONEIDA	KALLET
ONEONTA	ONEONTA
OSWEGO	OSWEGO
ROCHESTER	PALACE
ROME	CAPITOL
SYRACUSE	PARAMOUNT
TROY	TROY
UTICA	STANLEY
WATERTOWN	OLYMPIC

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE	PLAZA
CHARLOTTE	IMPERIAL
CONCORD	CENTER
DURHAM	CAROLINA
FAYETTEVILLE	CAROLINA
GASTONIA	TEMPLE
GOLDSBORO	PARAMOUNT
GREENSBORO	CAROLINA
HICKORY	CAROLINA
HIGH POINT	PARAMOUNT
KINSTON	PARK
RALEIGH	STATE
ROCKY MOUNT	CENTER
SALISBURY	CENTER
WILMINGTON	BAILEY
WILSON	CENTER
WINSTON-SALEM	CAROLINA

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARK	BISMARK
FARGO	TOWNE
JAMESTOWN	STATE

OHIO

AKRON	PALACE
ALLIANCE	MORRISON
ASHLAND	ASHLAND
ASHTABULA	SHEA
BELLEFONTAINE	HOLLAND
BUCYRUS	BUCYRUS
CAMBRIDGE	STATE
CANTON	OHIO
CHILLICOTHE	MAJESTIC
CINCINNATI	CAPITOL
CLEVELAND	PALACE
COLUMBUS	PALACE
CONNEAUT	STATE
COSHOCTON	STAR
DAYTON	COLONIAL
DELAWARE	STRAND
DOVER	BEXLEY
E. LIVERPOOL	STATE
ELYRIA	RIVOLI
FINDLAY	STATE
FOSTORIA	STATE
FREMONT	PARAMOUNT
HAMILTON	RAMONA DRIVE-IN
KENT	KENT
LIMA	SIGMA
LORAIN	TIVOLI
MANSFIELD	MADISON
MARIETTA	STARLITE
MARION	PALACE
MASILLON	WESLIN
MIDDLETOWN	COLONIAL
MT. VERNON	VERNON
NEWARK	MIDLAND
NORWALK	NORWALK
SANDUSKY	STATE
SPRINGFIELD	REGENT
STEUBENVILLE	PARAMOUNT
TIFFIN	RITZ
TOLEDO	RIVOLI
VAN WERT	VAN WERT
WARREN	ROBINS
WILMINGTON	LA MAX
WOOSTER	WOOSTER
YOUNGSTOWN	PARAMOUNT

OKLAHOMA

ADA	McSWAIN
ALVA	PIX
ARDMORE	TIVOLI
BARTLESVILLE	ARROW
CHICKASHA	RIALTO
DUNCAN	RITZ
EL RENO	ROCKET
ENID	CHIEF
LAWTON	DOME
McALESTER	OKLA
MIAMI	MIAMI
MUSKOGEE	RITZ
NORMAN	BOOMER
OKLAHOMA CITY	CRITERION
OKMULGEE	ORPHEUM
PONCA CITY	KAY
SEMINOLE	SEMINOLE
SHAWNEE	RITZ
STILLWATER	CREST
TULSA	ORPHEUM
WOODWARD	TERRYTIME DRIVE-IN

OREGON

ALBANY	VENETIAN
ASTORIA	LIBERTY
COOS BAY	EGYPTIAN
CORVALLIS	OREGON STATE
EUGENE	HEILIG
GRANTS PASS	ROGUE
KLAMATH FALLS	PELICAN
MEDFORD	CRATERIAN
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PENDLETON	UNITED ARTISTS
PORTLAND	BROADWAY
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BRADFORD	DIPSON'S BRADFORD
BUTLER	BUTLER
CHARLEROI	PALACE
ERIE	COLONIAL
FRANKLIN	KAYTON
GREENSBURG	STRAN
HARRISBURG	SENAT
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JOHNSTOWN	CAMBRI
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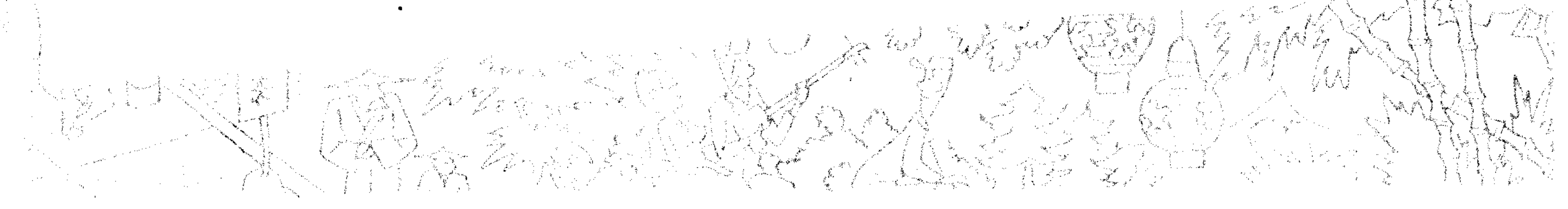
PHILADELPHIA	MIDTOW
PITTSBURGH	FULTO
READING	ASTO



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They're shaking the town apart laugh by laugh as the M.P.'s trail 'em...the Smugglers trap 'em... and the Geisha Girls run for the hills!

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that fun-famed "Willie" of "UP FRONT"!

HARVEY LEMBECK

hilarious new comedy sensation as "Joe"!

and Introducing

MARI BLANCHARD

dynamite—in black satin!

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SPARTANBURG . . . . STATE

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN . . . . ORPHEUM
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MITCHELL . . . . PARAMOUNT
RAPID CITY . . . . STATE
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JACKSON . . . . MALCO
JOHNSON CITY . . . . . . CAPITOL
KNOXVILLE . . . . RIVIERA
LOUDEN . . . . COURT
MEMPHIS . . . . STRAND
NASHVILLE . . . . VENDOME
OAK RIDGE . . . . GROVE

TEXAS

ABILENE . . . . PARAMOUNT
AMARILLO . . . . STATE
AUSTIN . . . . QUEEN
BAYTOWN . . . . BRUNSON
BEAUMONT . . . . JEFFERSON
BIG SPRING . . . . RITZ
BORGER . . . . RITZ
BROWNSVILLE . . . . MAJESTIC
BRYAN . . . . PALACE
CORPUS CHRISTI . . . . . . CENTRE
DALLAS . . . . PALACE
HOUSTON . . . . LOEW'S
KILGORE . . . . CRIM
KILLEEN . . . . CENTRE
LAREDO . . . . TIVOLI
LONGVIEW . . . . ARLYNE
MARSHALL . . . . PARAMOUNT
ODESSA . . . . ECTOR
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PAMPA . . . . VISTA
PORT ARTHUR . . . . STRAND
SAN ANGELO . . . . TEXAS
SWEETWATER . . . . TEXAS
VICTORIA . . . . UPTOWN
WACO . . . . ORPHEUM
WICHITA FALLS . . . . STATE

UTAH

CEDAR CITY . . . . CEDAR
KAYSVILLE . . . . KAYSVILLE
OGDEN . . . . EGYPTIAN
PAYSON . . . . HUISH
ROOSEVELT . . . . ROOSEVELT
SALT LAKE CITY . . . . UTAH
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DANVILLE . . . . CAPITOL
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NEWPORT NEWS . . . PARAMOUNT
NORFOLK . . . . LOEW'S
RICHMOND . . . . LOEW'S
ROANOKE . . . . AMERICAN
ROANOKE . . . . ROANOKE
WINCHESTER . . . . PALACE

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN . . . . ABERDEEN
BELLINGHAM . . . . . . AMERICAN
BREMERTON . . . . ROXY
ELLENSBURG . . . . LIBERTY
EVERETT . . . . ROXY
KELSO . . . . KELSO
PORT ANGELES . . . . . . LINCOLN
PULLMAN . . . . AUDIAN
RICHLAND . . . . UPTOWN
SEATTLE . . . . LIBERTY
SPOKANE . . . . POST
SUNNYSIDE . . . . LIBERTY
TACOMA . . . . ROXY
WALLA WALLA . . . . LIBERTY
WENATCHEE . . . . LIBERTY
YAKIMA . . . . YAKIMA

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY . . . . BECKLEY
BLUEFIELD . . . . GRANADA
CHARLESTON . . . . VIRGINIAN
CLARKSBURG . . . . RITZ
FAIRMONT . . . . LEE
HUNTINGTON . . . . PALACE
LOGAN . . . . GUYAN
MORGANTOWN . . . . WARNER
PARKERSBURG . . . . SMOOT
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WILLIAMSON . . . . . . CINDERELLA

WISCONSIN

EAU CLAIRE . . . . . . HOLLYWOOD
FOND DU LAC . . . FOND DU LAC
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MADISON . . . . ORPHEUM
MANITOWOC . . . . CAPITOL
MARSHFIELD . . . . RELDA
MENOMONIE . . . . STOUT
MILWAUKEE . . . . WARNER
WISCONSIN RAPIDS . . . . . RAPIDS

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THE MASTER AND

AS THE eldest son of the head football coach at Notre Dame, 16-year-old Frank Leahy, Jr., has had a well-rounded gridiron education. He was throwing and kicking footballs with his famous father at the age of three, hobnobbing with All-Americans like Johnny Lujack and Ziggy Czarobski while he was still in grade school, and helping to quarterback his St. Mary's High School eleven in Michigan City, Indiana, as a fifteen-year-old sophomore. When St. Mary's decided not to field a football team this season, the Leahys agreed that the boy should follow his coach, Bill Connors, to the Campion Jesuit High School in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where Connors is the new assistant mentor.

"Campion is a fine school academically," Leahy Senior said in explanation, "and we also want Frankie to have a chance to continue to play football." To help make sure that young Frank would

Bill Earley, backfield coach of the Irish, gives Frank Leahy, Jr., advice on tackling

Above and left, young Frank is tutored by a grid master—his dad, the Notre Dame coach

MASTER LEAHY

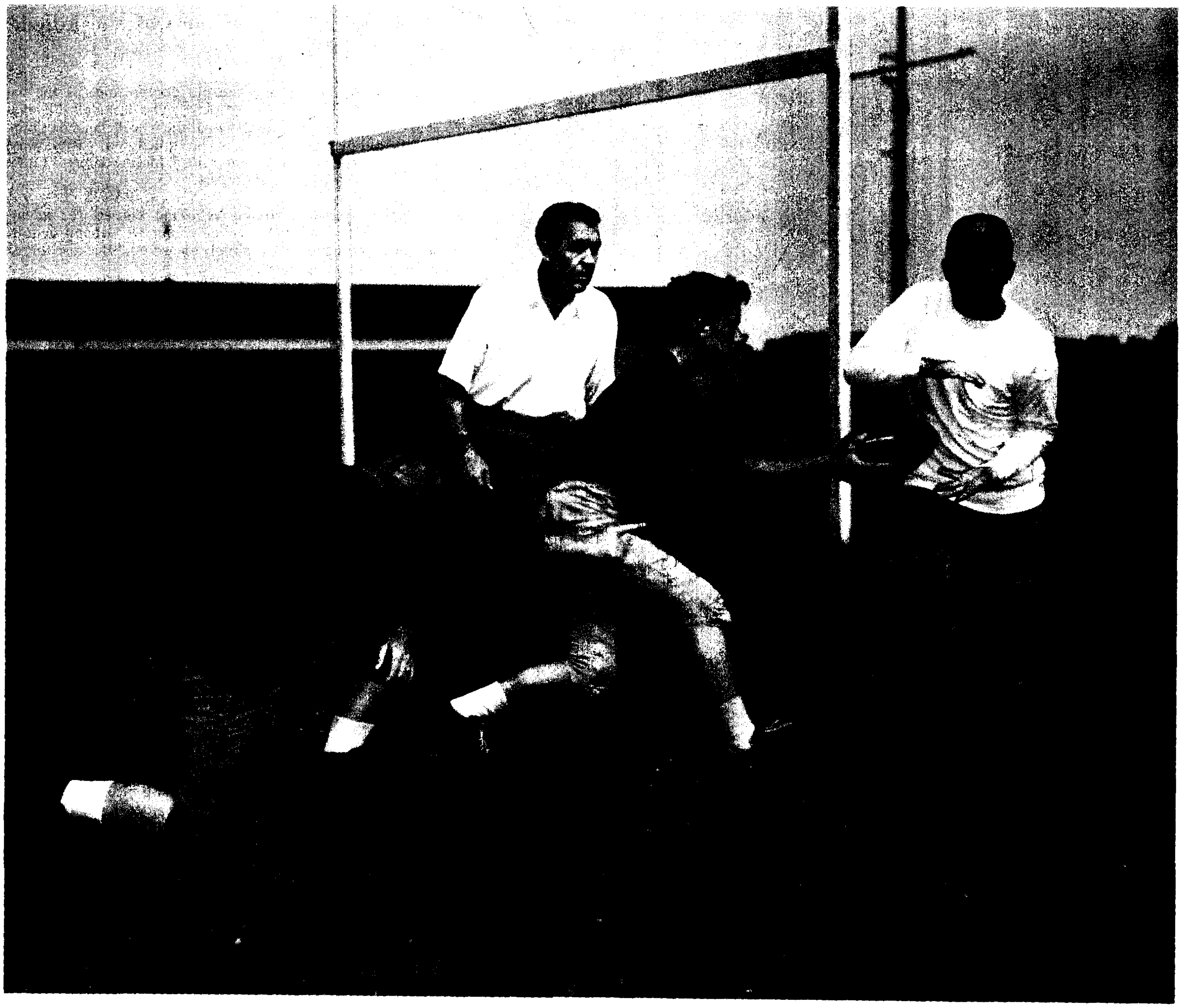
be well up on his game when he reached Campion, father and son held frequent summer workouts on the Notre Dame practice field in South Bend, Indiana. They concentrated on Frankie's quarterbacking, passing, blocking and tackling, as well as his twin specialties, punting and place-kicking. As the two practiced, they were joined from time to time by Connors and Notre Dame backfield coach Bill Earley.

Except for young Frank's occasional, "Is this better, Dad?" and the master coach's quiet counseling, the workouts usually were conducted with little conversation. Since Campion, like Notre Dame, uses the T-formation, the coach of the Fighting Irish often began the drills by having his pupil practice hand-offs. But he was especially interested in his slim, sandy-haired son's kicking. During the hot-weather practice sessions young Leahy, who did some of the punting and all of the place-kicking for St. Mary's last year, got off about 75 punts every afternoon—some traveling up to 60 yards. Then he'd aim almost an equal number of place kicks from extra-point and field-goal positions. Watching the five-foot-ten 155-pound youngster average three out of five in field-goal attempts from the 25-yard line, Bill Earley commented admiringly, "We don't have anyone at Notre Dame who can do that well."

Young Frank's dream is to play varsity football at Notre Dame someday, and Leahy Senior believes that Frankie, who is the oldest of his eight children, is potentially a good prospect. "But while I'd be in heaven if he ever should make our team," says the Notre Dame coach, "that's not the primary reason why I'm glad he's playing and enjoying football. We at home think the game is helping to develop him into a good, well-rounded citizen. That's our real goal." ▲▲▲

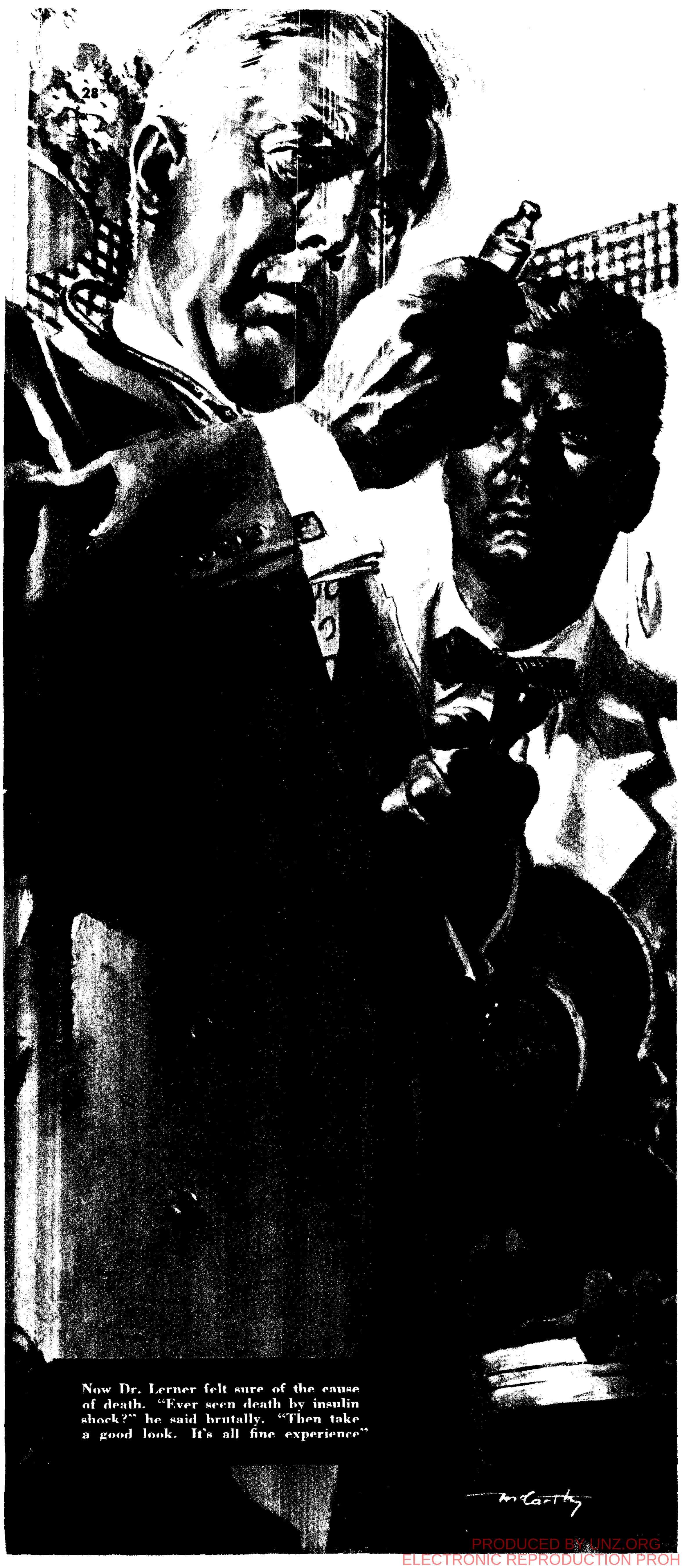
ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

At Campion High School, Frank works out with other squad men. He's a junior



On practice field at Notre Dame, quarterback Frank Leahy, Jr., hands ball off to Bill Earley under the watchful eyes of his father and Bill Connors (l.). Connors is assistant coach at the boy's prep school

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK



Now Dr. Lerner felt sure of the cause of death. "Ever seen death by insulin shock?" he said brutally. "Then take a good look. It's all fine experience"

Diagnosis Completed

By F. M. BARRATT and JACK FINNEY

He guessed instantly what she had died of. But there was still another question: Did she kill herself, or was she killed?

"WELL, here it is," the old doctor said, as the car swung into a side street. "The last call I'll ever make." The young man at the wheel glanced at him, but the old man was smiling, so he smiled, too. "I've always hated this case," Dr. Lerner said a minute later. "I'll be glad to drop it on your shoulders."

"Oh? Why?"

Dr. Lerner was already rebuking himself for having said too much. He'd better let young Dr. Knapp acquire his own prejudices. So he simply answered, "Because there's never any place to park."

As they approached the corner of Third Avenue, the young man slowed, then stopped the car at a parking space so small Dr. Lerner would have passed it by. He backed the car neatly into it.

Dr. Lerner was happy today. "Most valuable ability a New York doctor can have," he said, and grinned. He was a big old man, tall and wide. His face was lined, his black-and-white hair was very thick, and there was something old-fashioned about his appearance—possibly the gold watch chain across his vest. "Two patients here." He nodded at the corner drugstore. "A man and his wife, the Prines. He runs the drugstore, and they live in the apartment above it." Dr. Lerner leaned forward, fumbling for his black bag on the floor of the car. "Precarious cases, both of them. She's a diabetic, he's a cardiac, and their lives depend on a delicate artificial balance, maintained with insulin in her case, nitroglycerin in his. They don't take illness too well."

I'm glad I'll never have to come here again. The sentence formed itself, but he didn't speak it. "I've seen cases of physical disability," he went on carefully, "which actually ennobled the patient. Mediocrities turned into something more, by a physical handicap. But these two took the opposite road. Each is wrapped up in his own problems, incapable of giving or receiving the sympathy and understanding each needs from the other." They hate each other, he thought. I'm glad I'm nearly finished with this case.

The drugstore was closed, dark and empty, Dr. Lerner noticed, mildly surprised, and the two men walked toward the front door. The young doctor was as tall as Dr. Lerner but forty pounds heavier, and his young face was open and amiably intelligent. *Attending Chicago druggists' convention,* a typewritten notice taped to the door read. *Back Monday A.M.* Meanwhile customers were directed to a nearby drugstore for emergency prescriptions.

As they walked back to the side-street entrance that led upstairs to the Prines' apartment, Dr. Lerner said, "Well, no matter; you'll meet Prine next time. Not much to do for him, anyway. He might live thirty years, with good luck. With bad luck, his heart could go tomorrow. He knows that, and he's pretty self-contained. She's the problem here—an invalid personality, a true hypochondriac, if the term isn't out of fashion in modern medicine." He smiled and winked at the young doctor beside him.

"Mostly, the job here," Dr. Lerner went on, as he

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and Dr. Knapp climbed the stairs, "is to quiet her fears from visit to visit, as best you can. When you leave, give her husband some harmless prescription for whatever she feels is wrong with her. A pill one time, a capsule, or something in a bottle the next. Her prescriptions are free." He glanced at the younger man. "Don't look so shocked, boy. Prine knows what I'm doing, of course. Every doctor issues harmless prescriptions for the chronic complainers, and every pharmacist fills them. Perfectly ethical, and sound therapeutics. Last time," he said, "I prescribed gelatin capsules filled with distilled water for Mrs. Prine. One before each meal, for indigestion. They'll cure it, too."

UPSTAIRS, the door to the Prine apartment stood ajar, and Dr. Lerner pressed the bell button, and waited, feeling good; he expected to live in good health for fifteen more years, and to read a thousand more books.

There was no answering movement inside, and after a moment Dr. Lerner rang the bell again. This time, it seemed to him, it sounded emptily inside the apartment, and when he took his finger off the button, it was very quiet.

He pushed the door open, and stepped into the living room. Mrs. Prine—he saw her immediately through the wide doorway to the kitchen—was seated at the plastic-topped kitchen table, the upper half of her body lying across it, her head down on one cheek between her sprawled arms, facing them. Dr. Lerner hurried toward her, lumbering and stiff, but when he reached Mrs. Prine and lifted her arm, it was cold, and when he let go, the arm thumped woodenly back onto the table top. Rigor mortis was advanced.

Now, forty-five years from medical school and the dissecting laboratories, Dr. Lerner still hated, undiminishedly, the occasional necessity for studying a dead face, but he did so nevertheless. Mrs. Prine's thin, joyless features were contorted into a final realization of the many fears she had lived with. The rigid muscles held her pale lips drawn back in a silent snarl. The exposed teeth, their surfaces dried, were a dull white. It was a miserable death—the face showed it—and fury rose up in Dr. Lerner: the feeling of impotence and guilt over losing a patient, whatever the cause. To accept a death was always hard; to accept this one, in the final moments of his career, was nearly impossible.

On the table, in the midst of the paper wrappings it had come in, stood an insulin bottle, its flat rubber top punctured. Beside it lay a hypodermic syringe, the plunger down, the shiny needle tip dulled with a fleck of dried blood. Obviously she had taken her morning insulin shot, and now Dr. Lerner felt certain of the cause of death. "Ever seen death by insulin shock, Doctor?" he said brutally, glaring at the young face with the look of the intern still on it. "Then take a good look; it's all fine experience."

He was venting his rage and frustration on the young doctor, and he knew it and was ashamed.

Now the old man allowed himself to cross the room and sink down, trembling, into a chrome kitchen chair at the wall. "She was an experienced diabetic!" he cried out protestingly. Momentarily confused, young Dr. Knapp frowned uncomprehendingly, and, in his irritation, Dr. Lerner spelled it out for him. "Look, boy," he said angrily, "why does a diabetic take insulin? Because his body won't supply it naturally, and the body *must* have insulin to convert the sugar it ingests at every meal. So what happens when you get too much insulin? The excess insulin *will* burn up all the sugar in your body! And you go into shock."

His anger suddenly gone, Dr. Lerner continued, and the tone of his voice was an apology. "But Mrs. Prine knew that, Doctor, just as well as we do. She'd had an insulin shot twice a day before meals for the last eleven years. She knew what the warning symptoms of insulin shock felt like, and she knew what to do about it." He shook his head, baffled. "It's so simple! When a diabetic feels shock symptoms, he simply eats sugar. And the sugar counteracts the excess insulin; every diabetic knows that! There's no *need* to die of insulin shock!" He frowned suddenly, peering across the room. "Do you see her sugar container anywhere on the table? She carried it in a matchsafe."

At the table, Dr. Knapp glanced down. "Yes, it's here. It's open." He stooped to look into the little metal cylinder. "And empty."

"Then she *did* take her sugar." His eyes baffled, Dr. Lerner murmured, "I don't understand it. Of all her worries, insulin shock was the real one, and she always kept that little matchsafe crammed with sugar. Ate with it beside her, slept with it under her pillow, never took a step without it. So she took sugar today, all right, the moment she felt shock symptoms" . . . He glanced quickly about the room, hunting the answer to this puzzle.

On the drainboard of the sink stood an open tin of dry mustard, and beside it a nearly empty glass of yellow-brown fluid. "Mustard and water—an emetic," the old man said, his voice stunned. "My God, she took an emetic, and got *rid* of the sugar!"

DR. KNAPP crossed the room. He looked carefully at the sink. "Yes," he said, his voice subdued, "she did, all right. There are particles of undissolved sugar cubes here; she must have gotten rid of the sugar within seconds after she took it." Anxious to demonstrate his own medical knowledge, he added, "She didn't leave the sugar in her stomach long enough for the excess insulin to absorb it. No wonder she died of shock."

The old man came to the sink. Dr. Knapp was right; there lay the damp fragments of the sugar cubes Mrs. Prine had chewed up and swallowed. And with them he saw, before he turned away, the pathetic capsule of water she had taken at his direction, for indigestion. "Well," he said bitterly, "she'll never suffer from indigestion, real or imaginary, any more, or fear of insulin shock, or anything else."

He turned blindly into the living room, fighting the knowledge that this was his fault; this was one he had bungled. Then he said it aloud. "Well, Doctor," he said, "the last day of my career, and high time it ended. I treated that poor woman's fears with useless, childish remedies, and there in the kitchen you see the result." He stopped at the windows, and stared down at the street. "Suicide," he said wearily.

"Suicide?" Dr. Knapp's tone was doubtful.

Dr. Lerner swung around. "Why not?" he asked, swift hope in his voice. He had never really liked Mrs. Prine, but he furiously did not want her to have died, in this most miserable of ways, because someone had bungled.

"Well, after all"—the young man shrugged—"she did take sugar to counteract the shock. Took her digestion capsule and had breakfast, besides. Now, what kind of suicide is that?"

"A typical kind!" the old man snapped. "Like most of them, a deep, long-standing urge to die, plus a spur-of-the-moment decision to do it!" He made himself quiet down. "Son, she didn't have the cold nerve for planned suicide. But at some point—we'll never know how or why—she was able to make up her mind suddenly; it's a sort of wild hysteria with that kind. Maybe took an extra shot of insulin; I don't see why her normal dose should produce shock. But then, when the shock begins, she loses her nerve—and goes for the sugar. Now, she's safe, and instantly the pendulum swings back again. Once more she wants to die, and so she gets rid of the sugar immediately. Talk to the police, son! They've seen suicides teeter on a building ledge, working up their courage, then losing it, over and over again. Talk to a pathologist. Insulin suicides do happen."

He stood waiting, anxious for some contradiction of his theory, but Dr. Knapp was anxious to get away from the place. "Shouldn't we phone the police?" he said.

"Certainly we'll phone the police!" the old man said angrily. "But where's the hurry? Boy," he said desperately, "I owe something more to Mrs. Prine than this." He gestured savagely toward the kitchen. "This was my case, my responsibility, for eleven years. Damn it, I won't *let* it end like this!" His voice softened; he was pleading. "Don't just take my word, son; diagnose the case, like you would any other."

Dr. Lerner began pacing the room. "How do *you* diagnose?" he asked feverishly. "Here's how I do it. In my mind, I picture little arrows swaying like compass needles, as I go through the symptoms. If they all steady, finally, and point the same way, the diagnosis is clear, and I act on it. But sometimes, *if you hunt for it,* you'll find one little arrow, hidden in with the rest, that points in the opposite direction. Never ignore it!" His eyes were glittering. "If it won't swing around and line up with the others, be certain it's only a red herring before you drop it. Because sometimes, boy, all the others will swing around to line up with it! Find me the other arrow, son; go over this for any sign, big or little, that points in any direction but suicide."

For a moment, feeling something of the old man's battle, Dr. Knapp stared at him, his eyes widened in thought. Then he sighed, and shook his head.

"All right, son," the old doctor said. "Let's phone the police. I wonder what she thought, at the very last," he murmured. "I wonder what she felt, and if she was sorry. I hope she wasn't afraid."

"I wonder." The young doctor nodded, his imagination and sympathy engaged. Then his eyes widened suddenly, and he turned into the kitchen to squat beside the table, peering under Mrs. Prine's body. "Yes!" he said then, answering the question that had arisen in his mind. "She did! She left a note!"

DR. LERNER was squatting beside Dr. Knapp now. Just visible, far under Mrs. Prine's motionless chest, lay a white corner of paper, and Dr. Lerner began forcing his big-veined old hand under the weight of Mrs. Prine's body.

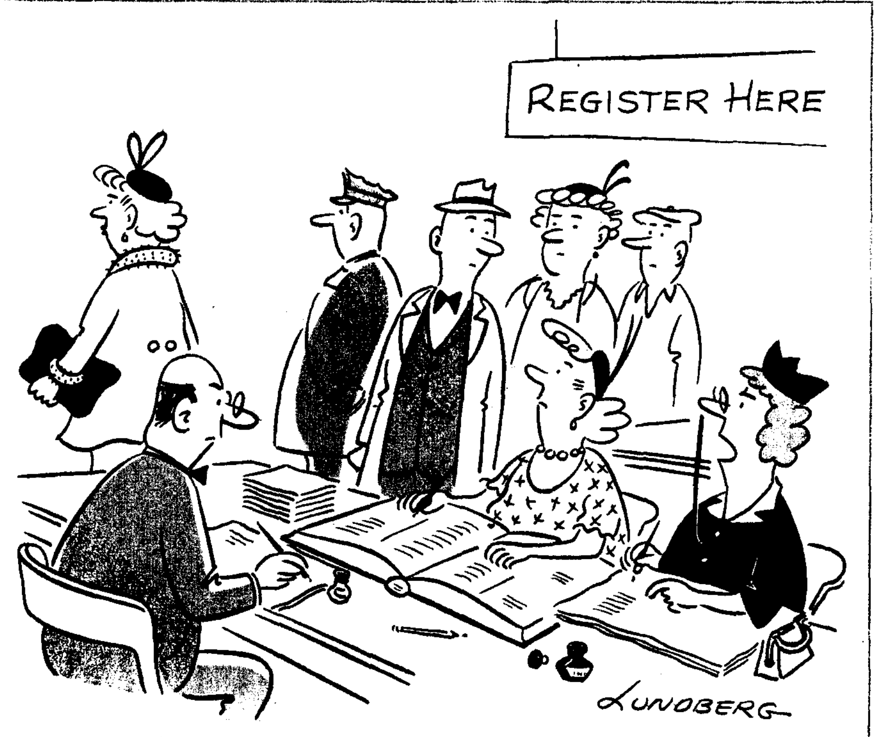
"Shouldn't we leave that for the police?" Dr. Knapp said nervously.

Not bothering to answer, Dr. Lerner pulled the little paper free, bringing a pencil stub rolling out onto the table with it. The tremulous handwriting and the way the words were run together made it plain that Mrs. Prine hadn't even had strength enough to lift the pencil from the paper as she wrote her last note. Nor had she had the strength to finish it. *Poisoninsu*—her final note said, the last word trailing off unfinished. "Poison insulin," Dr. Knapp's stunned voice whispered.

"Yes," the old man murmured, staring down at the little bottle of insulin on the table. Then he reached out, picked it up, and stood looking at it. "By God, she was murdered!" he said.

"You think the insulin's poisoned?"

For seconds the old doctor didn't answer. Then he said quietly, "No; in spite of this note. Because what kind of fool plan for murder would that be?" He looked up at Dr. Knapp. "It would be idiotic—certain and immediate conviction. And while Prine may be a murderer, he isn't a fool." Idly he shook the fluid in the little bottle, staring at it thoughtfully. "No," he said contemptuously, "the police will test this, of course, but there'll be no poison in it. And yet, nevertheless, that is no suicide



COLLIER'S "Over 21! I bet she's older than *that!*" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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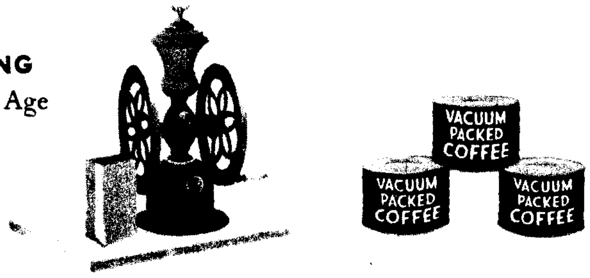
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note; it's an accusation of murder." His eyes narrowed as he stared at the thin-rubber top which covered the mouth of the bottle. Then he nodded at the paper wrappings on the table. "This is a new bottle," he said slowly. "She used it for the first time this morning."

Dr. Knapp nodded, waiting.

"But there are two puncture holes in the rubber cap," the old man pointed out. "A hypodermic needle has been in here twice."

"Doctor Lerner, you don't want this to be suicide, and I can't blame you," the young man said. "But now you're reaching; you're trying too hard. There are two holes in the rubber cap because she made them both. Took her normal shot before breakfast, later decided on suicide, and took another."

"And the note?" Dr. Lerner asked.

The young man shook his head. "Written in shock; you can't make too much out of that. And, after all, a double dose of insulin *was* poison for her. Which is probably all that she meant. There at the last, her mind was confused, and she was simply trying to explain what happ—"

"Don't diagnose, Doctor, by explaining away a contradiction! That note is an accusation of murder!"

"All right!" Dr. Knapp shrugged irritably. "*If* they find poison in that bottle! But you say that they won't."

The old man shook his head. "They won't. Prine isn't crazy. But suicide?" Again he shook his head. "No. I say this note points squarely away from it; the diagnosis must be re-examined.

"Doctor," he went on gently, "at least consider a new diagnosis. For the moment, at least, turn away from suicide. Now, if this is not suicide, then a normal dosage is all she extracted from that bottle this morning—and her normal dosage should not produce shock. So tell me: How could someone make certain that her normal injection *would* induce fatal shock?"

Dr. Knapp stared at him.

AGAIN Dr. Lerner shook the fluid in the little bottle. "When they test this, I am quite sure they won't find poison. But I wonder," he said softly, "if they won't find double-strength insulin?" He looked at the young man. "U-40, the label says, and for Mrs. Prine that is normal strength. But with a hypodermic needle, it would be quite simple to withdraw the insulin originally in this bottle, and replace it with, say, U-100—more than double-strength insulin, and probably fatal for Mrs. Prine. And then rewrap the bottle. There are two punctures in the bottle cap. I think that's exactly what happened!"

"Who's twisting the diagnosis now?" The young doctor's face and voice were contemptuous. "To quote you, what kind of fool plan for murder would that be? It would make certain she'd take double-strength insulin, yes. But she'd be just as certain to take sugar and counteract the shock that would follow!" For a moment he paused, then added quietly, "As she did."

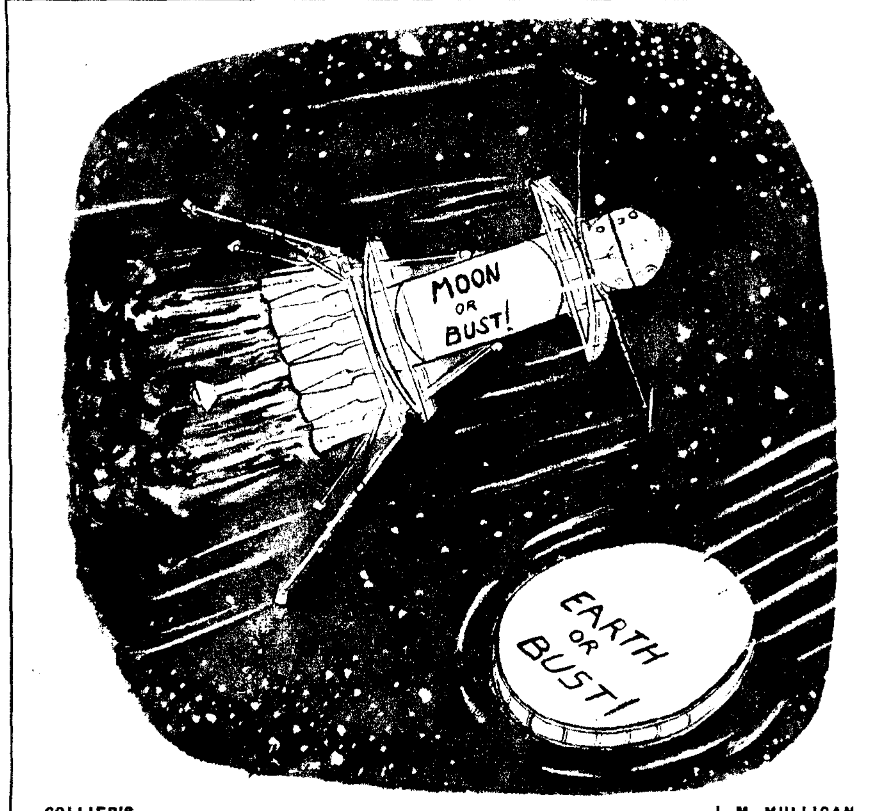
Dr. Lerner nodded. "Yes, she did. When she felt the symptoms of insulin shock, she was certain to take sugar to counteract it. But suppose it was equally certain that she would immediately get rid of that sugar before it could possibly counteract the insulin? Suppose, in other words, that it was certain she would take an emetic? As she did."

The young doctor stared at him.

"Doctor," the old man said, "we look toward suicide, and we interpret all the signs we find as supporting our diagnosis." He set the little bottle back on the table, and walked toward the doorway and the living room. "We see a capsule in the sink, so we say that it is one of her digestion capsules, because I myself prescribed them, and gave the prescription to her husband to fill." He turned to look back over his shoulder. "And yet who can say that my prescription was actually filled, or that he even told her I had ordered such a prescription?" His hands clasping his lapels, Dr. Lerner stood staring at the rug. "That prescription will be downstairs in Prine's files, of course, labeled as having been filled." He looked up at Dr. Knapp. "But suppose that actually he made up only one capsule; then concealed it in a sugar cube, which could be done. What would happen then?"

The old doctor began to pace back and forth across the room, while Dr. Knapp watched from the kitchen doorway. "This morning she takes her insulin injection—her normal quantity, but more than double strength, so presently she will feel the first warning symptoms of shock. Now, naturally, she opens her little matchsafe, pops the sugar cubes into her mouth, crunches them up and swallows quickly, as any diabetic would. Doctor, she is certain to feel that capsule as she swallows it—it's a big one. So what must she think about that? Well, her husband hated her; I knew that, and so did she. The capsule concealed in her sugar is poison! It *must* be! Why else is it there?

"Do you see?" The old man stood staring at Dr. Knapp. "It's a devilish scheme. There in Mrs. Prine's stomach is the sugar that must be there and *stay* there to save her from insulin shock. But with it is the poison she is certain will kill her! What is she to do?"



COLLIER'S J. M. MULLIGAN

His breathing loud, his eyes bright, Dr. Lerner said, "Prine is a pharmacist, and she knows any poison he gives her will be certain to kill. So her only possible hope is that the insulin will not. After all, she doesn't know that it's double strength and more. So her only hope is to take the emetic and get that poison capsule out of her stomach. She will lose the sugar, too, and therefore the insulin shock will continue, and she knows that. But still her only chance is to hope she will survive it."

Dr. Lerner walked to the kitchen doorway and Dr. Knapp followed. The two men stood staring at the body sprawled over the table top. "Perhaps she hopes to get to more sugar after taking the emetic. But an emetic is a weakening thing, she is not a strong woman, and meanwhile the shock is building once again, growing rapidly, pounding at her senses. She manages to reach that chair. There is paper and a pencil on the table. And all she can do in the few seconds of consciousness left to her is to begin the note that tries to tell us how she was murdered. Well, Doctor? Are the arrows of our diagnosis swinging around?"

Dr. Knapp shrugged. "Well, you make out a case for it. But it's all based on the sheerest speculation. As you say yourself, it's all in the way you choose to read the signs. Do you say that capsule in the sink is actually poisoned?"

"Of course not." Dr. Lerner turned back into the living room. "That's exactly what I do not say. When it is tested, it will be found to be filled with distilled water, with my prescription in Prine's files to prove its purpose. But if she thought it was poisoned—"

"Sure, sure," the young man burst out angrily. "If! If she thought it was poisoned!" he said contemptuously. "Doctor, it's all thin air, all speculation, depending entirely on what went on in a dead woman's mind! You say she thought the sugar was poisoned, but her own note contradicts you. She thought the insulin was poisoned."

Mildly, gently, Dr. Lerner said, "If she thought that, why would she take an emetic?" He paused, then continued, "Insulin is injected under the skin, Doctor. If it is poisoned, an emetic won't get rid of it; she would know that. She took that emetic because she thought there was poison in her stomach!"

Dr. Knapp shook his head. "Go read her note," he said.

"You read it, boy," Dr. Lerner said quietly. "Because you're quite right—the answer to what happened here this morning lies in a dead woman's mind. Go read what she tells us."

In the kitchen, Dr. Knapp picked up the note, and studied the wavering message—*Poisoninsu*—that trailed off, unfinished. For a long moment he stared at it, then he looked up, his eyes startled. "My God," he said, "you're right." He looked at the paper again. "*Poison in sugar;* that's what she was writing."

The old man nodded. "Yes," he said quietly. "She didn't act as though she thought her insulin was poisoned. But she thought the capsule in her sugar was poison. That's how she acted, and that's what her note tells us. She was murdered by a miserable trick! And there is nothing we can do about it."

His mouth opening, Dr. Knapp looked at him incredulously.

"Well," the old man burst out bitterly, "what will you do when he denies the truth! There in that sink lies a harmless capsule, filled with distilled water! There on that table lies a note. Not even finished. Meaningless! Why, the newest, rawest, assistant district attorney wouldn't dream for a moment of taking this case into court."

"But, Dr. Lerner," the young man said, "that would be a *perfect crime!*"

"Well, damn it, boy, did you think they never happened?" the old man said angrily. "Were you taught that every diagnosis has its treatment?" He sighed. "I'll phone the police now."

THREE hours later, finished, at last, with the police, Dr. Knapp sat outside in the car, waiting for Dr. Lerner. Then the old man appeared, got into the car, and Dr. Knapp drove to the corner, then turned into the busy street. For a block they drove in silence; then the young man said wearily, "Well, the capsule tested harmless, just as you said. And the insulin was U-100, as you said." He shrugged. "Prine will claim it was a laboratory error, no one will believe him, and so what? Nothing can be proved. He's clear."

Dr. Lerner said quietly, "The Chicago police phoned back, just as I left. They found Prine, all right, in Chicago, registered at one of the large hotels. He was dead; they found him up in his room." Dr. Knapp turned to stare at him. "His heart, of course," Dr. Lerner said, "as I could have predicted. It was a virtual certainty that the natural tenseness and strain of worrying how things back here were working out would bring on an attack. Not an unusually severe one, though; nitroglycerin should have checked it. And as a matter of fact, he took his tablets—all of them. He had his little pillbox in his hand when they found him." Dr. Lerner paused. "But, and now I am quoting the Chicago medical examiner, they might as well have been candy, for all the good they did. Or, to put it another way, they might as well have been the saccharin tablets Mrs. Prine, like all diabetics, took as a sugar substitute. Saccharin tablets look almost exactly like nitroglycerin tablets; Mrs. Prine remarked about that once, I recall. Now, if they had been substituted for Prine's nitroglycerin tablets—" Dr. Lerner shrugged. "Well, he'd have known the moment he tasted one that it was saccharin. But all he could do then would be to eat all of them—as he did—in the vain hope that just one of them was what it should have been."

Dr. Knapp's voice was stunned. "Double murder," he said.

"Perhaps." The old doctor smiled wanly. "If you like. But personally, I'd call it murder and self-defense. Though it's hard, I'll admit, to say which, exactly, was which." The traffic lights changed, and a horn honked behind them. "Let's go, boy," Dr. Lerner said. "I'm retired now, and I don't want to waste a second of it." ▲▲▲

It's a big year for lady comics. With routine

Funny

By EVELYN HARVEY

BOB LANDRY

A BUMPER crop of professional funny women promises to turn this into a banner year for comedy on stage and TV. A flock of newcomers have joined the select handful of comediennes, those ladies of the sagging seams and flap-toed shoes, who have long been in a class by themselves as distaff clowns.

Techniques of today's female comics range from the high, or parlor, variety to the low (or Seltzer bottle) brand; from the airy arrogance of Broadway's Beatrice Lillie to the saucer-eyed shenanigans of TV's Lucille Ball; and from the mugging of NBC-TV's Martha Raye and Imogene Coca to the gay gaucheries of CBS's Gracie Allen and the wry wit of radio-TV schoolteacher Eve Arden.

Bright beginning to the current television year was the return a few weeks ago of carrot-topped comedienne Lucille Ball for her second season in CBS's top-ranking comedy program I Love Lucy—a loose TV translation of the raffish household adventures of Miss Ball and her husband, orchestra leader Desi Arnaz. In rag-mop wig or baggy boudoir gown, Miss Ball gallops through the multiple misadventures of a young housewife with a mind as light as milkweed down.

But it was not always thus. Miss Ball's penchant for playing hound-toothed hillbillies and bandy-legged urchins lay long trapped behind a statuesque exterior and a pair of roundly innocent blue eyes. This proper façade led Lucille first to a fruitless bout with the theater, then to modeling and finally to Hollywood, where her movie career began ominously as leading lady to a comedy team called The Three Stooges.

"There wasn't a day when I didn't get Seltzer squirted in my face," says Lucille. "I came home every night smelling like an ice-cream soda." But though she graduated to show-girl roles, her comic talent seeped through and she developed into one of the leading comediennes of films. It wasn't until after her marriage to Desi Arnaz, however, and relatively recently the launching of their TV show that Miss Ball rose to her full stature as a clown.

Now, at forty, undeterred by the added dignity of motherhood or the sobering aspects of a formidable financial success, Lucille Ball is firmly established as TV's leading female comic, bar none.

Television has also done its viewers a service by returning Martha Raye to a nation-wide audience. As one of the regular alternating stars on the All-Star Revue, she is bringing to TV for the second year a brand of buffoonery far more elastic than her celebrated mouth. Her knack for slapstick comedy with a Cinderella motif has expanded since her Hollywood days and during recent seasons on the night-club circuit, and at her own Five O'Clock Club in Miami Beach.

Miss Raye has packed a lot of action into her 36 years of life, 30 of which have been spent on stage. Although her experience has run the gamut

LUCILLE BALL mugs through clown and cello act in I Love Lucy, CBS show that stars her with band-leader husband Desi Arnaz

that range from slapstick to satire, they're getting man-size laughs on stage and TV

Women

of every medium in show business, she has never been able to confine her rough-and-tumble antics to the script. At the Fisher Theater in Detroit, Martha once fell through a stage door onto the massive machinery used in raising and lowering the stage, crawled out in time to catch her cue and came on singing *Black and* Blues in the Night. She fell into the orchestra pit at the Roxy and came out laughing; broke her elbow the opening night of Lew Brown's revue, Calling All Stars, and never missed a performance; dislocated a wrist and sprained a shoulder when an adagio team dropped her during the filming of Mountain Music. Nothing, apparently, can stop her from making a scheduled performance.

As a result of her undeniable talent and her recklessly openhearted attitude toward the public generally, Martha has developed a personal popularity of impressive proportions.

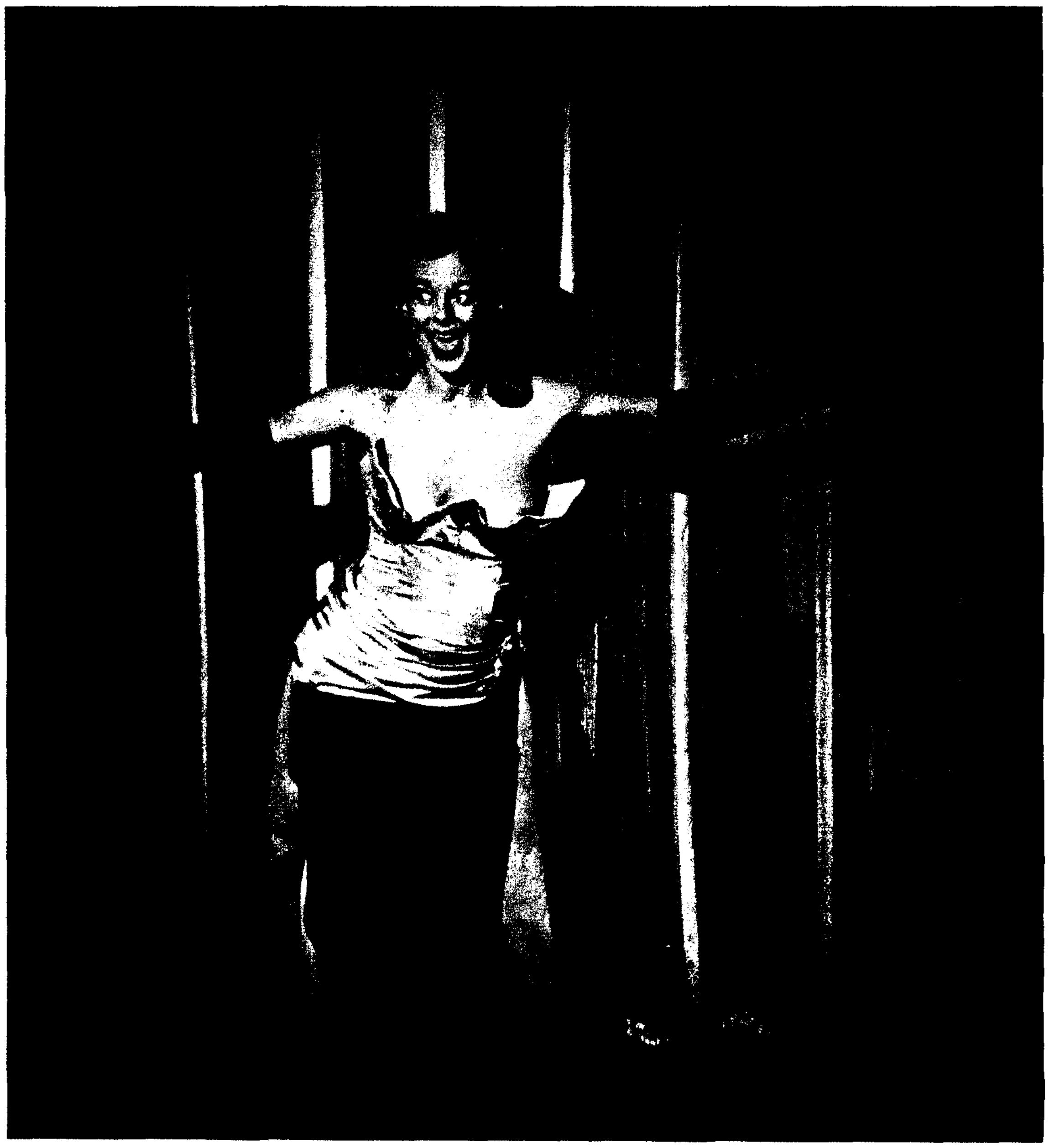
Writer Sees "Chaplinesque Quality" in Her

Nat Hiken, who writes her TV material, says, "Martha hasn't a limitation; and she's got that essential Chaplinesque quality that every great comic must have."

Martha sums up her own philosophy, saying: "I always figured, as long as I had my health I could make a buck, so why not live a little and have a ball?" Having a ball sometimes means fishing for marlin in the Gulf Stream with her husband-manager, Nick Condos, and eight-year-old daughter Melodye. But mostly it means cavorting in grotesque glory under the spotlight in center stage.

Still another dimension was added to the season's comedy scene when, with a twirl of her rope pearls and a savage kick at her tulle train, Beatrice Lillie tripped onto the stage of New York's Booth Theatre, last week. This is her first Broadway appearance since the musical revue Inside U.S.A., in 1948.

Past mistress of sophisticated humor subtly flavored with slapstick, Miss Lillie, with co-star Reginald Gardiner, is bringing theatergoers An Evening with Beatrice Lillie, a bundle of typical


MARTIN HARRIS

VIRGINIA DE LUCE, an exponent of robust humor, sings New Faces audiences a sultry story of how it is with her boy friend: "He Takes Me Off His Income Tax"

ALICE GHOSTLEY, in a moth-eaten sweater and threadbare skirt, gyrates to the Boston Beguine, a tale of tipsy love, also in New Faces

MARTIN HARRIS

JERRY COOKE

BEATRICE LILLIE, irrepressible mistress of caricature, employs a few typical gestures and facial expressions in a number entitled Maude (You're Rotten to the Core). It's one of many time-tested songs and shenanigans from her new Broadway revue, Evening with Beatrice Lillie

skits and songs, including her hilarious A Star's First Night and her roguish curtain-dropper, There Are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden.

Britain's ladylike clown first delighted American audiences in André Charlot's Revue of 1924. She has since appeared in a string of musical comedies, in variety and on TV. But from the moment she delivered her immortal opening line, "This is me first appearance in vaudeville, me as 'as always 'ad me own 'orses," at the Palace Theatre in 1929, Bea has attributed all her success to vaudeville. And her current revue is really just that.

"In my style of comedy, I've got to be intimate with my audience—if you want to put it that way," she says. "If they hear me in the back rows and miss the little bits of business I throw in, the whole effect is lost."

There is little doubt that fans will continue to watch for Bea Lillie's "little bits of business" for a long, long time.

Meet Alice Ghostley, from Oklahoma

New talent this year includes a group of promising youngsters who broke into the limelight for the first time on Broadway in Leonard Sillman's 1952 version of New Faces. Critics have singled out for special acclaim Alice Ghostley, the lady comic who came to New York from Oklahoma eight years ago.

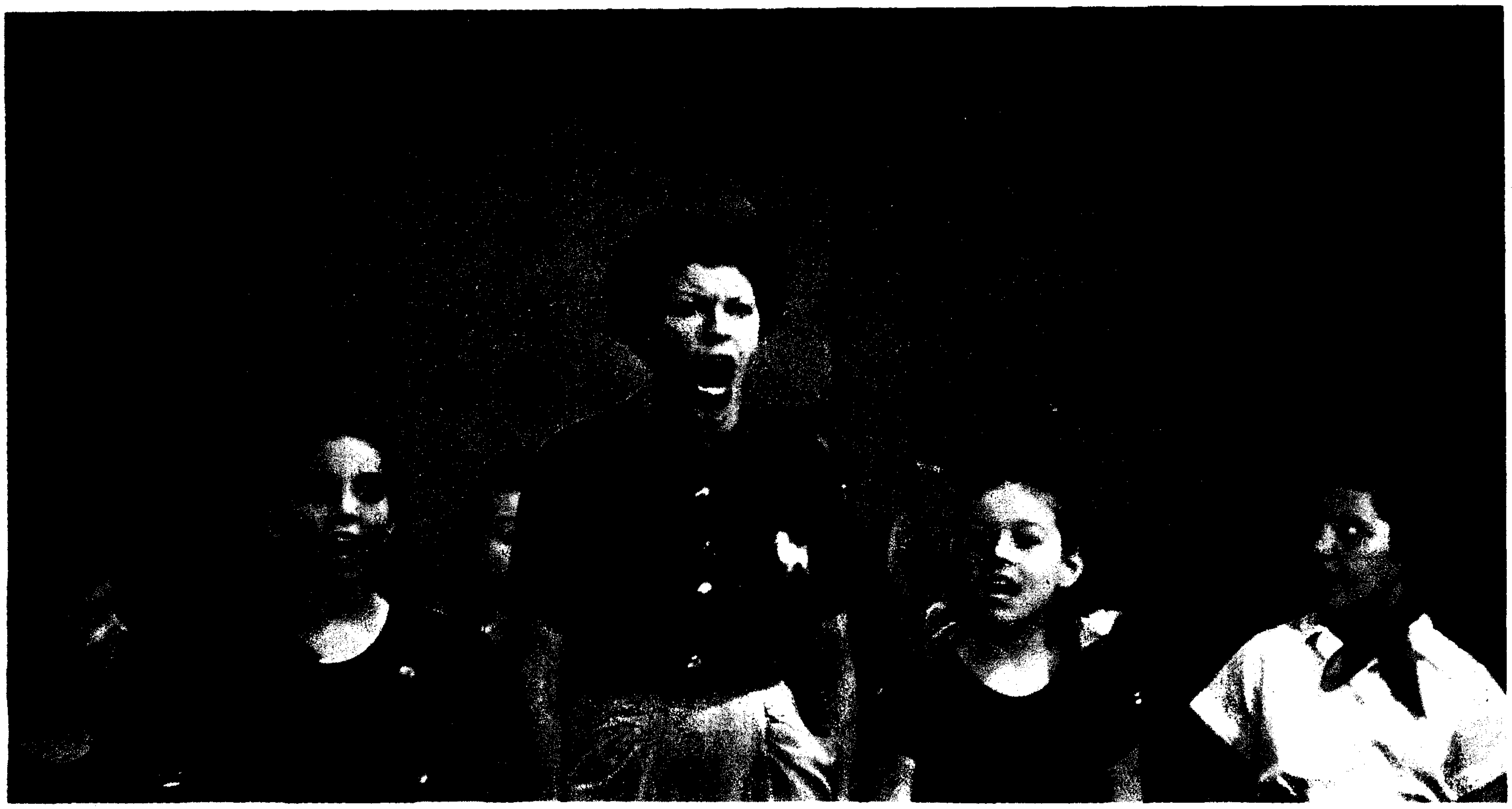
Miss Ghostley had been beating at the back doors of Broadway in night-club, summer-stock and off-Broadway theater appearances when Sillman gave her the big chance.

Equipped with an exceptional singing voice, an extraordinarily average appearance and a humorous flair that turns her housewifely shell into a crushingly comic figure, Miss Ghostley now cavorts through eight of the skits in his show. In her best number, Boston Beguine, a witty take-off on Cole Porter's celebrated song, Miss Ghostley brings down the house as a begoggled young woman in moth-eaten pull-over, tweed skirt and sturdy walking shoes, who sings of a romantic night under the elms of the Boston Common.

Another New Faces find is Virginia de Luce, a shapely blonde who, as "The Friend of the Producer," does very little except slink across the stage as a sort of theatrical station break. Her career has included modeling, movie acting, rodeo stunt riding, publicity and a hitch as first-class seaman in the women's Coast Guard Reserve. Now, in a hilarious struggle to complete just one song, uninterrupted, in the course of 25 appearances before the curtain during each performance, Miss de Luce proves herself a new comedienne of top caliber.

In a slightly different category, Jean Carroll, whose monologues have been making local night-

JEAN AND BETTY KEAN, during stint at New York's Copacabana, lampoon contemporary scene (l. to r.): Betty as President Truman in When Harr



GUY GILLETTE

MARTHA RAYE, **in finishing-school routine on NBC's All-Star Revue, learns to speak well Demosthenes-style, by filling mouth with pebbles**

club and theater news for the past few years, has finally broken through to an appreciative national audience. A handsome young woman operating in the predominantly male field of straight comedy patter, Miss Carroll has told her droll anecdotes at New York's Palace Theatre and to after-dinner crowds all across the country. Now, after recent guest appearances on television, Jean is slated for her own TV show sometime in the near future.

This Sister Act Features Bananas

Two other refreshing new personalities have arrived on a wave of good notices from night-club and television appearances. They are Betty and Jane Kean, a pair of unidentical sisters from Hartford, Connecticut, who started as dancer and singer respectively, and are now rehearsing for starring roles in Saddle and Go, a musical with a Western setting due on Broadway this winter. As a team, the Keans have been frolicking before club and theater audiences for three years in a number of hilarious skits, ranging from a White House spoof entitled When Harry Plays and Margaret Sings to a tropical number in which Betty eats a banana during each performance.

It is Betty's chore, as leading clown of the combination, to attend to the props—a task she finds pretty depressing. For this not only means keeping a stock of wigs, eyeglasses, shawls and other impedimenta, but purchasing and consuming no less than three dozen bananas a week.

With more and more of the girls fluffing their fright wigs and polishing up their puns, it looks as though the funny women of the entertainment world may steal the show from the glamor gals and the *femmes fatales.* In any case, the contest is sure to be fun to watch. ▲▲▲

lays and Margaret Sings, Louella Parsons interviewing Vivien Leigh, banana-eating act, singing finale

MARTIN HARRIS

MARTIN HARRIS

JEAN CARROLL, night-club monologist, does droll commentaries upon everyday situations. Above, Jean lectures on girls and fur coats

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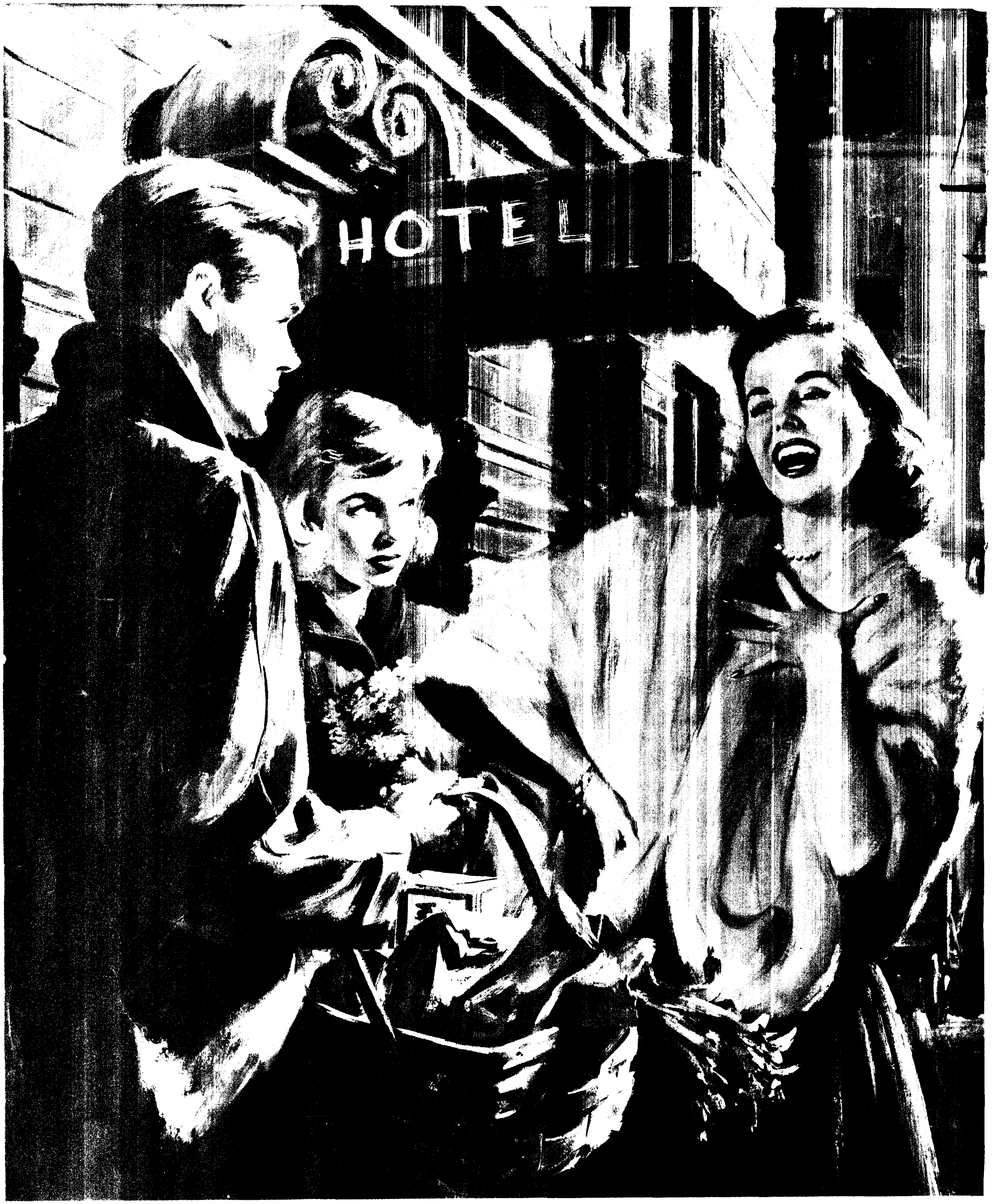
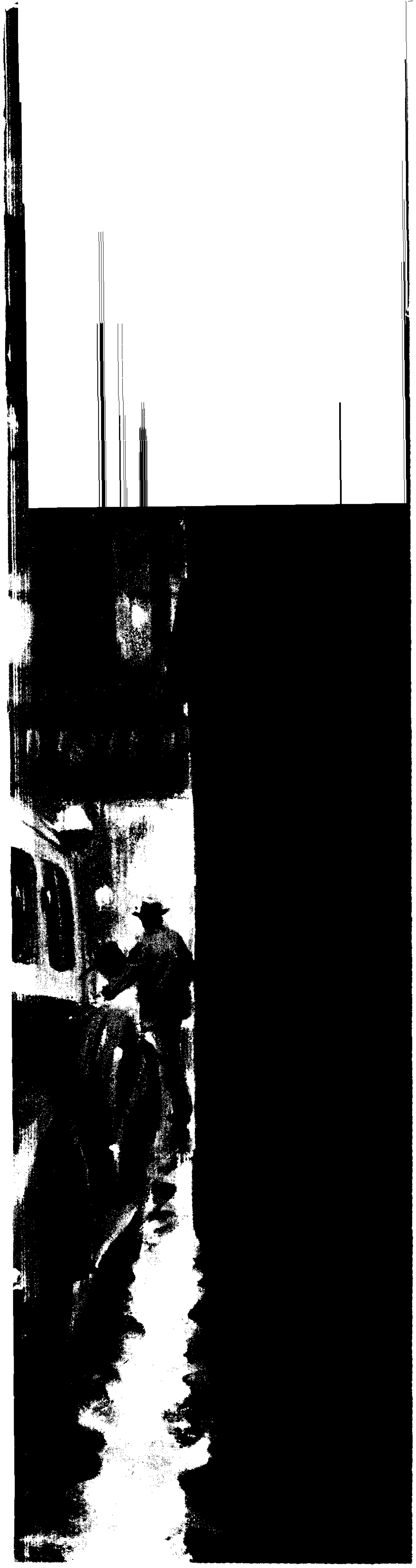


Paula looked at the market basket on my arm and laughed. "Why, Nick! I never suspected my boy friend of any of the domestic virtues"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



Please Wait for Me

Anyone could see what was driving Nick and Paula apart. The only question was, how far could a man in love be driven?

By MICHAEL FOSTER

THERE was an old hotel whose entrance was in a San Francisco alley. It's gone now, and years of yellow poppies have blown in the little open flower stand on the corner. But we remember.

One evening I was walking down a hallway to say good-by to my girl. I was afraid I was losing her, and I was so young that I wanted to say it first. It was a funny old hotel, a place where wandering show people could stay for a month or two on the cuff if they were broke. But I was paying regularly. I had quit show business and got myself a job in an advertising agency. The door of Paula's sitting room was half open. When I knocked, she came out of her bedroom in a gold evening dress.

"Oh, I was hoping you'd come by," she said.

"I've come to say good-by. It's time we—" The rest of it stuck in my throat. She was beautiful, and I was twenty-two.

"Time we stopped the foolishness," she said. "There's time for you to kiss me good-by, for just this one evening."

"Sure. One evening!" I said. "It's—"

"Oh, please, Nick. We've gone over it and over it," she said. "Please, I'm sorry about my part of it when we were quarreling last night. Such a silly quarrel—in whispers. The waiter kept looking at us so oddly. I don't think I want to go back to that restaurant for quite a while."

She came over and straightened my tie. Her finger tips brushed my cheek lightly. I had learned a little better how to dress, but I guess the general effect was still pretty loud. And then with a quick, almost harsh breath, she held up her mouth and closed her eyes.

Paula was different from the rest of us; her father was a lawyer, and Paula had gone to Vassar and then to a dramatic school in New York. She was a serious young actress, always reading books on the theater—books I had never even heard about. She had played in summer stock in New England, and since then had been in a road company and worked in a couple of real stock companies in the West. As for me—last season, in an old jalopy with worn-out tires, I had been advance man for a poverty-stricken little circus that traveled the small towns along the Coast in trucks.

"Listen, Nick," she said, with her hands on my shoulders. "You know what this date tonight means. It's a contact, that's all, with Hollywood."

"Yeah," I said. "You'll do all right, kid." But the pride and poise of her smooth dark head, held back to look up at me, made me say it softly. "I guess that's the way it has to be, kid," I said.

"You know that an actress must get to know people. A lot of people," she said. "It's important. Especially at the beginning. You know that."

"I know show business. I was born in it. But maybe that's a little different," I said bitterly. "Anyway, I'm out of it now. I'm an advertising man."

"Oh, Nick," she said, dropping her hands and turning away.

"So after we're married you'll go on knowing people. Lots of people. Like this guy. It'll still be important," I said. "And if you do make the grade in Hollywood, I'll still be at a desk somewhere and someday I'll take a swing at some important guy's jaw. That's why I came to say good-by."

And being twenty-two, I had to spoil my punch line by adding loftily, "So you're making your choice tonight, Paula."

"Am I?" she said softly. And then impulsively, "Oh, Nick, stop being silly again. We'll work things out together. Everything's going to be all right. We have the whole future. Besides," she said, "you'll like Laurence Kollmer. He's not at all what you think he is. In fact, he's very much the same sort of nice boy that you are."

"Sure," I said. "I'm all set to like him just fine."

"He *is* a little more grammatical," she said dreamily. "And far more polite."

In a voice of ice, I said, "Are you trying to pick a quarrel, Paula?"

"Try putting your arms around me again, and find out," she said. Her lips, smiling ever so little, whispered, "Here, you dear idiot—"

LAURENCE was the younger brother of Stephen Kollmer, the director. Laurence had been in Germany, studying the ultramodern techniques of the theater, and Paula had met him the week before in the apartment of some friends of hers on Telegraph Hill. When he knocked, Paula and I were standing a haughty ten feet apart, and beginning to glare at each other again.

He was at least twenty-seven or -eight, slender and pale, with fine hands and unruly fair hair. I was infuriated to find that he was gentle, almost shy. From the careless way he wore his dinner clothes I knew that he was clear out of my class, beyond the tough, flashy world that I had known. He could afford to be gentle; he didn't have to conceal from people that he was shy. When Paula nervously brought him across the room to meet me, I could see she had told him about us, and that made it easier. We all stood around uncomfortably, saying quick, bright, lame things, and then Paula went into her bedroom to fix her lipstick and get her wrap.

Laurence looked pleasantly at me, as a friend. "Paula tells me you've had lots of practical experience in show business," he said.

"It's nothing to do anybody any good," I said gruffly. "I'm not proud of it."

"I wish I'd had it," he said. "I need it."

"There are lots of jobs," I said.

He flushed slightly. "I know, Nick. I'm on my

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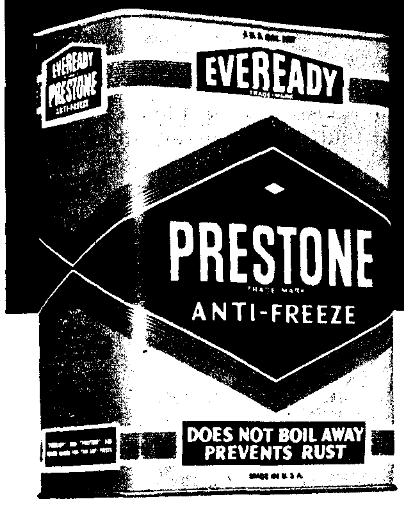

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way home to take one now. A beginner's job, around the sets. Though I will say I couldn't have got it for myself," he said honestly.

I really did kind of like the guy, but there didn't seem to be much else to say, and in a minute Paula came out in her white wrap.

"Well, good night, darling," she said.

"So long," I said. "Have fun."

"I'll—I'll bring her home early, Nick," Laurence said.

"Okay," I said.

It was awkward; we shook hands in the hallway, and I walked off without looking back. After all, they were just invited out to these friends of theirs for dinner, and it was only natural that he should call for her.

THE old hotel where we all lived must have dated way back into San Francisco history. The hallways were spacious, and the rooms were very large and heavily furnished, with high ceilings, though the rents weren't high now. In its better days the hotel had had a big front entrance on the street, but rows of modern shops had been built along the valuable frontage, so now you had to go down the alley to find that friendly door. And the hotel now was something of a rabbit warren, wandering through several ancient annexes, so you would find the carpeted hallways taking odd short slants up or down among the different floor levels. The very walls smelled of age.

Several of the doors I passed were standing open; Mr. and Mrs. Carlstrom—The Flying Carlstroms—waved to me as I plodded by. They looked radiant and healthy, though they were pretty nearly fifty, now. They still worked out in a gymnasium every afternoon. They had once been good acrobats, they had worked for my old man long ago, and they were the most happily married couple I had ever known.

Liz Conroy, a Shakespearean actress of the long, long roads—she could show you newspaper clippings from Des Moines and Spokane and Nashville that said she was the sweetest Juliet of recent history, the most majestic Lady Macbeth since Ellen Terry—this evening Liz was carrying a freshly baked apple pie from her kitchenette to a neighbor. "Hello, Nicky," she said.

Inside another room, one of the toughest faces in the world looked up over the top of an evening paper as I went by. "Nick! My young friend, come and have a glass of wine with me." This was The Cossack Knife Thrower. When he was working he wore a long white coat with cartridge loops across his massive chest, and a wide leather belt. With many a "Ha!" and roar, and stamp of booted foot, he would send his knives glittering through the smoky-blue glare of night clubs, while the drums rolled and the trumpets blared. Just now he was at leisure, and spent his afternoons in the reading room of the public library. In the comfort of his home he sat in striped shirt sleeves, with pale-blue elastic arm bands. "Thanks, Igor," I said. "No wine tonight. See you later."

Behind another door, which was closed, two married members of a marimba band were having a terrible fight in a yelling mixture of Spanish and Indian. I judged that Mr. Inocencio Gonzales had got caught out again by his wife, a woman who never spoke to anyone else in the hotel but rustled past you in the hall with downcast eyes.

And then I came to the housekeeping rooms, where Cathie and her father lived. They were in a choice location with windows looking out on the alley, because the old boy had a pretty good engagement in a night club just now. He was a comedian, one of the hardest-working ones I ever watched. He was just getting into his overcoat to go to work, and Cathie was holding his hat.

"Hi, Nick—come on in. I got to beat it," he said.

"Okay, Joe," I said.

Cathie handed him his hat; he tipped it at a devilish angle on his bald head and gave me a friendly poke in the ribs as he went out.

I turned to Cathie. What a sweet youngster she looked, standing there in the shabby room, smiling uncertainly at me. Her eyes were very clear, and her light hair fell about her shoulders.

"I was just doing the dishes, Nick."

"I'll help you," I said.

She turned and walked toward the kitchenette. She was long-legged and a little awkward, as some young girls are when they are growing up.

"Wouldn't you like for me to get you and Paula some supper?" she said. "There are all sorts of things here. I went marketing this afternoon. We could make it a kind of a party."

"I don't want anything to eat," I muttered. "Maybe after a while I'll go out to the spaghetti joint."

She stopped momentarily, without turning her head to look back at me. I knew she wanted to ask me where Paula was tonight, but instead she went on into the kitchenette.

We gossiped along, as we did the dishes, about show business and people, how well Joe's act was going at the night club, who was out of a job and who was having a good run. She didn't mention Paula's name again.

It was good to be there; it was like visiting homefolks, like talking to a kid sister.

"Swell to have you around, Nick," Cathie said laconically, like Joe. The bright wings of her loose hair fell forward as she bent over the sink, so that I could not see her face very well. "It's like the old days on the road. Remember?"

SURE I remembered. There had been several years, good ones and tough ones, but I especially remembered a summer when I was seventeen, and Cathie nearly twelve. My father was manager of a dinky carnival that made small towns through the Middle West. Joe had not been able to get an engagement as a comedian for a long time, so at the beginning of the season he had shown up with Cathie and a couple of suitcases and got a job as a barker.

We were the only two youngsters traveling with the carnival, and my mother had sternly ordered me to keep an eye on Cathie while all the older ones were working and the crowds straggled along the midway. My mother was cashier. A carnival even in a small town always attracts a lot of loud, swaggering punk kids, so I did keep a watchful eye on Cathie, that quaint child whom hard times had made quiet, in her crisp little muslin dresses which she and Joe washed and ironed together every few days, along with his loud-colored shirts and socks.

On summer nights, maybe in some small Kansas town, Cathie and I would sit in the shadows out in back of some tent or booth, and I would tell her stories. We would have maybe a couple of upturned water buckets to sit on, among the dried grass and trampled weed stalks; we would hear the thump and blare of the band and the monotonous working shouts of the men along the midway and the noises of the crowd. My job with the carnival was vaguely that of handy man; I helped with the cleanup work, picking up crackerjack boxes, crumpled popcorn sacks and all the other litter after the crowd was gone, so Cathie and I had plenty of time to talk.

I don't quite know how I got into the habit of telling stories to a little girl those summer nights, except that she loved them. And I was still full of my boyhood reading, and maybe some dreams of my own. So, while a short way off the crowds gaped at the fat woman and the midgets and the dog-faced man and Faya, The Sultan's Favorite Dancer, I told Cathie stories of Sir Lancelot, and Galahad of the unstained shield. Cathie would listen, with her dreaming gray eyes, the eyes of a small child hearing a tale of wonder and knowing that the end would be beautiful and triumphant. We were children of the road, very poor, and we had learned not to expect much for ourselves, but for us the vast painted fleets of the Greeks sailed again for the coast of Ilium over the wine-dark sea; for us ancient wars were fought, Robin Hood whistled under the wildwood bough. The glare and gilt of this poor carnival would fade for us, and in their place, for a little while, would be the romance and the chivalry of the world, and its bravery.

Oh, well. I finished wiping the dishes for Cathie, and stood looking out the window at that obscure and rainy alley in San Francisco. There were no more stories to tell. In the silence, I was aware that Cathie gave me a troubled glance. I turned in time to see a curious gesture. Cathie was drying her hands, and she ended by suddenly wringing them, among the folds of the kitchen towel. We wandered back into the living room, but after a few minutes I abruptly said good night and left. I went on along the hallway to my own room, and closed the door.

For a couple of weeks, things kept getting worse and worse between Paula and me. She met Laurence four or five times more, but always with these friends of hers on Telegraph Hill, the McIlvreys. They kept inviting the two of them together. But Laurence did not call for her at the hotel any more. Paula, beautifully dressed, would take a taxi. Naturally, though, Laurence would have to bring her home. They would say their good nights in the narrow, awkward lobby while the night clerk watched. Paula said the night clerk's ears were big, and she was indignant because, as she said, it was all so perfectly innocent, purely a professional contact for her. "As you know perfectly well, darling," she said, kissing me swiftly. "And thank Heaven you're being sensible about it."

ON THE evenings when Paula and I went out together we tried for the old interested, tender gaiety. We tried hard, and we were awfully polite to each other. Too polite. I was afraid to quarrel any more.

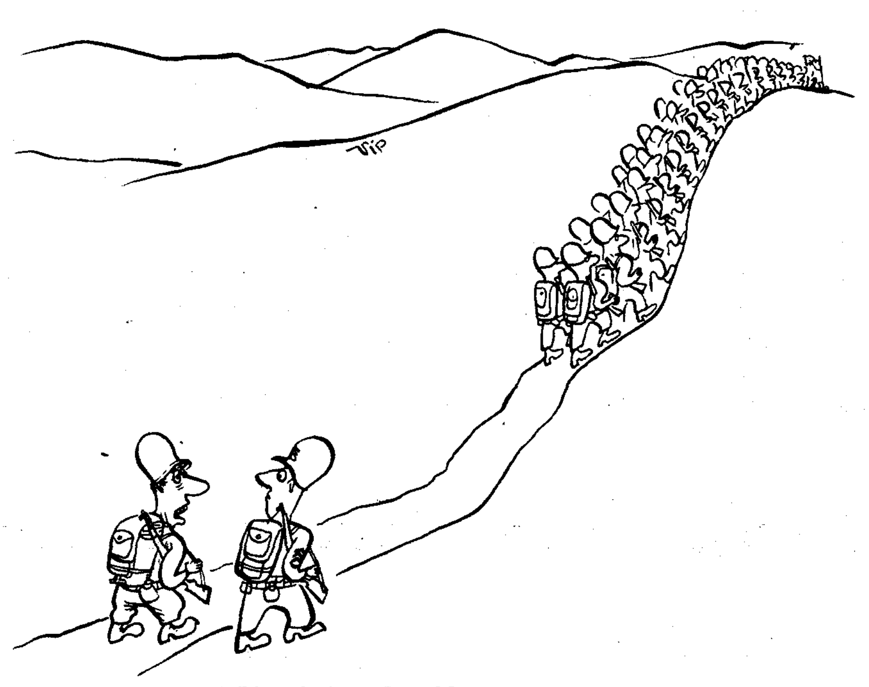
She was really a darling, those evenings. Sometimes she laughed in her old way, deep in her throat, and sometimes she reached over to touch my hand on the tablecloth. I put my room rent on the cuff for one week, and took her to the Rose Room in the Palace Hotel for dinner. We listened to the music and danced until one o'clock in the morning. But in the soft light, drifting to the music with Paula light as air in my arms, I knew it wasn't doing much good. Once she pulled back a little from me, and slipping her hand out of mine, touched my cheek with her finger tips. It was a way of hers, a way of saying she liked you. "Nice Nick," she said softly, a little sadly. "You'll always be sweet, I guess. It's my misfortune, my dearest misfortune. So sweet and so funny."

"I don't understand what you mean," I mumbled.

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "That's the way it should be. All the rest of our lives, darling."

One wet Saturday afternoon when Paula had been invited to a cocktail party at the McIlvreys' apartment, I saw Cathie going out the alley with her market basket on her arm. I knocked on my window, grabbed my coat, and hurried to go along with her. I didn't want to be alone in my room any more. It smelled of too much cigarette smoke, and I was tired of

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Oh, it's just that I hate crowds" VIRGIL PARTCH

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate Dental Cream Instantly Stops Bad Breath In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate In the Mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Yes, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. And no other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. In fact, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!

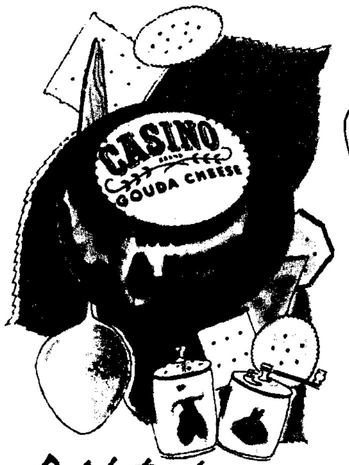
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER OFFERS SUCH CONCLUSIVE PROOF!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

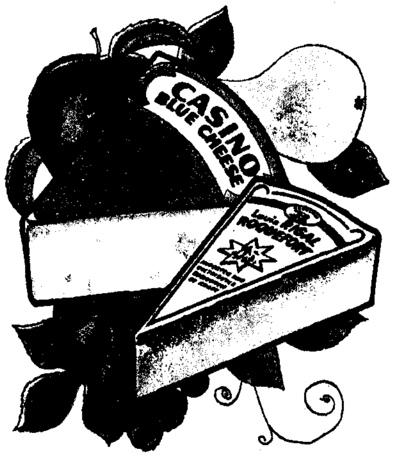
PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

NEW TWISTS FOR YOUR MENUS! NEW CHEESE DELIGHTS!

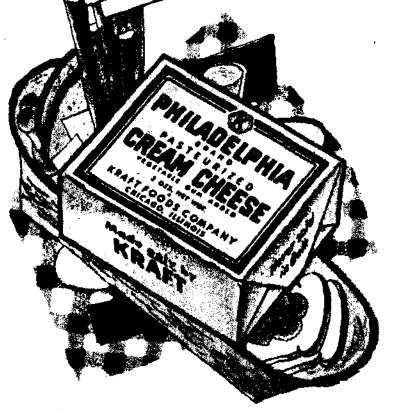
discover them at your grocer's Kraft


CASINO
GOUDA CHEESE

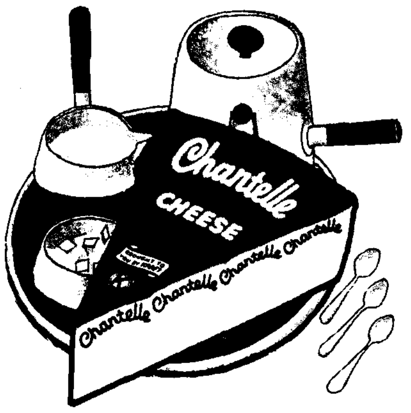
***Dutch treat*..** The little bright red ball of Casino Brand Gouda holds a hearty golden Holland-type cheese. A really dramatic touch for a 5 o'clock cheese tray! Or serve it solo for dessert.


CASINO
BLUE CHEESE
ROQUEFORT

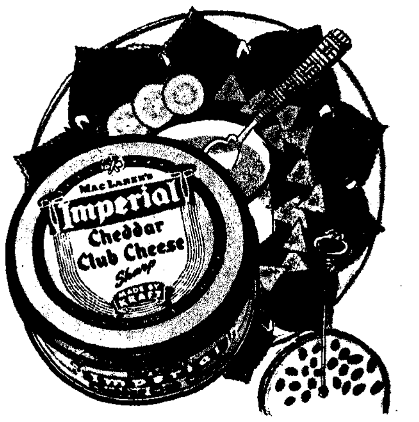
Glorious with pears! From France Kraft imports beautifully ripened **Louis Rigal Roquefort** with plenty of pungent goodness. **Casino Brand Blue Cheese** is made here. Try either for dessert with pears! For appetizers and salads, too.


PHILADELPHIA
BRAND
CREAM CHEESE
KRAFT FOODS COMPANY
KRAFT

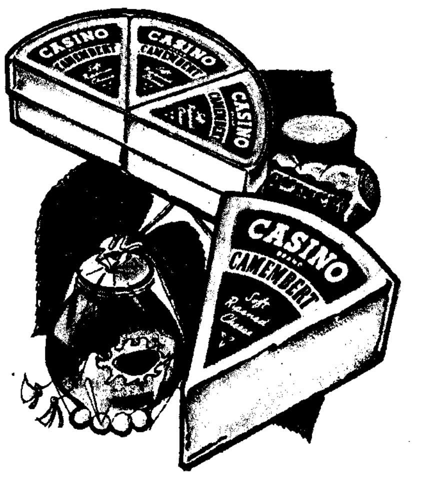
***Dozens of uses!*....** For rich, delicate cream cheese at its very best, insist on the label **"Philadelphia Brand"**—for everything from luscious cake frostings to salads. For appetizers get the **Pimento** or **Chive** varieties.


Chantelle
CHEESE
Chantelle Chantelle Chantelle Chantelle

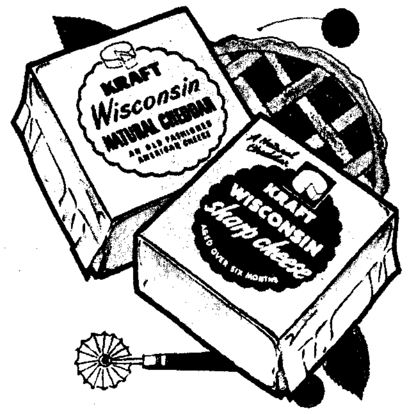
Dessert to sing about Mellow, golden **Chantelle Brand** takes its name from the French verb *chanter*—to sing! Enjoy its lusty, singing flavor with after-dinner coffee.


MacLaren's
Imperial
Cheddar
Club Cheese
Sharp

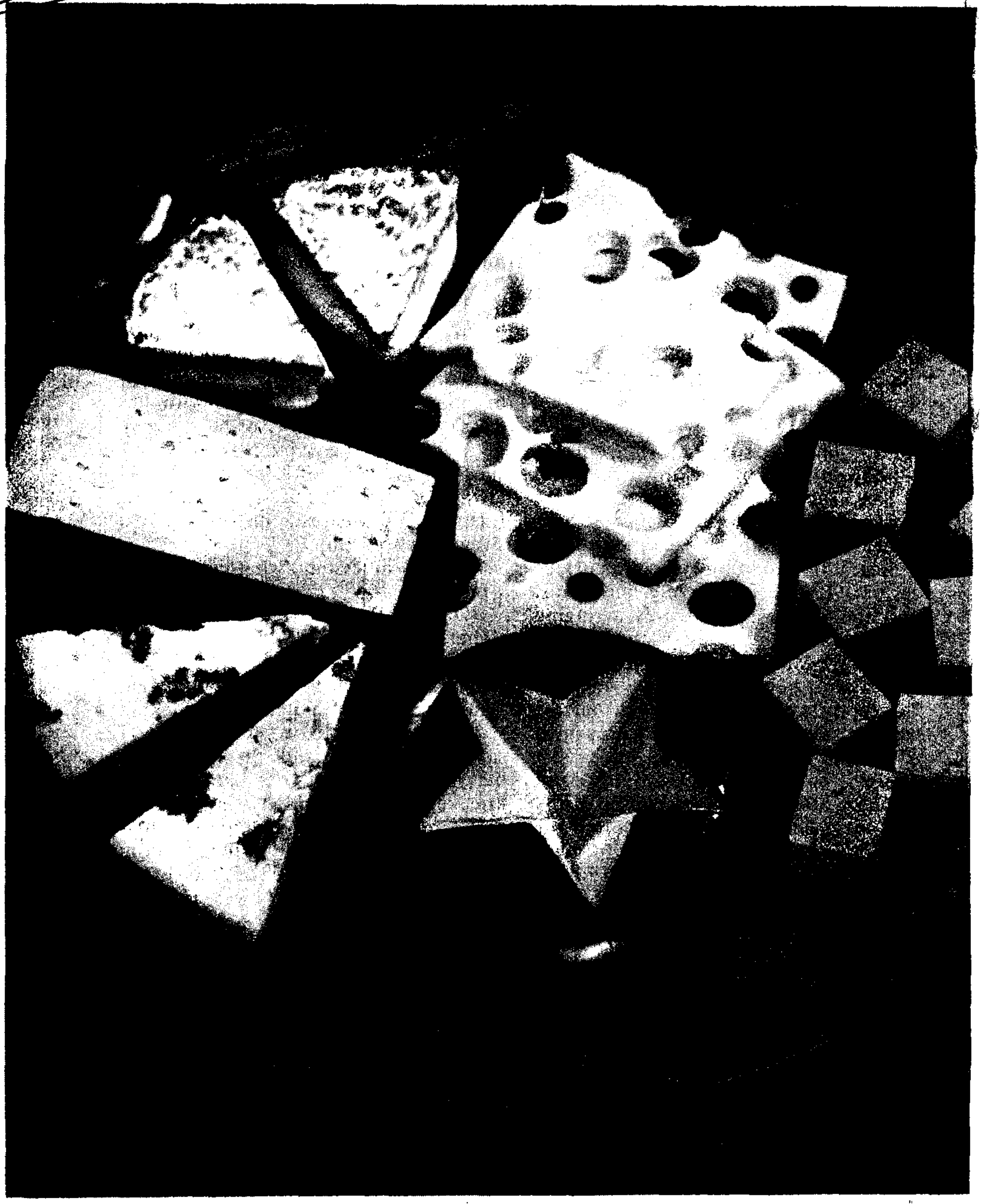
Famed Club cheese Originally from Canada. Now Kraft makes this "aristocrat of all sharp natural cheddars" in the U.S.A. For a really stalwart appetizer cheddar that's spreadable get **MacLaren's Imperial.** (*Elegant* for Welsh Rabbit!)


CASINO
CAMEMBERT
CASINO
CAMEMBERT
Soft Ripened Cheese

***Try it with a sweet*...** Serve velvety-crusted **Casino Brand Camembert** when the creamy center is "just runny". (Room temperature does it.) Glorious with apples, or crackers and marmalade!


KRAFT
Wisconsin
NATURAL CHEDDAR
KRAFT
WISCONSIN
Sharp cheese

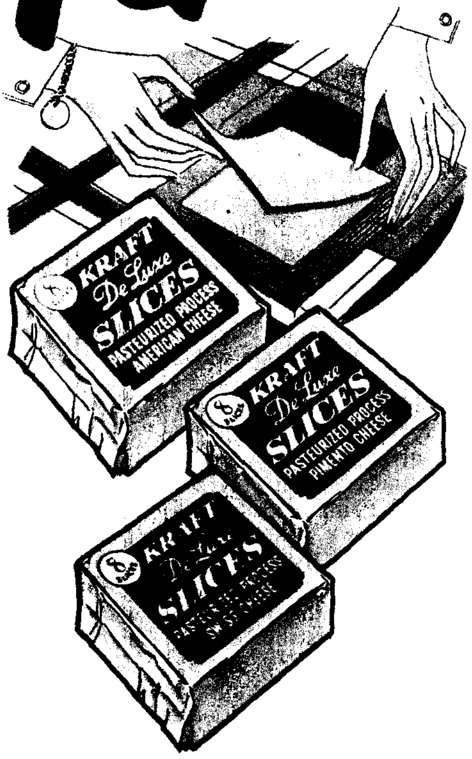
***Old-time eatin' cheese*..** Here's old-time-tasting natural cheddar like Grandmother served with her pie! Comes in handy wrapped squares; rindless! Look for **Kraft Wisconsin, Kraft Sharp** and **Kraft New York Natural Cheddar Cheeses.**



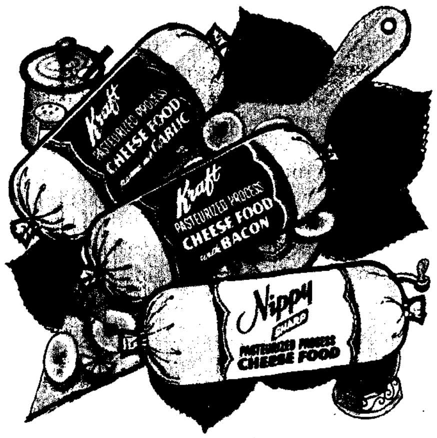
SHOPPING GUIDE *to natural cheeses.* Don't wait for a party cheese tray like this! Today let the family start sampling Kraft's many "fancy cheeses" *one by one.* They can give your meals and snack times grand new twists: served with a main-course luncheon salad; served with fruit for dessert; served with crackers as a TV snack and so on! Remember, the very finest of natural cheeses *naturally* come from Kraft!

The World's Favorite Cheeses are Made or Imported by KRAFT

Fall Cheese Festival


KRAFT De Luxe SLICES PASTEURIZED PROCESS AMERICAN CHEESE
KRAFT De Luxe SLICES PASTEURIZED PROCESS PIMENTO CHEESE
KRAFT De Luxe SLICES

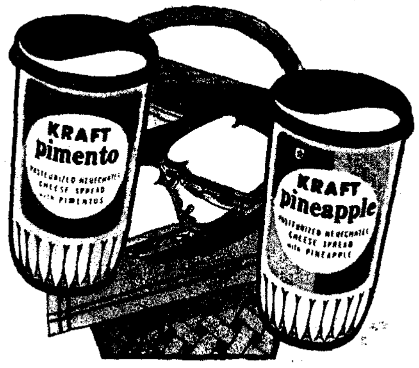
For speedy sandwiches! The *best*-tasting pasteurized process cheese you can buy in the *handiest* form for sandwiches! Get the square packages marked Kraft De Luxe Slices. Eight exact sandwich-size slices. Five varieties!


Kraft PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE FOOD with GARLIC
Kraft PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE FOOD with BACON
Nippy SHARP PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE FOOD

Smacking-good Handi-Snacks

They're new! Real he-man flavors. Kraft Handi-Snack Cheese Foods: hickory-smoked Smokelle*, Garlic, Bacon and golden Nippy*. You'll like the thrifty, space-saving rolls.

*Trademark


KRAFT Pimento
KRAFT Pineapple

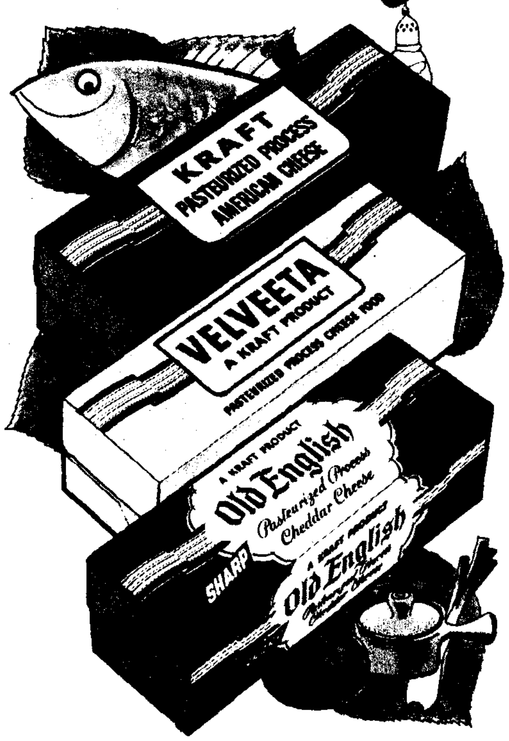
For short orders... Lunch box sandwiches are jiffy-fast if you have some Kraft Cheese Spreads at hand. Take your pick of: Kraft Pimento, Olive Pimento, Relish, Cheese and Bacon, Pineapple, Old English*, Smokelle*, Roka*.

*Trademark

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SANDWICH. For each sandwich toast a slice of bread (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise. Top with tomato slices, a Kraft De Luxe Slice of American or Old English Brand Pasteurized Process Cheese, and two slices of partially broiled bacon. Place under low broiler heat or in 350° oven until cheese is melted and bacon crisp.

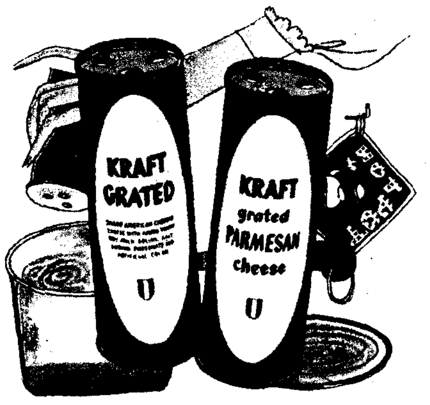
EGG-NOODLE TREAT. With 4 hard-cooked eggs make deviled eggs by stuffing whites with mixture of mashed yolks, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. minced onion, ¼ c. Kraft Mayonnaise.

Make a cream sauce with 5 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine, ¼ c. flour, 2 c. milk, seasonings. Add ½ lb. Velveeta sliced and stir until melted. Toss two-thirds of this sauce with hot, drained noodles (an 8-oz. pkg.) and place in greased casserole. Top with deviled eggs, remaining sauce and buttered bread crumbs. Bake 20 min. in moderate oven, 350°.

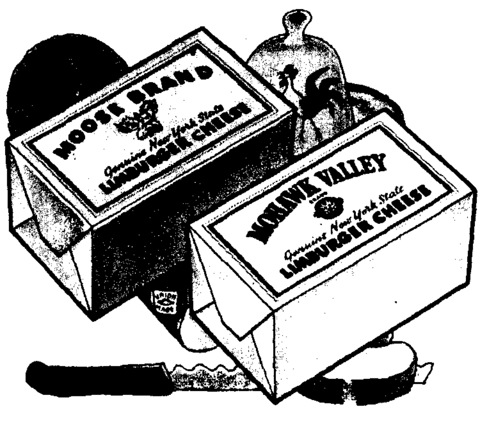

KRAFT PASTEURIZED PROCESS AMERICAN CHEESE
VELVEETA A KRAFT PRODUCT PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE FOOD
A KRAFT PRODUCT Old English Pasteurized Process Cheddar Cheese
SHARP
Old English

Main dish helpers! Keep a 2-lb. Kraft loaf on hand for thrifty main dishes. For mild flavor, get the pasteurized process cheese food Velveeta; for medium flavor, Kraft Pasteurized Process American Cheese; for sharp, Old English.*

*Trademark


KRAFT GRATED
KRAFT grated PARMESAN cheese

Sprinkle in the cheese flavor! They give you a quick dash of cheese goodness for soups, salads, casseroles! Kraft Grated—golden and good with cheddar cheese flavor. And Kraft Parmesan in the Italian tradition. Keep a shaker of each handy.


MOOSE BRAND Genuine New York State LIMBURGER CHEESE
MOHAWK VALLEY Genuine New York State LIMBURGER CHEESE

How to please a man.. Keep either Mohawk Valley or Moose Brand Limburger ready for snacks. They're both lusty flavored *natural* Limburgers. Wonderful with rye bread and a cold bottle.

This way to the best shave of your life
use
Old Spice
FOR MEN
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
.50
Shaving Cream
SHULTO
1.00

hearing the same old boards complain as I paced back and forth.

I enjoyed watching Cathie doing her marketing. She bought carefully; she examined the vegetables carefully, and she had a learned discussion with the butcher. But we ended up by leaving the full market basket with the cashier and taking a walk. We looked at shop windows and talked about what people like us would do if we were rich, until the rain began to soak through the shoulders of Cathie's thin coat. Cathie was shivering; she clenched her jaws and her face got white and pinched.

WE WENT into a dim Chinatown café, not one of the big tourist places, and had rice cakes and cups of hot tea. I remember we talked about my father and mother; they had finally bought that little farm they had argued about all their years together. In the summers they both worked in a highway amusement park. "Show business," Cathie said, with the seriousness of the very young. "You spend your life helping them to laugh, poor dears, when maybe they need to, more than you know. And then someday you sit looking at your own empty hands. Like I've seen Joe do, sometimes."

We walked down the hill and across town to pick up her market basket. I hurried along beside Cathie through the sidewalk crowds. All the shops were long closed now, and Cathie seemed anxious to get home. It was almost as if suddenly she didn't want to be with me any longer.

The alley, with its few poor patches of light, was gusty with rain, and all around above it the lights of the city were shining in the murk. It was autumn, and the old woman in the flower stand had put up her glass shutters against the weather. On an impulse, I bought a small handful of flowers, rusty and gold, and gave them to Cathie. She bit her lip, and turned away. "Thank you, Nick," she said.

The old flower woman in her shawl stood looking at us, watching Cathie. With a blunt, earthy hand she picked out one gorgeous chrysanthemum, and put it across the market basket. "For the young lady," she said. "From me. From when I was like her. From when I remember."

Cathie was just ahead of me down the alley, and halfway along we both had to crowd up against a sooty brick wall because a taxi had swung in behind us, but we got splashed anyway. The taxi stopped in front of the hotel entrance, and Paula got out, and waited for us in the doorway.

"Why, Nick!" she said. "Hello, Cathie. I never suspected my boy friend of any of the domestic virtues." She looked at the market basket on my arm and laughed.

"N-Nick was just helping me carry," Cathie stammered.

"Fine. I'm glad he's been so harmless while I was gone," Paula said.

"We went for a walk," Cathie said doggedly, "and we stopped and had some tea."

Paula was amused. "How nice," she said. "But you're both bedraggled as wet kittens. You're going to catch cold, child. You need a heavier coat."

"How was the cocktail party?" I said.

"It was all right," Paula said indifferently.

Cathie took her basket from me and went on ahead. Paula and I followed more slowly, into the hotel, and in her sitting room we had the shortest and ugliest scene we'd ever had yet.

"Why aren't you having dinner with Laurence, after your damn' cocktail party?" I asked, closing the door.

"Because he didn't ask me to," she said shortly.

"Look here. This sort of thing can't go on," I said.

"I'll tell you what can't go on," she said, "and that's your stupid yelling at me. It's ridiculous, it's adolescent, and I won't have it. I thought you were a grown man. Now get out of here."

"Right!" I said, and started fast.

"Nick—I mean just for this evening, you fool."

"You can mean it forever," I said, and opened the door again.

"I'll think about that, too," she said grimly. "Meanwhile, I'm going to have my dinner sent in. I don't want to see you or anybody else until tomorrow. And maybe not then."

"You won't see me, anyway," I said, and was gone.

But of course, the next afternoon my phone rang and it was Paula. It was a sunshiny Sunday afternoon. She asked me to have a drink, so I went out around the block to the spaghetti joint and brought back some ice cubes and mixed us each a highball. When I brought her drink she squeezed my hand. I guess that was the nearest Paula could ever come to admitting she had been in the wrong and was truly sorry. Pride is a funny thing; you can't outguess it. We were not too much interested in our drinks; they were only an excuse to be friends again. We heard the Sunday-afternoon sounds of the hotel—the voices in other rooms, and feet passing along the hallway. We talked casually; we went to a movie before dinner. In the darkness Paula leaned a little against my shoulder. But all during the picture she watched the woman star with intensity.

"I can do better than that," Paula whispered harshly. "I'll show you someday. You'll see."

The next evening when I got home from work, Paula was gone. She hadn't said anything about having a date with Laurence, but then she'd had all day in which to receive a phone call from him —or call him up. When I came back from a half-eaten dinner she still wasn't there. I stayed in my room. I would have seen myself dead before I watched to see what time she came in.

On Tuesday night, I was late getting back from the office, nearly six thirty. My boss had given me still another small account to handle, and I was working hard. I knocked at Paula's door. Laurence was there, standing by a window, and they both looked nervous and strained.

"Nick, dear," Paula said, "I'm going to Hollywood."

"Oh, fine," I said woodenly.

"I'm ready for it; I know my powers as an actress, and I'm going to use them," Paula said. "And Laurence is going to help me get started."

Laurence turned his head to look at her. There was a curious expression on his face. I know now that he was a little shocked by Paula's evasion.

There was an awkward pause. We could all almost hear one another think. Paula looked very beautiful, reaching for a cigarette, and lighting it casually. But the match flame wavered.

THEN Laurence took over. "Paula, you ought to tell him," he said quietly. He came across the room to face me, and his eyes were gentle. "Nick, Paula and I are going to be married."

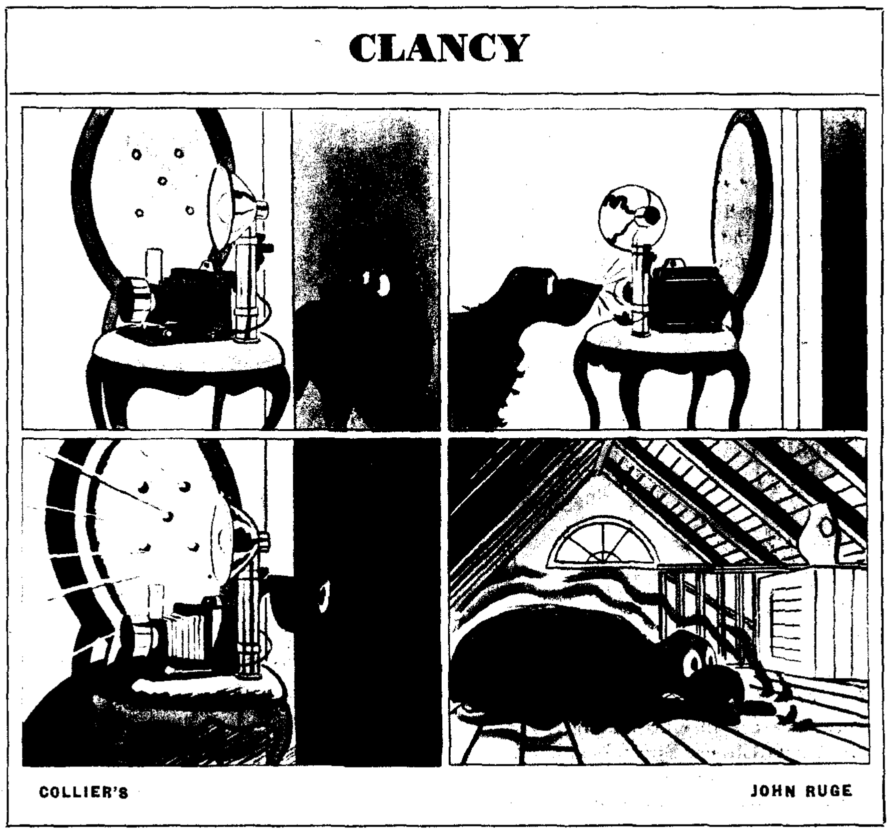
We stood looking squarely at each other. Not only were his eyes gentle—shadowed with suffering for what another guy must be feeling—but I read in them a helpless and deep love for Paula. And somehow between this older and more experienced man and myself there passed a silent message about her.

He understood Paula very well—her ambition, her sweetness, her diamond hardness—and he could manage her.

"So there it is, Nick," he said. "These things happen when people are finding themselves and their lives, and there it is. It wouldn't be true if I said I'm sorry, Nick, so I won't say it."

I think they both expected some violent reaction from me—maybe they even expected me to hit him—and he was giving me every chance, once and for all, and he was standing up to it; he wasn't softening anything. But all of a sudden, in weariness of heart, I didn't feel that way at all.

"We're leaving in the morning for Los Angeles, Nick," he said. "We'll be married there."



"Well, I guess I saw it coming," I said. I was surprised that my voice could be so clear, saying it.

And in a way, I felt a strange, dull sort of peace. I could have taken a deep breath and closed my eyes for a minute. At least the sick tension was over, and there would be no more of the false effort of trying not to see, not to hear. Though Paula had really loved me . . .

AND then I looked past Laurence, right into Paula's eyes, and got the shock of my life. Because she still did, still loved an awkward, tough boy. She loved *me,* not Laurence. That was the one thing that for an unguarded moment she could not conceal from me. And then her eyes became brilliant, and the look was gone, and I was weak with a boy's horror. And then weak with pity and sadness which made me not a boy any more.

In a brilliant voice, to match her eyes, Paula said, "You're being so sweet about it, Nick. I told Laurence you'd be sweet."

"Sure," I said, and turned to go. I was better off than she was. It's better to be miserable alone.

"Nick—aren't you going to say good-by?" Paula asked quickly.

"No," I said.

"It's better this way," I heard Laurence saying. "And thanks, Nick."

"Oh, that's all right," I said.

"I think Paula is going to be a great actress. I can help her to have her chance," Laurence said. I wished they would quit talking.

But Paula said distinctly, "I owe it to myself. It's been awfully sweet, Nick. It's been boy and girl, like a dream in a play. But this—this is real."

"Yes," I said. "I know. It's real."

I closed the door carefully behind me and for a long moment stood in the hallway. I realized that Paula was on her way up, and that she would allow nothing to stop her, or be in her way. Then I heard her voice again in the sitting room, murmuring something to Laurence, and stumbling only once I walked on, deathly afraid that I would ever have to see her again.

I had to pass several of the open doors on my way to my room. The Cossack Knife Thrower was sitting at his table studiously working out a chess problem, a bottle of Greek brandy beside him. He roared hospitably for me to come in; I managed a grin and a jaunty flip of my hand and hurried on. Liz Conroy called, "Nick, you must have an awful lot of socks that need darning. Bring 'em in, honey." It was sort of lame, maybe an excuse she had thought up to be especially friendly. Liz was regal tonight in a trailing green velvet dressing gown.

"Thanks, Liz," I said. "I'll bring some tomorrow."

The door where Joe and Cathie lived was open too, and Cathie was pushing an old carpet sweeper back and forth. "Hello," she said. And then she stopped, and stared at my face. "Why, Nick!" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said.

"You come in here!" she said. "What's happened, Nick?"

"Nothing," I said numbly. With an effort, I said, "What do you mean—happened?" My lips felt numb, and it was difficult to shape them around the words, like when you've had novocain.

"Nick!" With a swift reach, she almost dragged me into the room, and closed the door firmly behind us. I didn't care. I suddenly felt very tired.

"Nick, you're home now," Cathie said. "We are all family here. You can't lie to us, Nick."

I looked around. Joe wasn't there. He had gone to work.

"Besides, Nick, I already know," Cathie said. "We've all seen it coming. But I didn't want it to happen," she cried abruptly. "For your sake—I didn't want it to happen."

I raised my eyes slowly and looked at her. "Oh," I said, "I—"

"Everybody in the place has been talking about it. You ought to realize what a great place for gossip this is."

"Oh, well. It's over, anyway," I said, taking that long, quiet breath I'd been needing. Cathie's clear, steady gaze did that for me.

"Is it really over?" she asked in a little voice. "For you? Inside, I mean." Such a childlike question, but it let me answer truthfully—without bitterness.

"Yes. I'm alone again, but I own myself again. For whatever I'm worth."

She kept on looking at my face, searchingly now. Then she suddenly turned away. She believed me. "Oh, Nick—Nick! What have they done to you?" she said, her voice very low.

"It isn't that important, Cathie," I said. "It isn't worth it. Forget it, kid." I touched her shoulder.

She didn't say anything.

"Look. They're going to Hollywood," I said. "They're going to be married there. Paula is on her way to—"

"Please. I don't want to hear about it," Cathie said. "It doesn't matter."

"Well, it's—it's done me good to talk to you, Cathie," I said.

"Has it, Nick?"

"Yeah. Do you remember," I said, in a ghastly attempt to turn all this back to our old friendship, "do you remember when we were in the carnival, that summer, and I used to tell you stories about—"

She whirled and looked at me again, level-eyed, and said fiercely, "Tell me something else, now. I'm nearly seventeen."

"Why, Cathie," I said. "I . . ."

And suddenly, for the first time, I saw her, for what she was now. The child, my little friend, had almost grown up—and I hadn't seen it before. And in that long, dazed minute, I also saw, for the first time, the woman she was going to be.

Quietly, Cathie said, "Won't you wait for me, Nick, until I'm really grown up? Wait just a little longer for me . . ."

WELL, we are all somewhat older today. I have my own advertising agency, in Chicago; not a big one yet, but it's doing all right, and we live in a pleasant house of our own in Winnetka. The other night Cathie and I went to a neighborhood theater to see Paula in her newest picture, directed by her husband, Laurence Kollmer. That is one of the few Hollywood marriages that looks as though it will last.

This was a good picture we saw the other night, as good as some of her best, I guess, though I've missed a lot of them. Mostly I'd rather stay at home and read, with Cathie near. But anyway, we went to see this one, and in the darkness I watched Paula with the old interest. She looked as beautiful as ever—more beautiful, in fact. But I am not troubled by that any more.

I turned and looked at Cathie. She was not quite smiling but almost, and it seemed to me that her face held all the radiance in the world. She felt my look and turned to me, and smiled, and I knew there was no face I would rather look at for the rest of my life. ▲▲▲

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By the makers of BOSTONIANS

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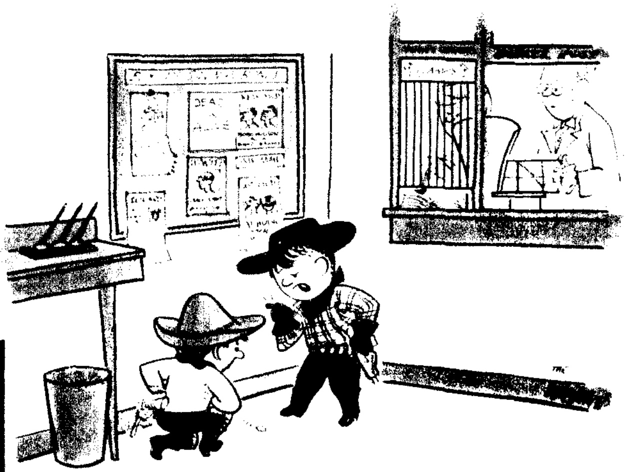
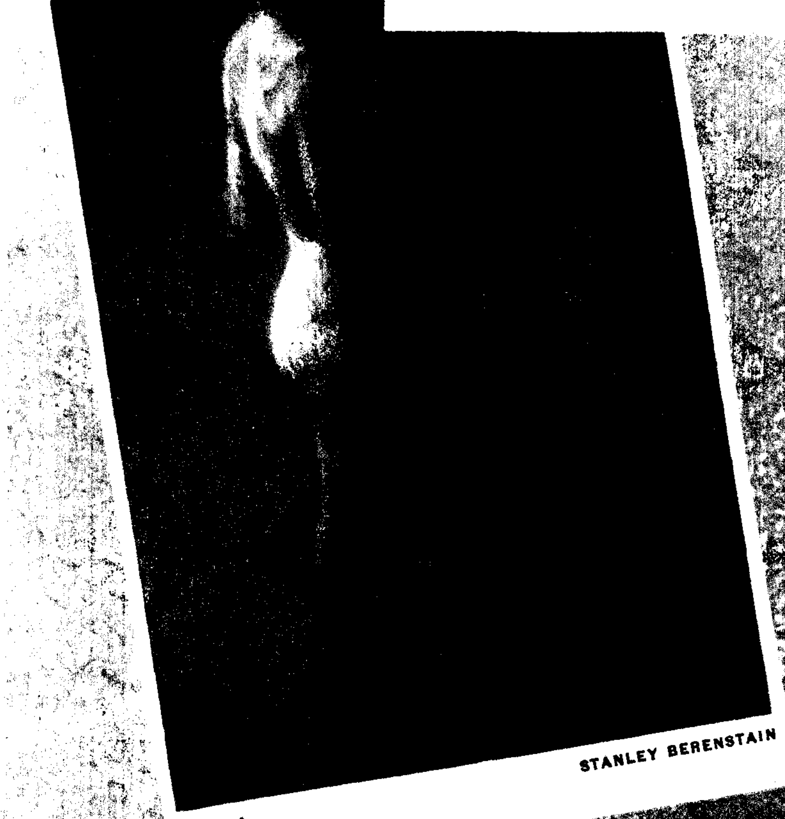
Cartoonists

Like stage comedians who want to play serious roles, comic artists often become "Sunday painters" and produce oils and water colors that reflect the serious side of their artistry. Here are some samples by regular Collier's contributors, together with typical cartoons they create for a living. The Berenstains are jointly represented by one drawing because they have developed an identical technique

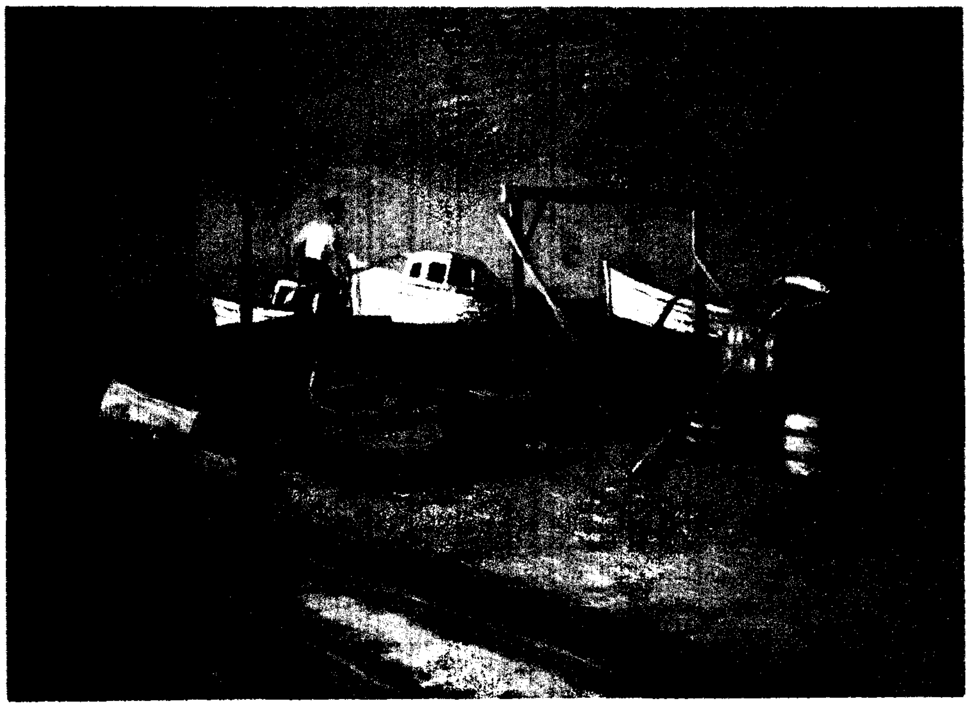


"Heads! Okay. You can go after Bobo Hudson alias Boxhead Barney, and I'll take Duke Short alias Ducky Joe Short"



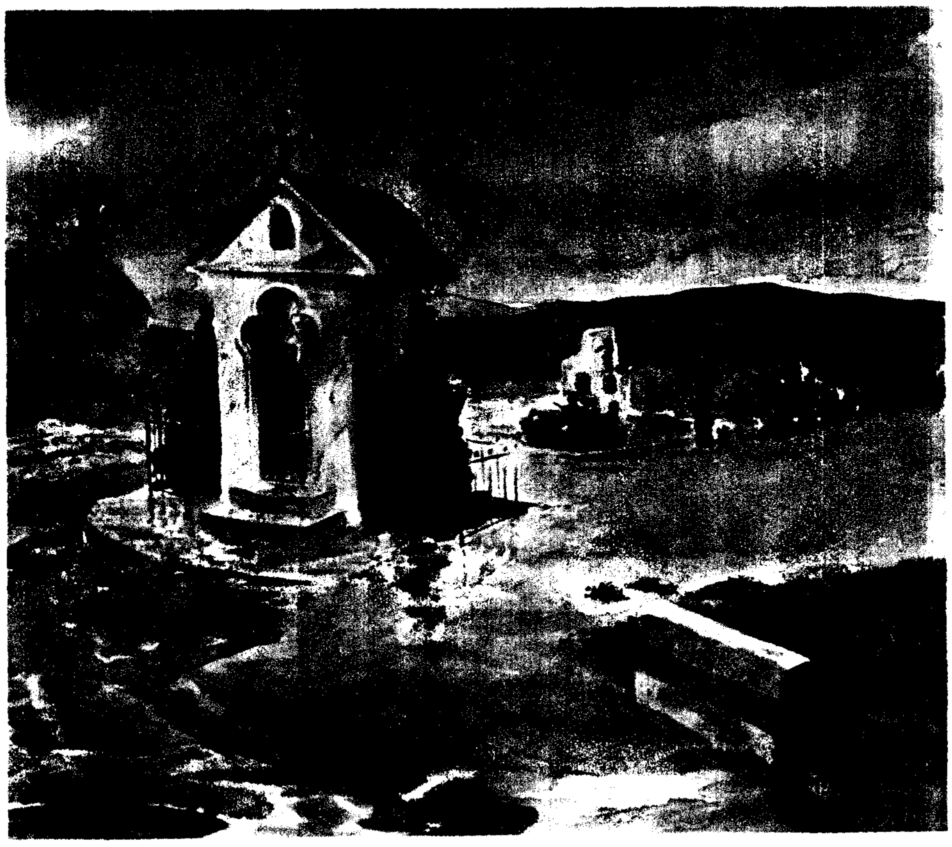
BERTHA

STANLEY BERENSTAIN



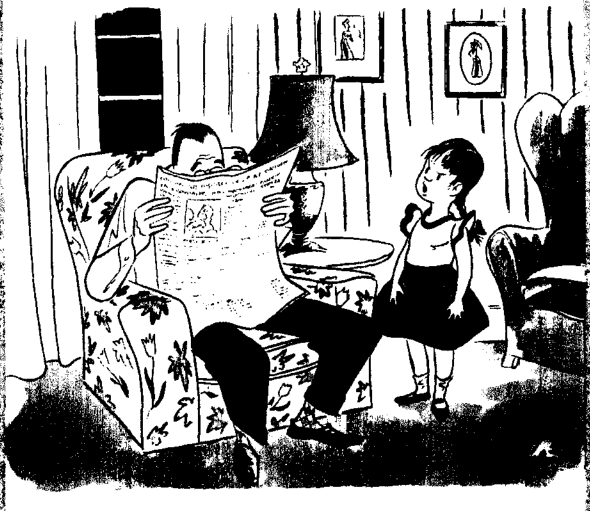
BRIGANTINE, N.J.

JANICE BERENSTAIN



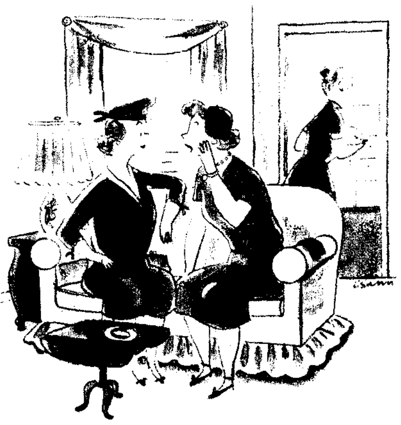
LUXEMBOURG—JANUARY, 1945

LARRY REYNOLDS

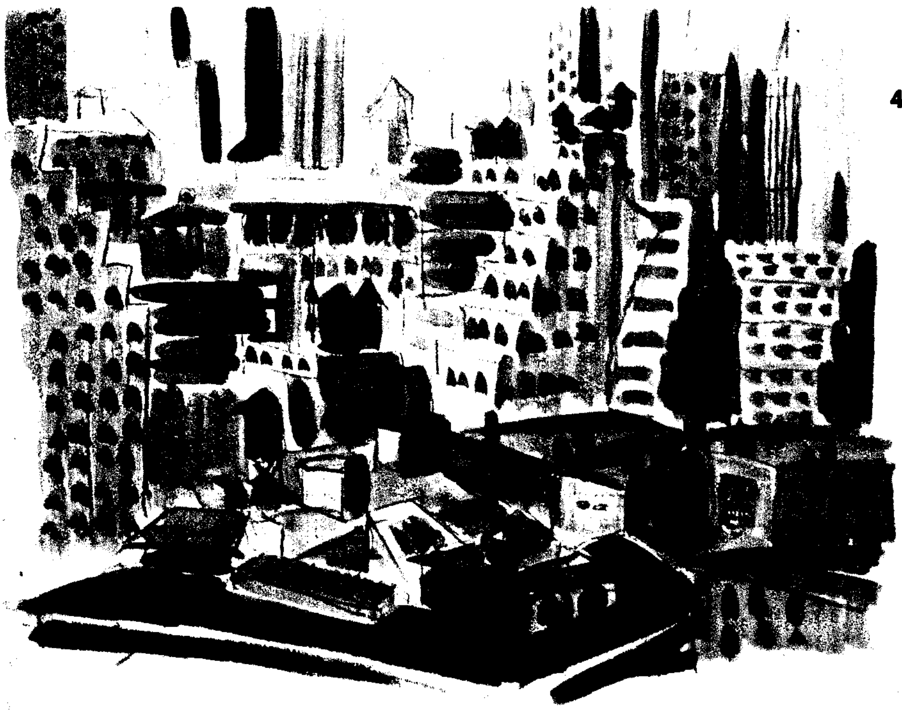


"I learned something in my arithmetic class today. You've been cheating on my allowance"

Play Hamlet

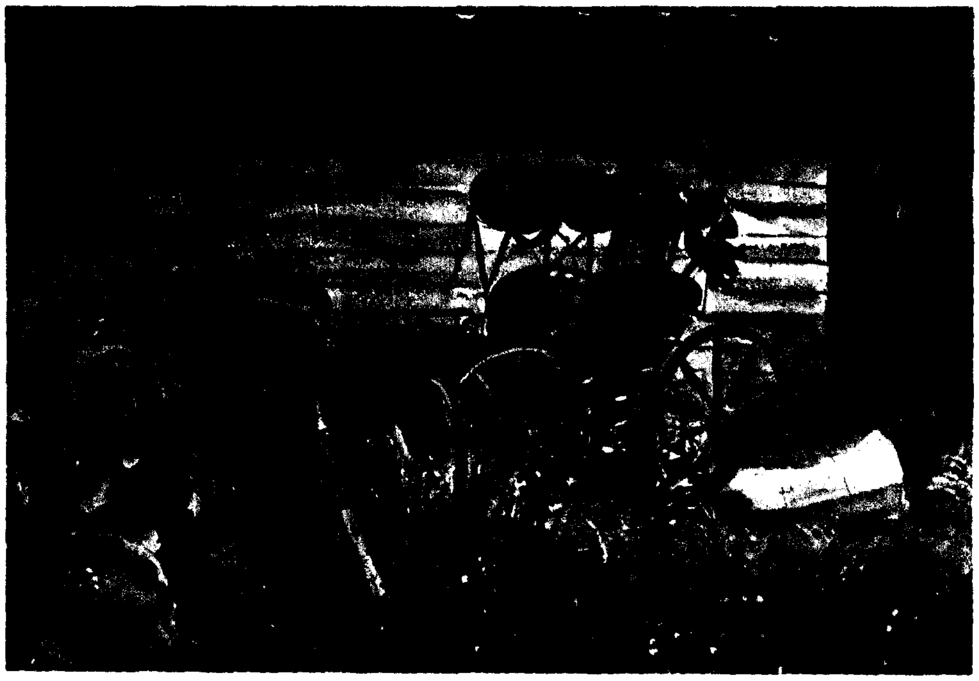


"She starts more gossip! All she has to do is go out of the room"



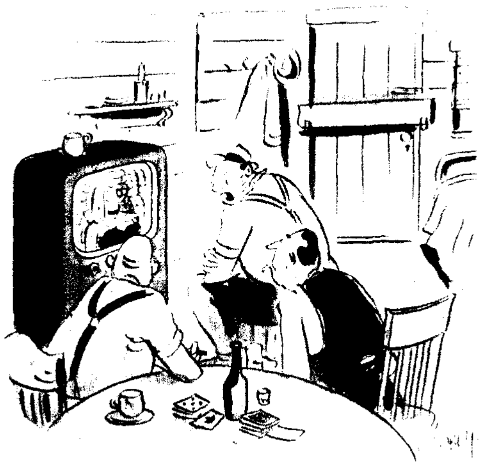
NORTHWEST FROM TUDOR CITY

KATE OSANN

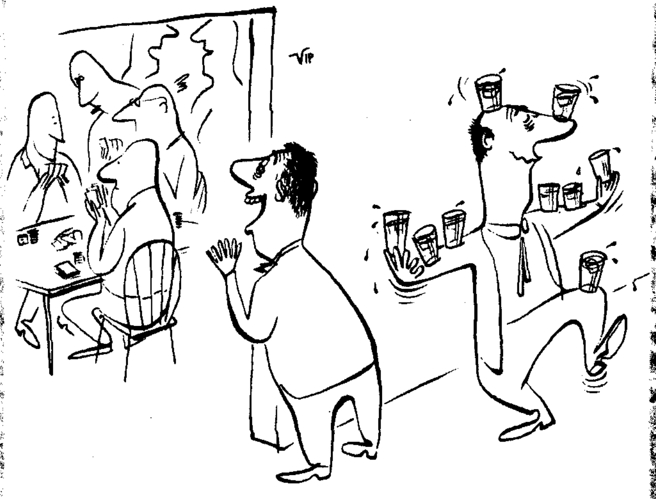


THE END OF THE ROAD

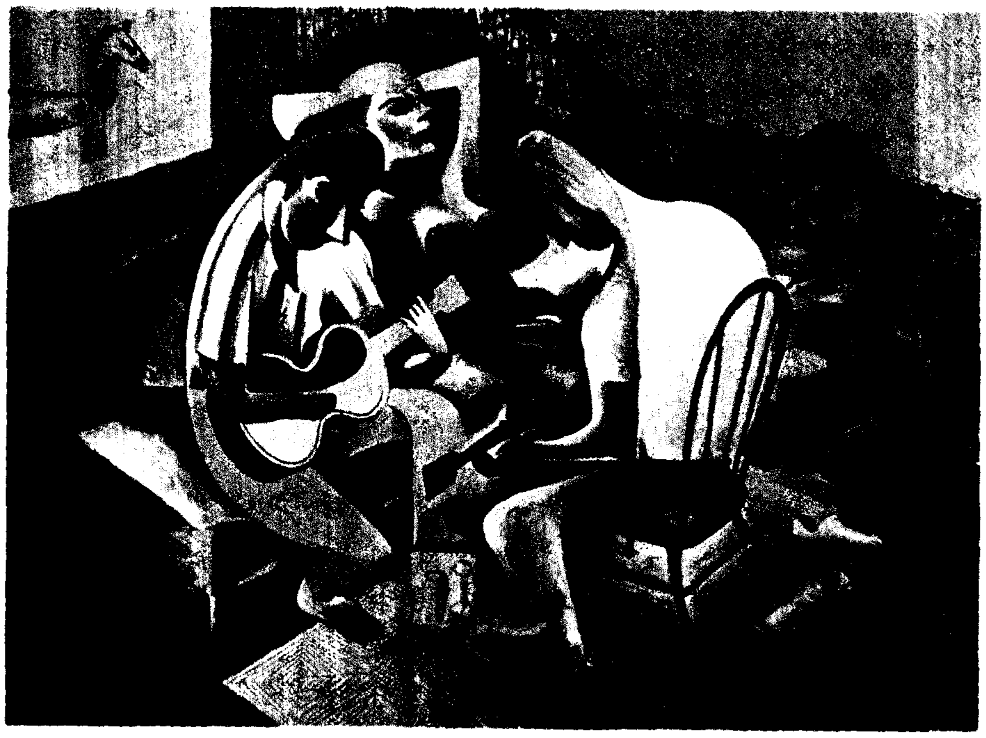
BARNEY TOBEY



"If there's anything I hate, it's hiding out in a fringe area!"



"Come on, gang. The drinks are on Filstrup"



BALBOA BLUES

VIRGIL PARTCH

Fashioned for the Future...

Le Sabre—*General Motors Experimental Car*

STYLED FOR THE FUTURE—with the long, sleek, sweeping lines of a jet aircraft. Only 36¼ inches from cowl to road, and 50 inches high with top up, Le Sabre has a remarkably low center of gravity.

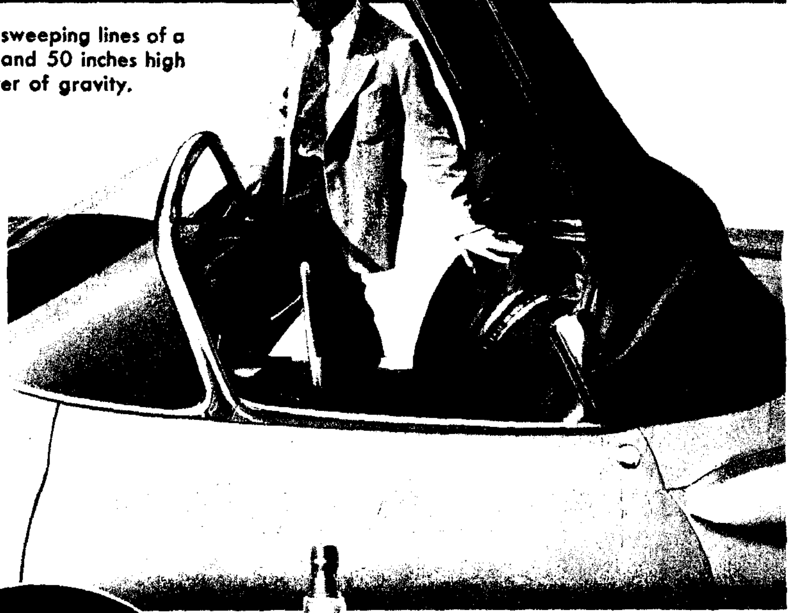
WHAT will tomorrow's motor car be like?

Although this thought-provoking question has no complete answer, motorists can find many indications of a very wonderful tomorrow in the spectacular experimental car—*Le Sabre.*

It's fashioned for the future in every way—in styling, in comfort, in convenience. It's powered for the future, too—with a mighty 335-horsepower engine that provides smooth, spirited performance unlike any the world has known before.

To spark the Le Sabre power plant, engineers selected AC Spark Plugs. Exhaustive tests proved that AC's patented *CORALOX* Insulator best withstood the extreme temperature and high compression developed in this ultra-modern, high-powered engine.

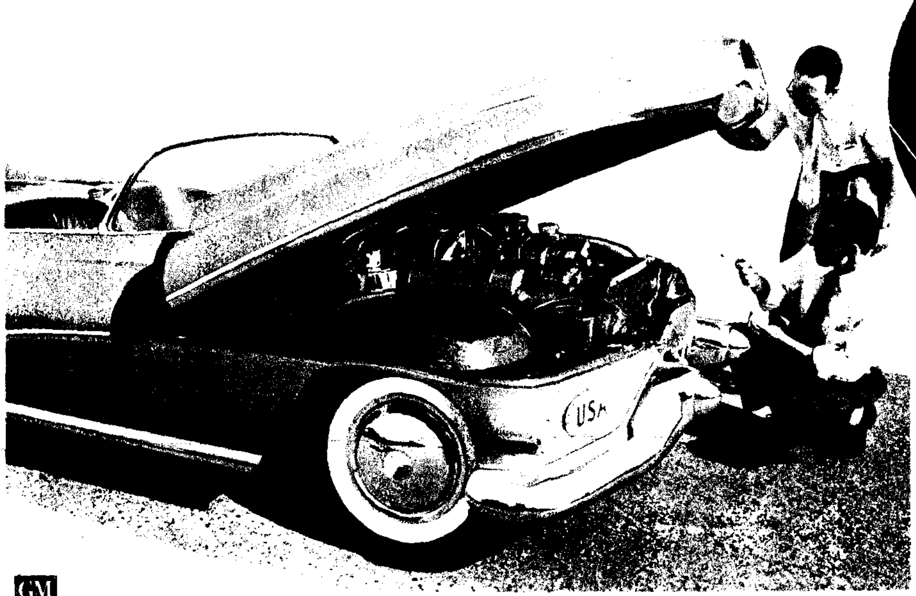
What all this adds up to—for today's motoring *and* tomorrow's—is better spark plug performance. Insist upon ACs for *your* car.



FEATURES OF THE FUTURE—*raindrops falling between the seats automatically raise windows and top. Rubberized fuel tanks, aircraft type instruments, hydraulic jacks and electrical seat warmers are other Le Sabre innovations.*

AC SPARK PLUGS

PATENTED
CORALOX
INSULATOR



POWERED FOR THE FUTURE—with a super-charged, 335-horsepower V-8 engine having a 10 to 1 compression ratio. Dual fuel system utilizes a combination of standard premium fuels and methyl alcohol for extra power boost.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

MAN on the MOON

Scientists have dreamed for centuries of a lunar voyage. Now we know it can be done within the next 25 years—if we get started right away. In this symposium, a distinguished panel tells how

WE WILL go to the moon in the next 25 years. We have the knowledge and the tools to do it now, but years of preparation and detailed planning are needed first. What we *can* do now is get the project started.

The first step has been taken: our scientists have developed rockets which have shot through the earth's atmosphere into airless space beyond. All we need now are better rockets—and we know how to build them.

Our trip to the moon will not be a simple nonstop flight from the earth. We'd need too large and expensive a rocket ship for that. Instead, we'll make a stopover in space. We'll change vehicles, shifting from one especially designed to break away from the earth's atmosphere into one specifically designed for a moon voyage. There will be other advantages to a two-step trip, too, among them a 15,840-mile-an-hour running start on the second leg of the journey. Here's how it's done:

Within the next 10 or 15 years, we can expect to see a permanent station erected in space, 1,075 miles high, in an orbit which will carry it around the earth once every two hours. The details of this project were given in Collier's issue of March 22, 1952.

The station will be built of materials carried to the two-hour orbit by great rocket ships—called three-stage rockets because they will have three separate batteries of motors to be used one at a time, then dropped off. At a speed of 15,840 miles an hour, 1,075 miles up, these rockets become satellites of the earth, unaffected by gravity. Without power, they will cruise around the globe as long as we let them. Their cargo will do the same, since it travels at the same speed. So we merely unload our building supplies in space and let them drift there until needed.

From these prefabricated parts, we'll build a wheel-shaped structure 250 feet in diameter, with pressurized compartments and a crew of 80. The space station's ability to scan all parts of the earth will make it one of the most powerful forces for peace ever developed—or, in the wrong hands, a terrible weapon of war. Collier's still believes that the station must be built by free men; that means the United States, the only nation which can afford the satellite's $4,000,000,000 cost. In 1948, the late Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal indicated that work on an earth satellite program had already begun. It should not be allowed to lag.

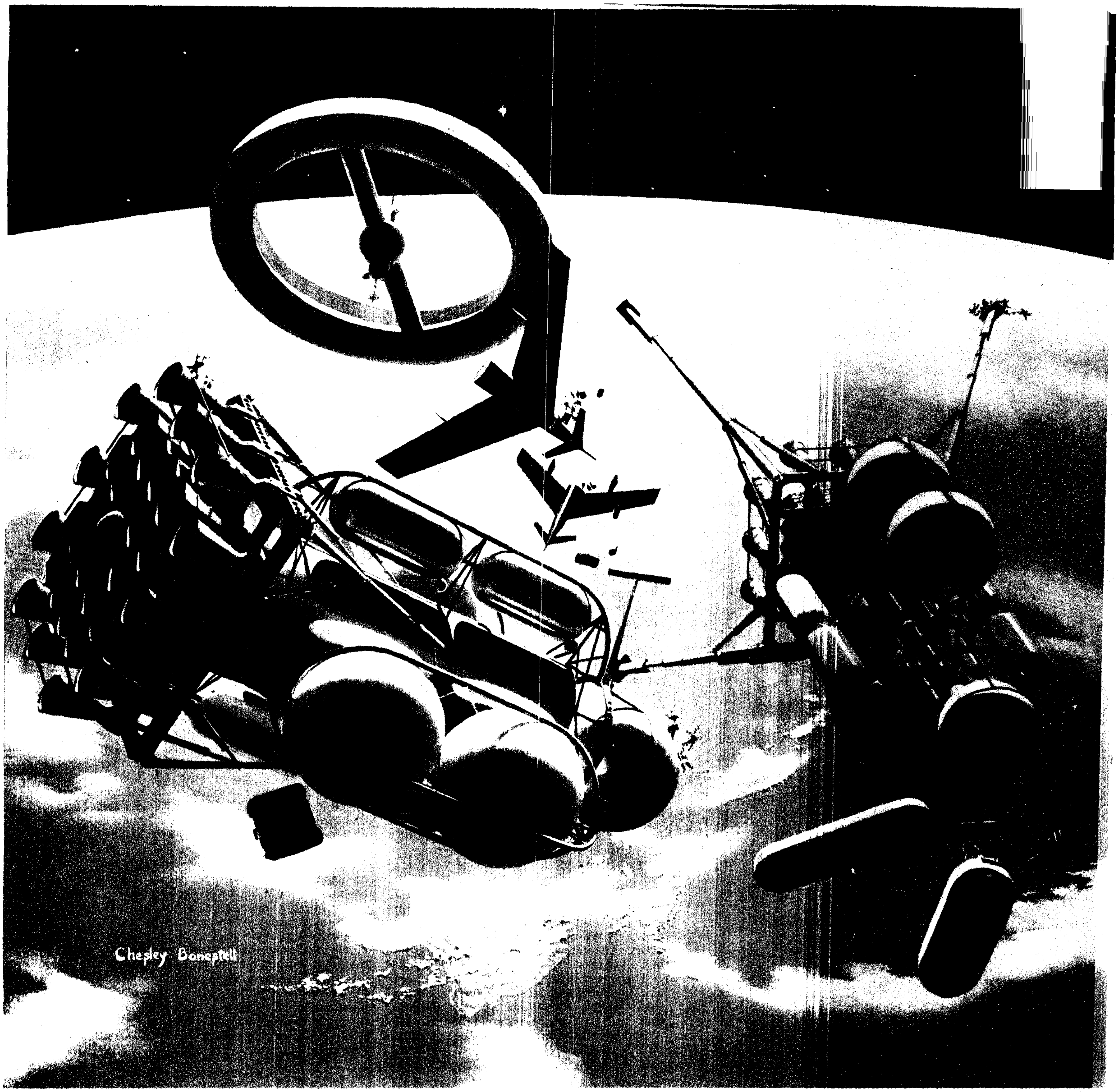
For, besides serving as a roving, ever-watchful guardian of the peace, the station in space will provide the springboard for one of the greatest scientific advances in history: the lunar journey men have dreamed of for centuries. The space station should be a reality by 1967. By the time it's completed, many of the preliminary plans will be ready for the next long step into space.

By 1977, the first scientists may set foot on the ancient dust of the moon.

HANS KNOPF

Contributors to symposium: Willy Ley, left, writer on scientific subjects; Dr. Fred L. Whipple, chairman of Harvard University astronomy department; Dr. Wernher von Braun, world's top rocket expert; artists Chesley Bonestell, Rolf Klep, Fred Freeman; associate editor Cornelius Ryan, who assembled material

MOON PHOTO COURTESY LICK OBSERVATORY



Weightless in orbit 1,075 miles above earth, workers in space suits assemble three moon ships. Hawaiian Islands lie below. Winged transports unload

Man on the Moon

THE JOURNEY

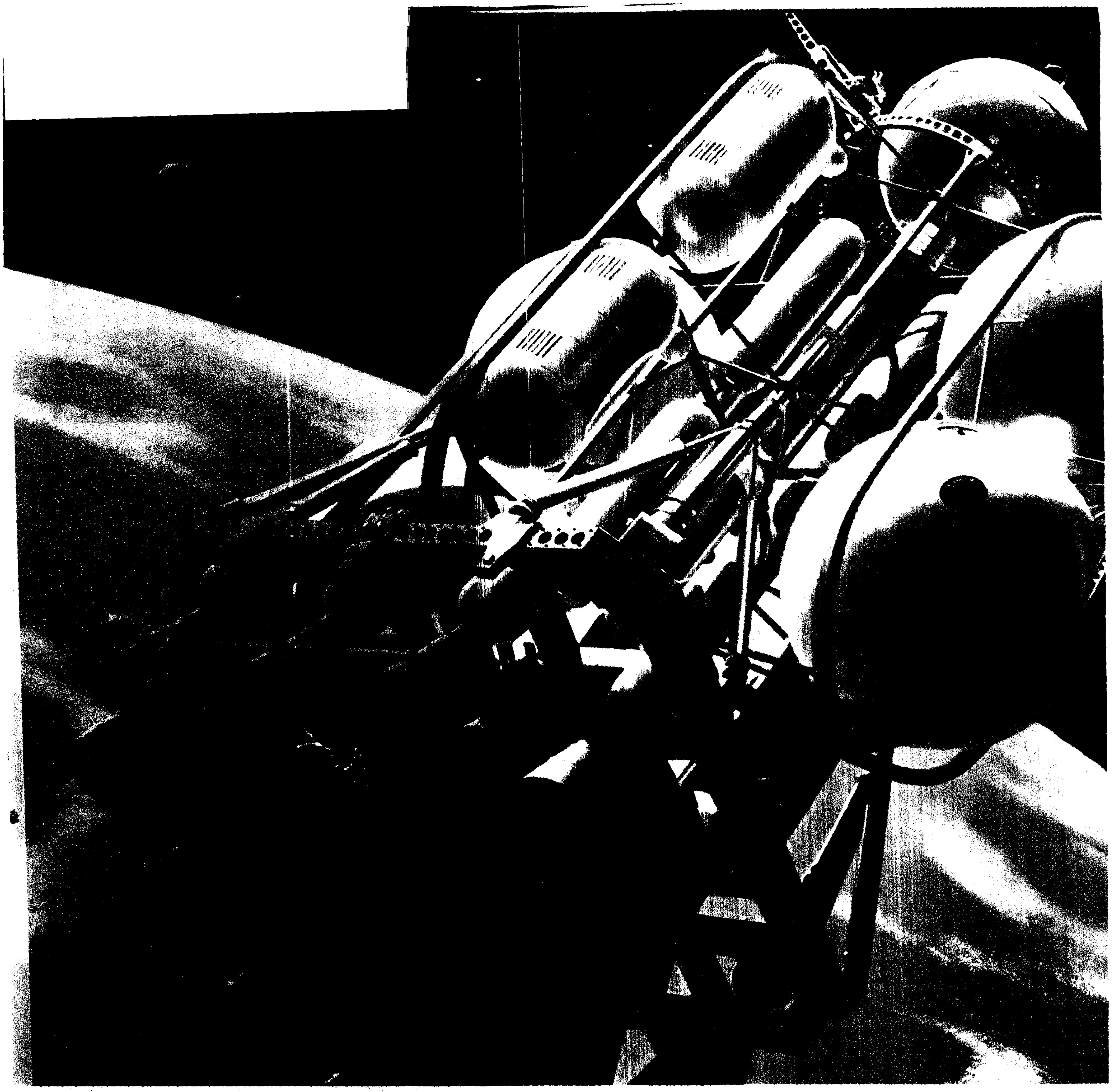
By DR. WERNHER von BRAUN

Technical Director, Army Ordnance Guided Missiles Development
Group, Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama

For five days, the expedition speeds through space on its historic voyage —50 men on three ungainly craft, bound for the great unknown

HERE is how we shall go to the moon. The pioneer expedition, 50 scientists and technicians, will take off from the space station's orbit in three clumsy-looking but highly efficient rocket ships. They won't be streamlined: all travel will be in space, where there is no air to impede motion. Two will be loaded with propellant for the five-day, 239,000-mile trip and the return journey. The third, which will not return, will carry only enough propellant for a one-way trip; the extra room will be filled with supplies and equipment for the scientists' six-week stay.

On the outward voyage, the rocket ships will hit a top speed of 19,500 miles per hour about 33 minutes after departure. Then the motors will be stopped, and the ships will fall the rest of the way to the moon.



supplies near wheel-shaped space station top left. Engineers and equipment cluster around cargo ship lower left, passenger ships center and right

Such a trip takes a great deal of planning. For a beginning, we must decide what flight path to follow, how to construct the ships and where to land. But the project could be completed within the next 25 years. There are no problems involved to which we don't have the answers—or the ability to find them—right now.

First, where shall we land? We may have a wide choice, once we have had a close look at the moon. We'll get that look on a preliminary survey flight. A small rocket ship taking off from the space station will take us to within 50 miles of the moon to get pictures of its meteor-pitted surface—including the "back" part, never visible from the earth.

We'll study the photographs for a suitable site. Several considerations limit our selection. Because the moon's surface has 14,600,000 square miles—about one thirteenth that of the earth—we won't be able to explore more than a small area in detail, perhaps part of a section 500 miles in diameter. Our scientists want to see as many kinds of lunar features as possible, so we'll pick a spot of particular interest to them. We want radio contact with the earth, too; that means we'll have to stick to the moon's "face," for radio waves won't reach across space to any point the eye won't reach.

We can't land at the moon's equator because its noonday temperatures reach an unbearable 220-degrees Fahrenheit, more than hot enough to boil water. We can't land where the surface is too rugged, because we need a flat place to set down. Yet the site can't be too flat, either—grain-sized meteors constantly bombard the moon at speeds of several miles a second; we'll have to set up camp in a crevice where we have protection from these bullets.

There's one section of the moon that meets all our requirements, and unless something better turns up on closer inspection, that's where we'll land. It's an area called *Sinus Roris*, or Dewy Bay, on the northern branch of a plain known as *Oceanus Procellarum*, or Stormy Ocean (so called by early astronomers who thought the moon's plains were great seas). Dr. Fred L. Whipple, chairman of Harvard University astronomy department, says *Sinus Roris* is ideal for our purpose—about 650 miles from the lunar north pole, where the daytime temperature averages a reasonably pleasant 40 degrees and the terrain is flat enough to land on, yet irregular enough to hide

PAINTING BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

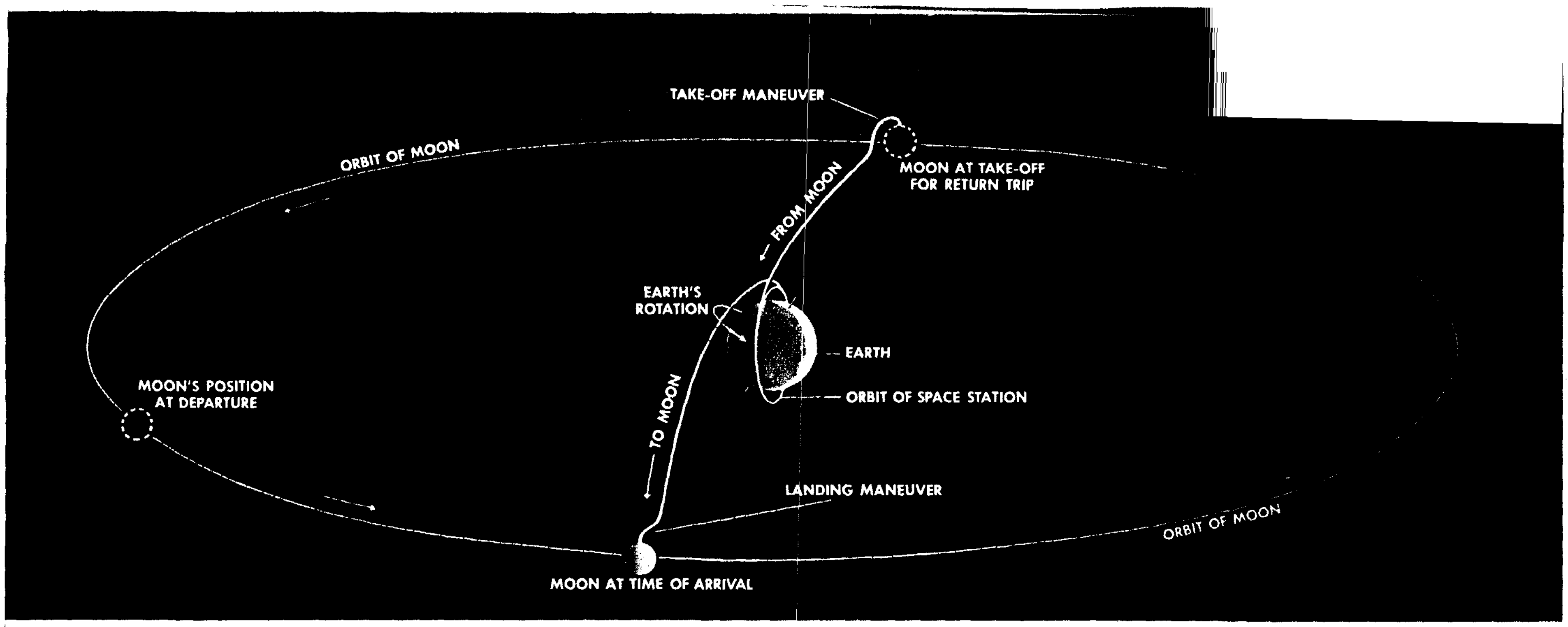
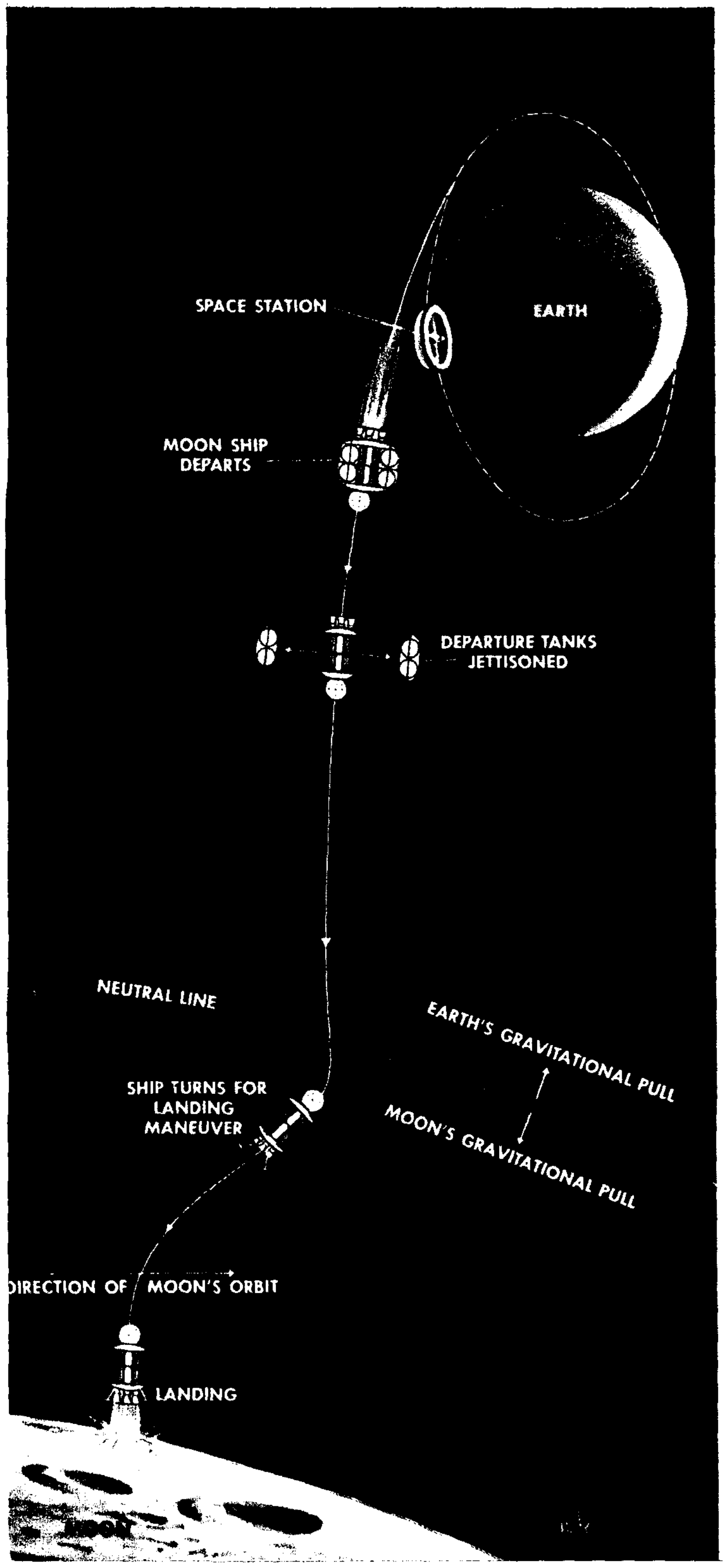


Diagram above shows flight paths to and from moon. Moving in elliptical course about globe every 27⅓ days, moon's position lines up with space station's orbit once every two weeks. Trips can be made only at this time. During expedition's six-week stay on lunar surface, moon will make 1½ revolutions around earth to reach correct position for return. Slight curves in flight track during landing and take-off are caused by moon's gravity. Drawing below, not in scale, shows moon-bound flight maneuvers in close-up


SPACE STATION
EARTH
MOON SHIP DEPARTS
DEPARTURE TANKS JETTISONED
NEUTRAL LINE
EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL
MOON'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL
SHIP TURNS FOR LANDING MANEUVER
IRECTION OF MOON'S ORBIT
LANDING
MOON

in. With a satisfactory site located, we start our detailed planning.

To save fuel and time, we want to take the shortest practical course. The moon moves around the earth in an elliptical path once every 27⅓ days. The space station, our point of departure, circles the earth once every two hours. Every two weeks, their paths are such that a rocket ship from the space station will intercept the moon in just five days. The best conditions for the return trip will occur two weeks later, and again two weeks after that. With their stay limited to multiples of two weeks, our scientists have set themselves a six-week limit for the first exploration of the moon—long enough to accomplish some constructive research, but not long enough to require a prohibitive supply of essentials like liquid oxygen, water and food.

Six months before our scheduled take-off, we begin piling up construction materials, supplies and equipment at the space station. This operation is a massive, impressive one, involving huge, shuttling cargo rocket ships, scores of hard-working handlers, and tremendous amounts of equipment. Twice a day, pairs of sleek rocket transports from the earth sweep into the satellite's orbit and swarms of workers unload the 36 tons of cargo each carries. With the arrival of the first shipment of material, work on the first of the three moon-going space craft gets under way, picking up intensity as more and more equipment arrives.

The supplies are not stacked inside the space station; they're just left floating in space. They don't have to be secured, and here's why: the satellite is traveling around the earth at 15,840 miles an hour; at that speed, it can't be affected by the earth's gravity, so it doesn't fall, and it never slows down because there's no air resistance. The same applies to any other object brought into the orbit at the same speed: to park beside the space station, a rocket ship merely adjusts its speed to 15,840 miles per hour; and it, too, becomes a satellite. Crates moved out of its hold are traveling at the same speed in relation to the earth, so they also are weightless satellites.

As the weeks pass and the unloading of cargo ships continues, the construction area covers several littered square miles. Tons of equipment lie about—aluminum girders, collapsed nylon-and-plastic fuel tanks, rocket motor units, turbopumps, bundles of thin aluminum plates, a great many nylon bags containing smaller parts. It's a bewildering scene, but not to the moon-ship builders. All construction parts are color-coded—with blue-tipped cross braces fitting into blue sockets, red joining members keyed to others of the same color, and so forth. Work proceeds swiftly.

In fact, the workers accomplish wonders, considering the obstacles confronting a man forced to struggle with unwieldy objects in space. The men move clumsily, hampered by bulky pressurized suits equipped with such necessities of space-life as air conditioning, oxygen tanks, walkie-talkie radios and tiny rocket motors for propulsion. The work is laborious, for although objects are weightless they still have inertia. A man who shoves a one-ton girder makes it move all right, but he makes himself move, too. As his inertia is less than the girder's, he shoots backward much farther than he pushes the big piece of metal forward.

The small personal rocket motors help the workers move some of the construction parts; the big stuff is hitched to space taxis, tiny pressurized rocket vehicles used for short trips outside the space station.

As the framework of the new rocket ships takes form, big, folded nylon-and-plastic bundles are brought over. They're the personnel cabins; pumped full of air, they become spherical, and plastic astrodomes are fitted to the top and sides of each. Other sacks are pumped full of propellant, and balloon into the shapes of globes and cylinders. Soon the three moon-going space ships begin to emerge in their final form. The two round-trip ships resemble an arrangement of hourglasses inside a metal framework; the one-way cargo carrier has much the same framework, but instead of hourglasses it has a central structure which looks like a great silo.

Dimensions of the Rocket Ships

Each ship is 160 feet long (nine feet more than the height of the Statue of Liberty) and about 110 feet wide. Each has at its base a battery of 30 rocket motors, and each is topped by the sphere which houses the crew members, scientists and technicians on five floors. Under the sphere are two long arms set on a circular track which enables them to rotate almost a full 360 degrees. These light booms, which fold against the vehicles during take-off and landing to avoid damage, carry two vital pieces of equipment: a radio antenna dish for short-wave communication and a solar mirror for generating power.

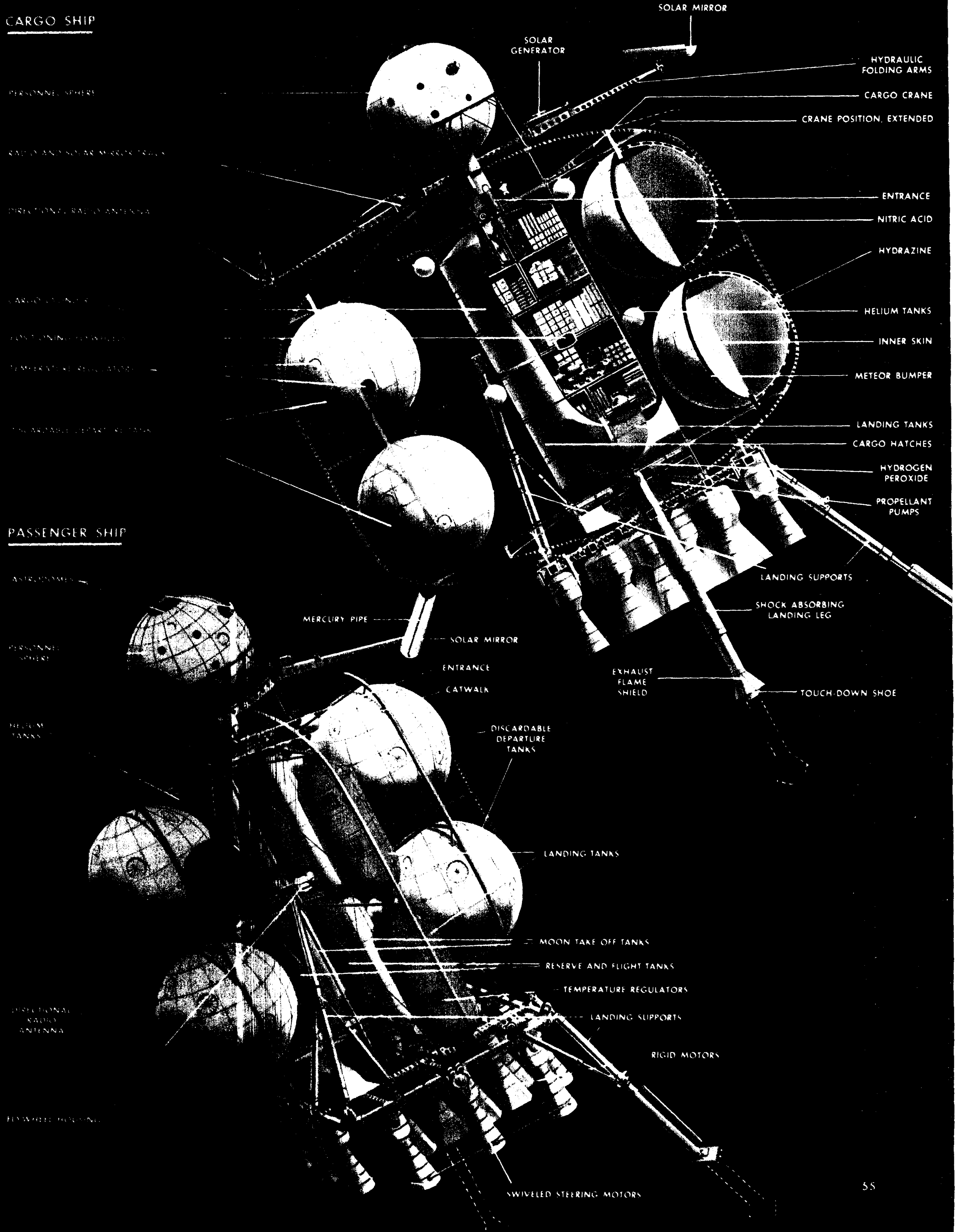
The solar mirror is a curved sheet of highly polished metal which concentrates the sun's rays on a mercury-filled pipe. The intense heat vaporizes the mercury, and the vapor drives a turbo-generator, producing 35 kilowatts of electric power—enough to run a small factory. Its work done, the vapor cools, returns to its liquid state and starts the cycle all over again.

Under the radio and mirror booms of the passenger ships hang 18 propellant tanks carrying nearly 800,000 gallons of ammonialike hydrazine (our fuel) and oxygen-rich nitric acid (the combustion agent). Four of the 18 tanks are outsized spheres, more than 33 feet in diameter. They are attached to light frames on the outside of the rocket ship's structure. More than half our propellant supply—580,000 gallons—is in these large balls; that's the amount needed for take-off. As soon as it's exhausted, the big tanks will be jettisoned. Four other large tanks carry propellant for the landing; they will be left on the moon.

We also carry a supply of hydrogen peroxide

Vehicles, right, have same dimensions: 160 ft. long, 110 ft. wide; weigh 4,370 tons. Cargo ship carries 10 men, passenger ships 20 each

DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP


CARGO SHIP
SOLAR MIRROR
SOLAR GENERATOR
HYDRAULIC FOLDING ARMS
PERSONNEL SPHERE
CARGO CRANE
CRANE POSITION, EXTENDED
RADIO AND SOLAR MIRROR TRACK
DIRECTIONAL RADIO ANTENNA
ENTRANCE
NITRIC ACID
HYDRAZINE
CARGO CONTAINERS
HELIUM TANKS
POSITIONING CONTROLS
INNER SKIN
TEMPERATURE REGULATORS
METEOR BUMPER
DISCARDABLE DEPARTURE TANKS
LANDING TANKS
CARGO HATCHES
HYDROGEN PEROXIDE
PROPELLANT PUMPS
PASSENGER SHIP
LANDING SUPPORTS
ASTRODOMES
SHOCK ABSORBING LANDING LEG
MERCURY PIPE
PERSONNEL SPHERE
SOLAR MIRROR
ENTRANCE
EXHAUST FLAME SHIELD
CATWALK
TOUCH-DOWN SHOE
HELIUM TANKS
DISCARDABLE DEPARTURE TANKS
LANDING TANKS
MOON TAKE OFF TANKS
RESERVE AND FLIGHT TANKS
TEMPERATURE REGULATORS
DIRECTIONAL RADIO ANTENNA
LANDING SUPPORTS
RIGID MOTORS
FLYWHEEL HOUSING
SWIVELED STEERING MOTORS

to run the turbopumps which force the propellant into the rocket motors. Besides the 14 cylindrical propellant tanks and the four spherical ones, eight small helium containers are strung throughout the framework. The lighter-than-air helium will be pumped into partly emptied fuel tanks to help them keep their shape under acceleration and to create pressure for the turbopumps.

The cost of the propellant required for this first trip to the moon, the bulk of it used for the supply ships during the build-up period, is enormous—about $300,000,000, roughly 60 per cent of the half-billion-dollar cost of the entire operation. (That doesn't count the $4,000,000,000 cost of erecting the space station, whose main purpose is strategic rather than scientific.)

The cargo ship carries only enough fuel for a one-way trip, so it has fewer tanks: four discardable spheres like those on the passenger craft, and four cylindrical containers with 162,000 gallons of propellant for the moon landing.

In one respect, the cargo carrier is the most interesting of the three space vehicles. Its big silo-like storage cabin, 75 feet long and 36 feet wide, was built to serve a double purpose. Once we reach the moon and the big cranes folded against the framework have swung out and unloaded the 285 tons of supplies in the cylinder, the silo will be detached from the rest of the rocket ship. The winch-driven cables slung from the cranes will then raise *half* of the cylinder, in sections, which it will deposit on trailers drawn by tractors. The tractors will take them to a protective crevice on the moon's surface, at the place chosen for our camp. Then the other lengthwise half will be similarly moved—giving us two ready-to-use Quonset huts.

Now that we have our space ships built and have provided ourselves with living quarters for our stay on the moon, a couple of important items remain: we must protect ourselves against two of the principal hazards of space travel, flying meteors and extreme temperatures.

For Protection Against Meteors

To guard against meteors, all vital parts of the three craft—propellant tanks, personnel spheres, cargo cabin—are given a thin covering of sheet metal, set on studs which leave at least a one-inch space between this outer shield and the inside wall. The covering, called a meteor bumper, will take the full impact of the flying particles (we don't expect to be struck by any meteors much larger than a grain of sand) and will cause them to disintegrate before they can do damage.

For protection against excessive heat, all parts of the three rocket ships are painted white, because white absorbs little of the sun's radiation. Then, to guard against cold, small black patches are scattered over the tanks and personnel spheres. The patches are covered by white blinds, automatically controlled by thermostats. When the blinds on the sunny side are open, the spots absorb heat and warm the cabins and tanks; when the blinds are closed, an all-white surface is exposed to the sun, permitting little heat to enter. When the blinds on the shaded side are open, the black spots radiate heat and the temperature drops.

Now we're ready to take off from the space station's orbit to the moon.

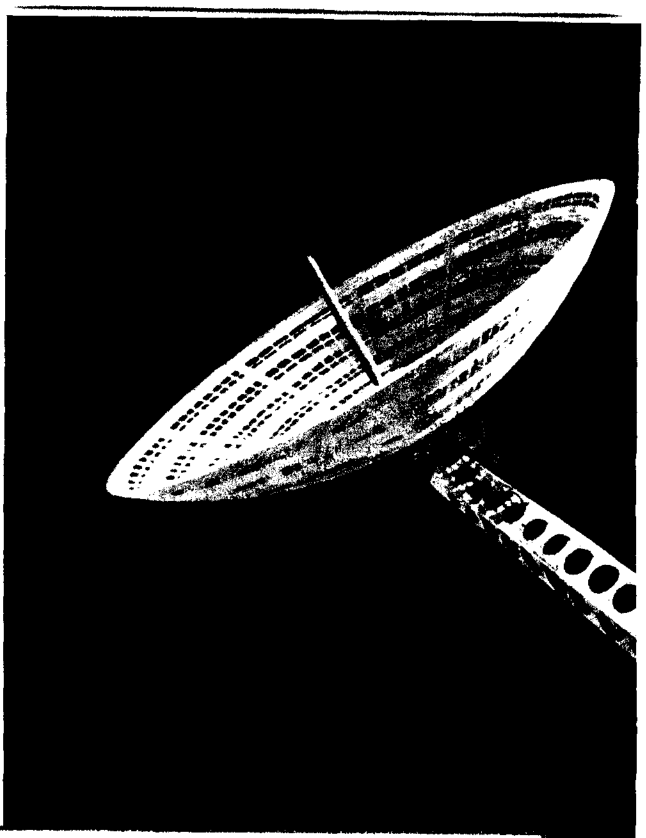
The bustle of our departure—hurrying space taxis, the nervous last-minute checks by engineers, the loading of late cargo and finally the take-off itself—will be watched by millions. Television cameras on the space station will transmit the scene to receivers all over the world. And people on the earth's dark side will be able to turn from their screens to catch a fleeting glimpse of light—high in the heavens—the combined flash of 90 rocket motors, looking from the earth like the sudden birth of a new, short-lived star.

Our departure is slow. The big rocket ships rise ponderously, one after the other, green flames streaming from their batteries of rockets, and then they pick up speed. Actually, we don't need to gain *much* speed. The velocity required to get us to our destination is 19,500 miles an hour, but we've had a running start; while "resting" in the space station's orbit, we were really streaking through space at 15,840 miles an hour. We need an additional 3,660 miles an hour.

Thirty-three minutes from take-off we have it. Now we cut off our motors; momentum and the moon's gravity will do the rest.

The moon itself is visible to us as we coast through space, but it's so far off to one side that it's hard to believe we won't miss it. In the five days of our journey, though, it will travel a great distance, and so will we; at the end of that time we shall reach the farthest point, or apogee, of our elliptical course, and the moon should be right in front of us.

The earth is visible, too—an enormous ball, most of it bulking pale black against the deeper black of space, but with a wide crescent of daylight where the sun strikes it. Within the crescent, the continents enjoying summer stand out as vast green terrain maps surrounded by the brilliant



Inside the Moon Ship

By WILLY LEY

ABOARD the moon ships, living is cramped, but not uncomfortable. Each of the two passenger vehicles holds 20 men en route to the moon, 25 on the return trip (the 10 men on the one-way cargo ship will split up coming back). For added safety, each passenger ship carries enough oxygen (three pounds per man per day), water (four pounds per man per day) and food for the *entire* expedition.

The top floor of the personnel sphere is the control deck. At the far left, an engineer keeps watch over fuel, temperature, pressure, oxygen and other gauges. Next to him, the radio operator maintains contact with the other two ships and the space station. At center, a member of the navigation staff, using a combination telescope-celestial camera, sights on a star. (When not in use, astrodomes are closed off by shutters to block the sun's blinding glare.)

To the right of his position is the rocket motor instrument panel and, underneath, the automatic pilot and the reels of tape which operate it during landing. The man at extreme right is the crew captain, strapped into a swivel seat which enables him to watch either the master controls, as he's doing now, or the motor instruments behind him (for comfort, all seats are contour seats; personnel must be strapped in so they won't float away in the weightless ship). A control board at the captain's position enables him to operate the rocket motors, and the intercom unit by his hand keeps him in communication with the rest of the ship.

The next floor down is primarily a navigation deck, although a sponge-bath stall (there are no showers, because the water won't fall properly) and extra bunks are also installed here. Next to the bathing stall, a navigator operates a mechanical computer. The chief navigator and two assistants are working at the dead-reckoning tracer, a device which automatically records the space ship's course. The clock on the wall shows elapsed time since departure, and the three screens at the right indicate the attitude of the ship, as determined by an artificial horizon mechanism in the astrodome at far right.

On the central, and largest, deck are the ship's living quarters. Bunks line the walls and hang from stanchions (the sleeping men are members of the off-duty watch), and a cooking-dining area occupies most of the floor space. At center is an automatic dining unit: table, short-wave food heater and dishwasher.

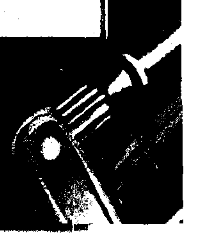
It works this way: the "cook" (background) has taken a packaged, precooked meal from the deep freeze and is placing it on a conveyer belt. It enters the short-wave heater and is deposited in a spring-lidded dish (so it won't float away). The dish is locked into one of the two outer conveyer tracks on the table (one for solids, the other for liquids) and the diner draws the food toward him along a slot. When he's finished, he slides his dish back to the third, or inner, track, which carries it to the dishwashing unit. Straps hold the diners in their seats, making their snap-equipped belts unnecessary. At far right is a snack dispenser for quick meals, particularly for crewmen standing watch.

The fourth floor down, or stowage deck, houses the main electrical switchboard, storage cupboards and a washroom (next to the stairway).

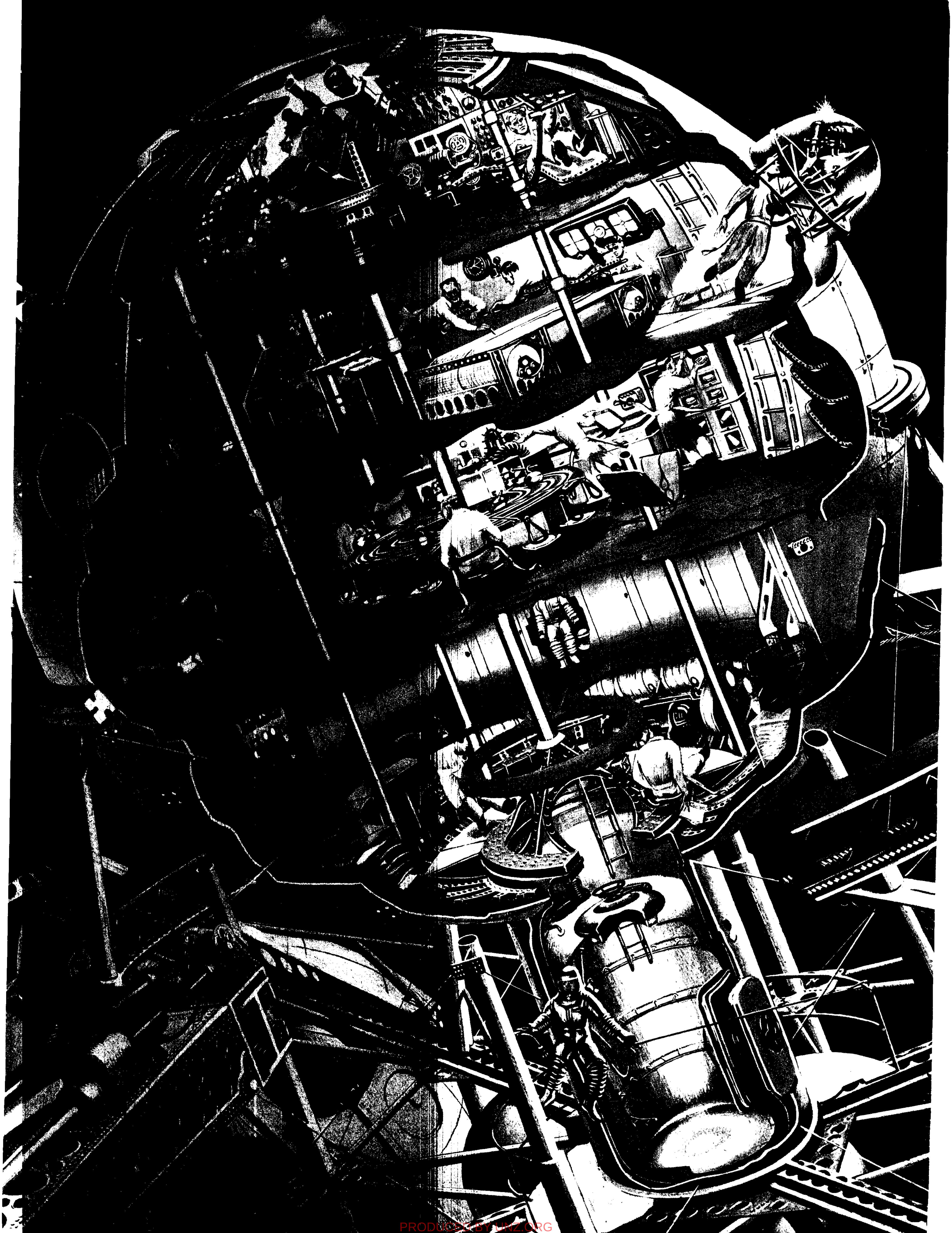
The engineering deck is at the bottom of the sphere. Lining the walls, directly below the ceiling, are water tanks (left), yellow oxygen tanks (center), air blower pump (behind the large gauges) and tanks for water recovered from the ship's atmosphere. Below this ring are the brown electric storage batteries and the ship's air-conditioning and water-cleansing systems. Sewage tanks are under the floor.

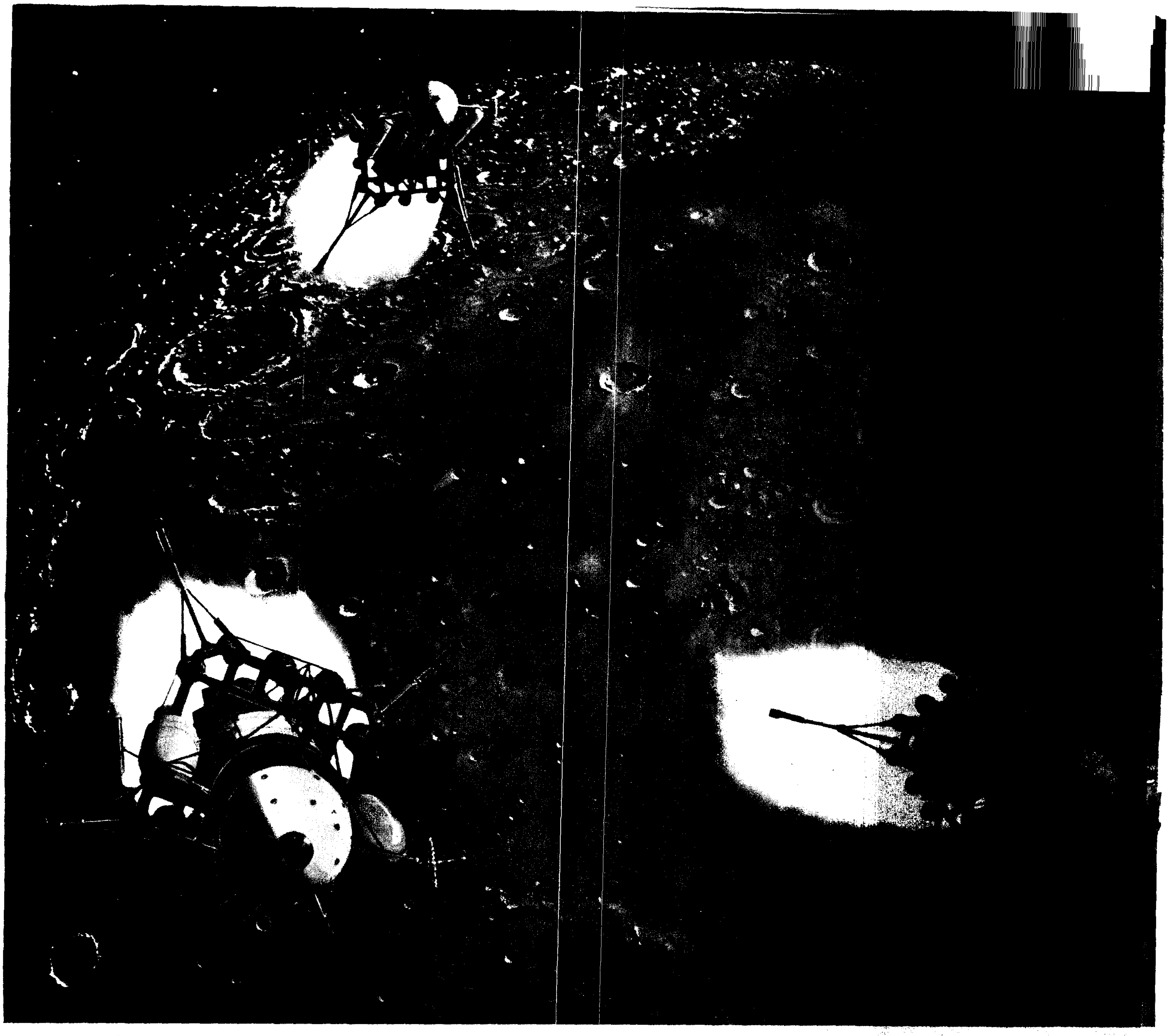
The space-suited engineer outside the ship's air lock holds the main power line, which connects with the power-producing solar mirror (off picture at lower left). He's about to plug the line into the black distributing box, shown on the catwalk between his feet, half hidden by the air-lock tower.

The sphere will be home to the voyagers not only for the five-day trip, but for several days after, while lunar quarters are being constructed. ▲▲▲



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN





Landing on the moon. Ten minutes before touchdown, rocket motors are switched on to slow down ships' high-speed fall caused by the moon's gravity. Vehicles are maneuvering 550 miles above landing area known as *Sinus Roris* (Dewy Bay), dark plain above cargo ship in lower left

blue of the oceans. Patches of white cloud obscure some of the detail; other white blobs are snow and ice on mountain ranges and polar areas.

Against the blackness of the earth's night side is a gleaming spot—the space station, reflecting the light of the sun.

Two hours and 54 minutes after departure, we are 17,750 miles from the earth's surface. Our speed has dropped sharply, to 10,500 miles an hour. Five hours and eight minutes en route, the earth is 32,950 miles away, and our speed is 8,000 miles an hour; after 20 hours, we're 132,000 miles from the earth, traveling at 4,300 miles an hour.

On this first day, we discard the empty departure tanks. Engineers in protective suits step outside the cabin, stand for a moment in space, then make their way down the girders to the big spheres. They pump any remaining propellant into reserve tanks, disconnect the useless containers, and give them a gentle shove. For a while the tanks drift along beside us; soon they float out of sight. Eventually they will crash on the moon.

There is no hazard for the engineers in this operation. As a precaution, they were secured to the ship by safety lines, but they could probably have done as well without them. There is no air in space to blow them away.

That's just one of the peculiarities of space to which we must adapt ourselves. Lacking a natural sequence of night and day, we live by an arbitrary time schedule. Because nothing has weight, cooking and eating are special problems. Kitchen utensils have magnetic strips or clamps so they won't float away. The heating of food is done on electronic ranges. They have many advantages: they're clean, easy to operate, and their short-wave rays don't burn up precious oxygen.

Difficulties of Dining in Space

We have no knives, spoons or forks. All solid food is precut; all liquids are served in plastic bottles and forced directly into the mouth by squeezing. Our mess kits have spring-operated covers; our only eating utensils are tonglike devices; if we open the covers carefully, we can grab a mouthful of food without getting it all over the cabin.

From the start of the trip, the ship's crew has been maintaining a round-the-clock schedule, standing eight-hour watches. Captains, navigators and radiomen spend most of their time checking and rechecking our flight track, ready to start up the rockets for a change in course if an error turns up. Technicians back up this operation with reports from the complex and delicate "electronic brains"—computers, gyroscopes, switchboards and other instruments—on the control deck. Other specialists keep watch over the air-conditioning, temperature, pressure and oxygen systems.

But the busiest crew members are the maintenance engineers and their assistants, tireless men who have been bustling back and forth between ships since shortly after the voyage started, anxiously checking propellant tanks, tubing, rocket motors, turbopumps and all other vital equipment. Excessive heat could cause dangerous hairline cracks in the rocket motors; unexpectedly large meteors could smash through the thin bumpers surrounding the propellant tanks; fittings could come loose. The engineers have to be careful.

We are still slowing down. At the start of the fourth day, our speed has dropped to 800

PAINTING BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

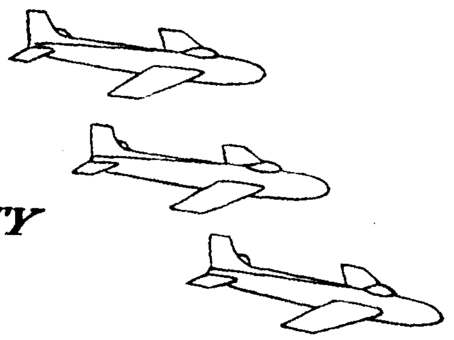
Feels Like an Airliner!

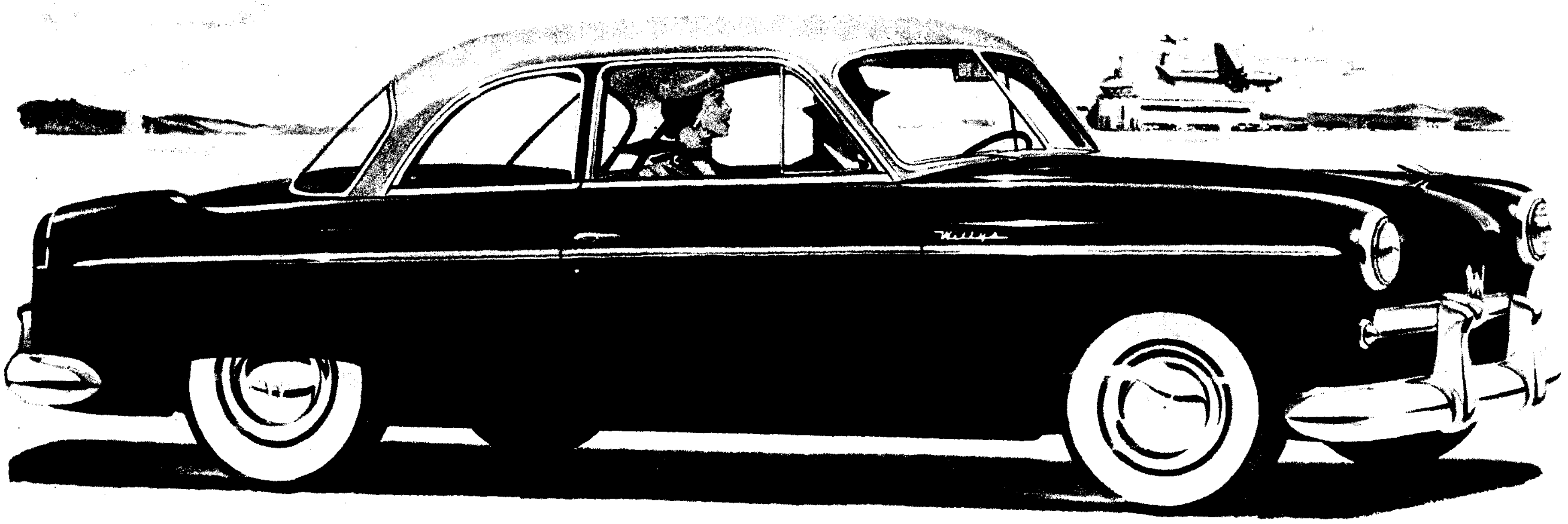
The Aero Willys

SMOOTH, COMFORTABLE "AIRBORNE" RIDE

SENSATIONAL GASOLINE MILEAGE

PANORAMIC VISIBILITY





Your first ride in an *Aero* Willys reminds you of the restful luxury of today's airliners!

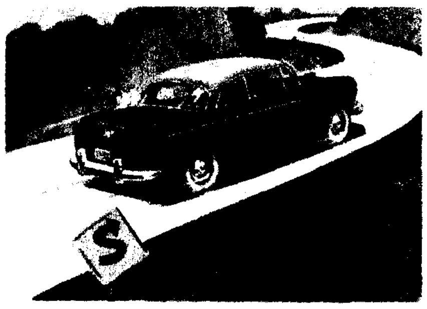
Its smooth, cloud-soft ride makes you feel almost airborne ...and you relax on spacious, cushiony seats with a panoramic view in every direction.

As you pilot this agile performer in traffic, you have the reassuring feel of reserve power always at your command.

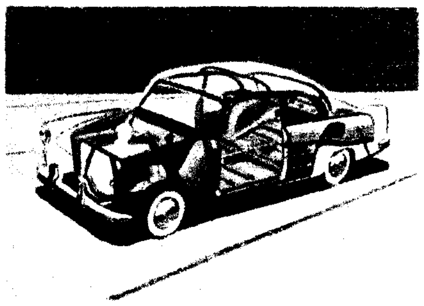
Visit your Willys dealer for the most surprising car ride you have ever experienced.

Willys-Overland Motors, Toledo, Ohio.

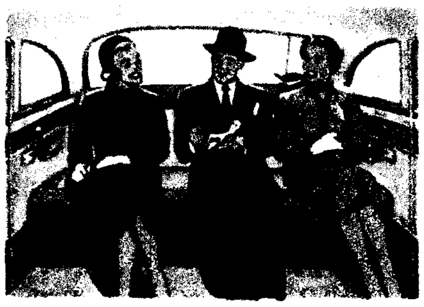
Specifications and trim subject to change. Optional equipment and white sidewall tires, extra.



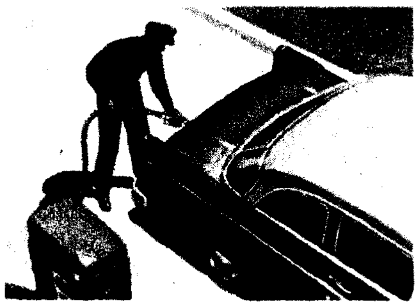
Road-Test an *Aero* Willys to see how it smooths out rough roads, holds level and steady as you round sharp curves.



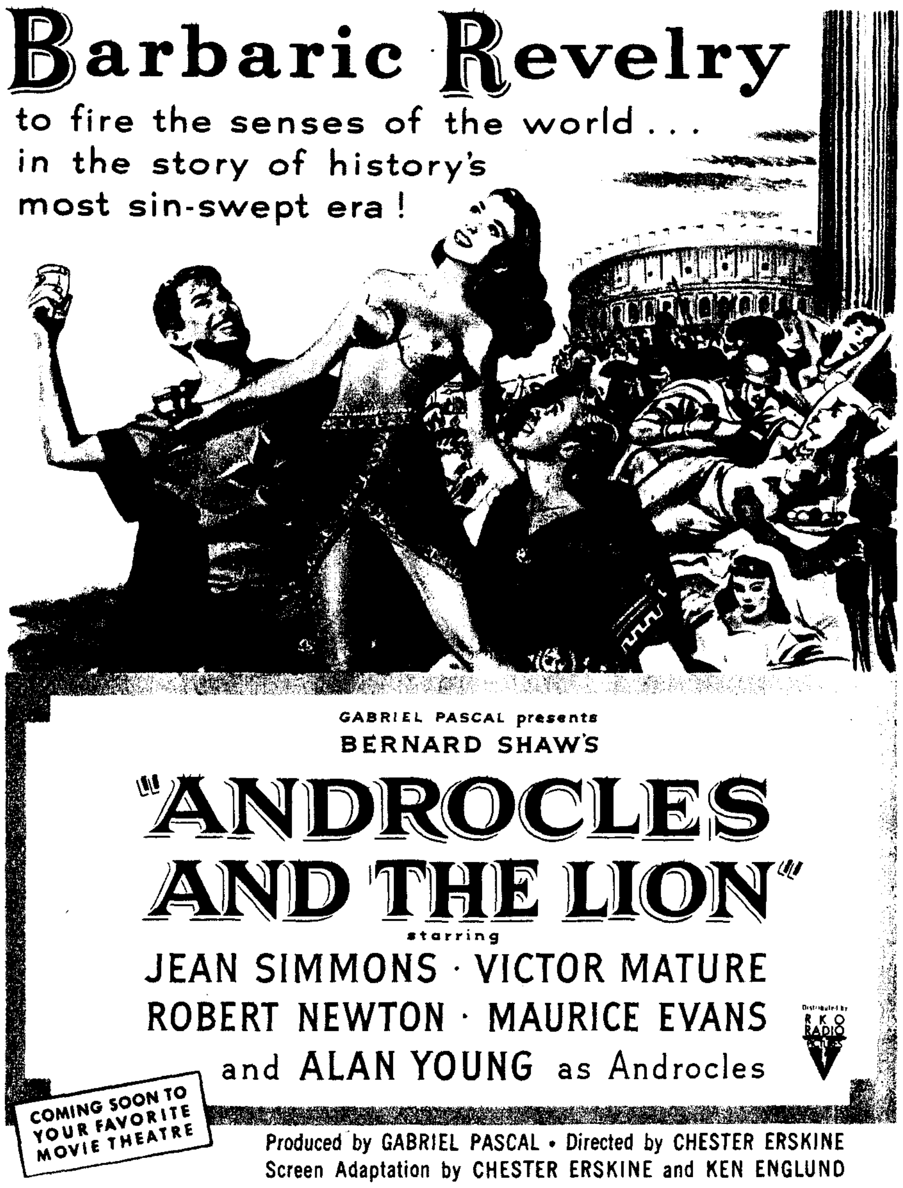
Like Airliners, the *Aero* Willys is built with body and frame made as one unit, welded together —extra strong, safe and rigid.



Plenty of Space for six adults in an *Aero* Willys—61-inch-wide seating in both front and rear provides spacious comfort.



Its Sensational Mileage means fewer stops for gas and oil—convenient when you do, with gas cap near center at rear.


Barbaric Revelry
to fire the senses of the world . . .
in the story of history's
most sin-swept era !

GABRIEL PASCAL presents
BERNARD SHAW'S
"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"
starring
JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE
ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS
and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles
Distributed by RKO RADIO
COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE
Produced by GABRIEL PASCAL • Directed by CHESTER ERSKINE
Screen Adaptation by CHESTER ERSKINE and KEN ENGLUND

miles an hour, only slightly more than the speed of a conventional jet fighter. Ahead, the harsh surface features of the moon are clearly outlined. Behind, the blue-green ball of the earth appears to be barely a yard in diameter.

Our fleet of unpowered rocket ships is now passing the neutral point between the gravitational fields of the earth and the moon. Our momentum has dropped off to almost nothing—yet we're about to pick up speed. For now we begin falling toward the moon, about 23,600 miles away. With no atmosphere to slow us, we'll smash into the moon at 6,000 miles an hour unless we do something about it.

Rotating the Moon Ship

This is what we do: aboard each ship, near its center of gravity, is a positioning device consisting of three flywheels set at right angles to one another and operated by electric motors. One of the wheels heads in the same direction as our flight path—in other words, along the longitudinal axis of the vehicle, like the rear wheels of a car. Another parallels the latitudinal axis, like the steering wheel of an ocean vessel. The third lies along the horizontal axis, like the rear steering wheel of a hook-and-ladder truck. If we start any one of the wheels spinning, it causes our rocket ship to turn slowly in the other direction (pilots know this "torque" effect; as increased power causes a plane's propeller to spin more rapidly in one direction, the pilot has to fight his controls to keep the plane from rolling in the other direction).

The captain of our space ship orders the longitudinal flywheel set in motion. Slowly our craft begins to cartwheel; when it has turned half a revolution, it stops. We are going toward the moon tail-end-first, a position which will enable us to brake our fall with our rocket motors when the right time comes.

Tension increases aboard the three ships. The landing is tricky—so tricky that it will be done entirely by automatic pilot, to diminish the possibility of human error. Our scientists compute our rate of descent, the spot at which we expect to strike, the speed and direction of the moon (it's traveling at 2,280 miles an hour at right angles to our path). These and other essential statistics are fed into a tape. The tape, based on the same principle as the player-piano roll and the automatic business-machine card, will control the automatic pilot. (Actually, a number of tapes intended to provide for all eventualities will be fixed up long before the flight, but last-minute checks are necessary to see which tape to use—and to see whether a manual correction of our course is required before the autopilot takes over.)

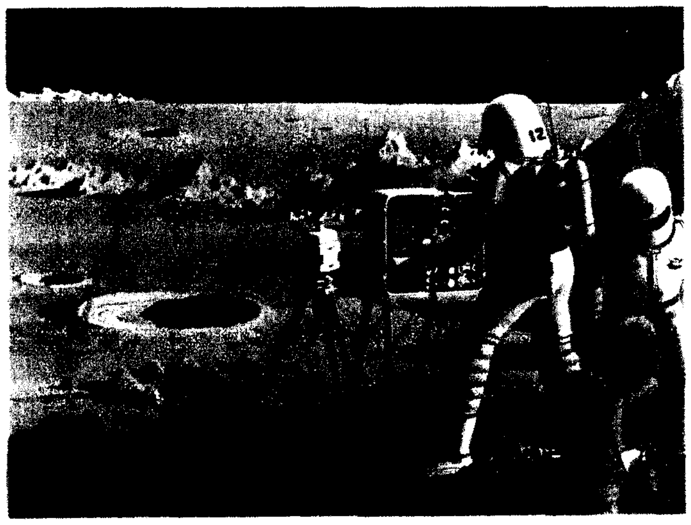
Now we lower part of our landing gear—four spiderlike legs, hinged to the square rocket assembly, which have been folded against the framework.

As we near the end of our trip, the gravity of the moon, which is still to one side of us, begins to pull us off our elliptical course, and we turn the ship to conform to this change of direction. At an altitude of 550 miles, the rocket motors begin firing; we feel the shock of their blasts inside the personnel sphere and suddenly our weight returns. Objects which have not been secured beforehand tumble to the floor. The force of the rocket motors is such that we have about one third our normal earth weight.

The final 10 minutes are especially tense. The tape-guided automatic pilots are now in full control. We fall more and more slowly, floating over the landing area like descending helicopters. As we approach, the fifth leg of our landing gear—a big telescopic shock absorber which has been housed in the center of the rocket assembly—is lowered through the fiery blast of the motors. The long green rocket flames begin to splash against the baked lunar surface. Swirling clouds of brown-gray dust are thrown out sideways; they settle immediately, instead of hanging in air, as they would on the earth.

The broad round shoe of the telescopic landing leg digs into the soft volcanic ground. If it strikes too hard, an electronic mechanism inside it immediately calls on the rocket motors for more power to cushion the blow. For a few seconds, we balance on the single leg. Then the four outrigger legs slide out to help support the weight of the ship, and are locked into position. The whirring of machinery dies away. There is absolute silence. We have reached the moon.

Now we shall explore it. ▲▲▲



NEXT WEEK

The Exploration of the Moon

Red Cap
12 OZ.
CARLING'S
Red Cap
RED CAP ALE
CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ.
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Better Than Beer?

That depends on your taste!

At Carling's we brew both beer and ale—and each is mighty popular. But more and more people are telling us Carling's Red Cap Ale gives them *more* pleasure than *any* beer they ever tasted. They say it's light and dry as the smoothest beer, yet with that extra flavor—that "heart" which only a fine ale can provide. They call it the "light-hearted" ale.

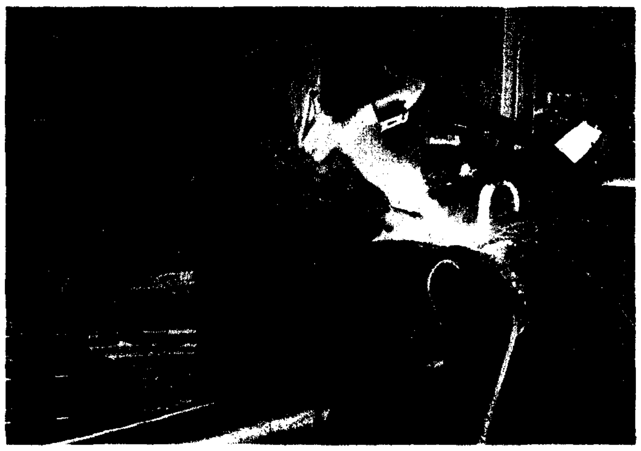
Tonight, why not try it yourself? See whether *you* are one of those who find Carling's Red Cap Ale tastes even better than beer!

BETTER THAN BEER? TRY CARLING'S RED CAP ALE AND SEE!

Has America enough POWER?

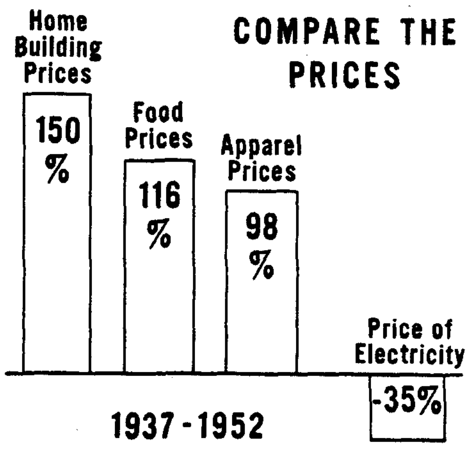
The U. S. today uses twice as much electricity as before World War II. Is there enough for defense, for civilian needs and for such giant jobs as A-bomb manufacture? Here's how the electric light and power companies are meeting — and staying ahead of — these huge needs.

NO JOB TOO BIG. Some people say that the really big electric power projects are jobs only the government can handle. The facts disprove this. Five local electric companies have offered to develop all additional power available at Niagara Falls with a giant new power plant. Five other business-managed companies are completing one of the largest single power plants ever built at one time — a project that will supply power to the new A-bomb plant at Paducah, Ky. Fifteen companies are ready to handle an even greater project for the Atomic Energy Commission. The electric light and power companies are ready and able to do the nation's power job — *and they can save you and other taxpayers many millions of dollars by doing it!*



PLENTY OF POWER. The electric companies have kept pace with the fast-growing demands for power. These companies met the unprecedented needs of World War II. And now, in the midst of their great expansion program, they have already *doubled that wartime supply!* The only real shortages of electricity are in countries where national governments control the power industry.

ERA OF TEAMWORK. The electric companies, where there is no interference from the federal government, work together with municipally-owned power systems and farm electric groups. Electric companies' rates and earnings, of course, are closely regulated by state commissions or local authorities. However, federal electric projects are *not* subject to such regulation.



The chart shows what has happened to prices for home building, food and clothing compared to the price of electricity for the average family. Next time you hear someone say that government can manage more efficiently than business, point out what a bargain electricity is today — and ask what government function costs 35% less today than it did in 1937.

Important strides have been made by electric light and power companies in meeting the nation's huge power needs. The companies' record of performance shows the fallacy of arguments advanced by those who want the federal government to take over more and more of the electric business. This brief report is brought to you by America's ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*.

LISTEN TO CORLISS ARCHER—new time effective October 3rd—Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.—ABC Network

*Names on request from this magazine

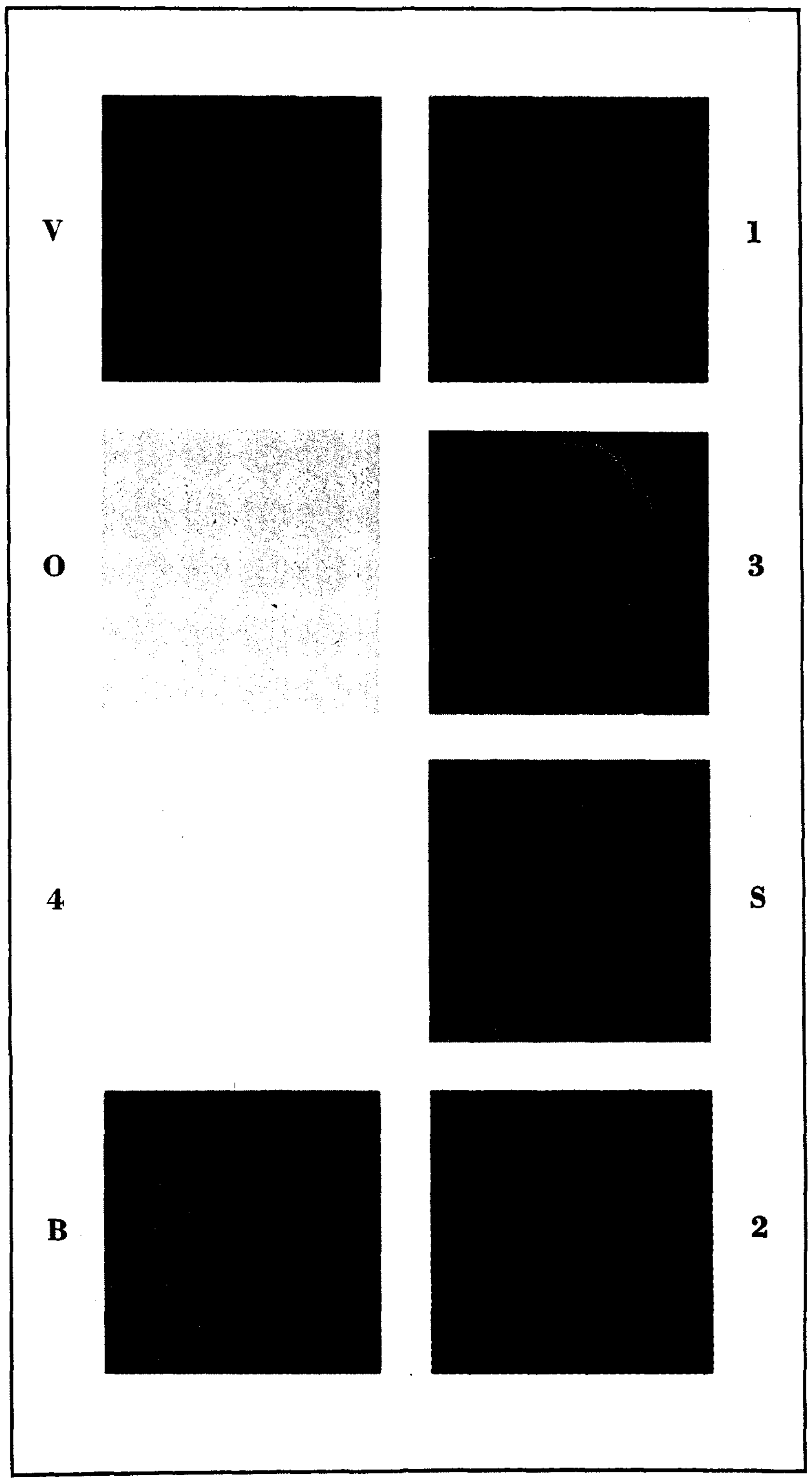
Do You Have a Colorful

The colors you prefer, a famous psychologist says, reveal your innermost self. Try this test and see

SINCE before anybody can remember, meanings have been attached to certain colors: We say, "I'm blue today," or "He turned green with envy." You "see red" when you get angry. A coward is always "yellow," and the villain in a melodrama always is "blackhearted." Women wear white gowns when they are married and black when they are widowed. Most such associations are simply superstitions. But Dr. Max Lüscher, a twenty-eight-year-old Swiss psychologist who has been investigating the place of color in our reactions to life, believes there is a definite link-up between your personality and the colors you like. He spent nine years working out a test, and he says that if you show him the colors you like, he'll tell you all about your character, your professional abilities, your mood, your nervous temperament and your inner conflicts.

For a complete analysis, it would be necessary to choose 43 colors from a group of 73 which Lüscher designates as all-revealing. But you can get a good insight into your essential personality traits by using the eight-color chart, adapted from the Lüscher Test, on this page.

To find out how colors reveal your character, first choose the color you like best and make a note of the corresponding letter or numeral. Then choose a second color you find appealing and record its letter or numeral alongside the first. Now, from the analyses in Lüscher's own language below, find the combination you've selected, and see why you chose the colors you did—and what they mean. If you feel the results fail to size you up correctly, don't get purple with rage. Remember the test is so short it may not give a true-blue sampling of your personality.



O 1 You are reserved; but a deep wish for security and affection hides underneath this exterior calm.

O 2 You pledge yourself only for firm "values" and are extremely careful in making plans.

O 3 You carry out your plans with diplomacy and skill, knowing perfectly what you want.

O 4 You feel a foreboding of disappointment if you let yourself become seriously attached to somebody; so you avoid doing it, even if you want to.

O V You are sensitive, but also touchy; you are skillful in avoiding difficulties and responsibilities.

O B You are greatly affected by disappointment. With all your being you aspire to simplicity, to essentials, to primary causes. Don't hide your head in the sand like an ostrich!

O S You are weighed down by great trouble, which doesn't stop you from being fully conscious of your value and your duties.

1 O Like Sleeping Beauty, you are waiting for love to come to you. Haven't you ever noticed how difficult it is for you to do anything yourself toward the realization of your wishes?

1 2 You seek security and affection but, so doing, you often come up against yourself, which is sometimes irritating. You would certainly be happier if you kept your aspirations more modest and were more generous in granting your affection.

1 3 You have a deep family feeling and feel at ease in a very human and warm society. You seek human, personal and friendly contacts, such as those afforded by love and friendship.

1 4 You take an interest in a great many things and are easy to enthuse; but you often overestimate or underestimate your own possibilities.

1 V Your heart is so generous, so sensitive and often so exalted that you wish neither for attachments nor limitations.

1 B You are faithful and devoted. You feel happy in friendly and comfortable surroundings.

1 S What you expect from love is unrealizable; your desperate and insistent search for perfection cannot change the fact.

2 O For fear of being influenced, you isolate yourself; you look all the more sure of yourself the more unsure you really feel. You would do better to abandon your secret pride.

2 1 You aspire to peace and contemplation, to an open and secure life. That is why you think you will be able to acquire more confidence in yourself by sharing life with an ideal partner.

2 3 You think yourself capable of rising to quite a high position and behaving in an exemplary way therein. You want to carry out your personal plan through the exercise of strict discipline and thanks to dearly bought victories.

2 4 You apply clear intelligence and acute sensibility in observing with a critical eye the high aims you intend to reach. But you must realize that you will find the measure of your own valor only within yourself.

2 V You have a gift for winning over others to your cause and for skillfully making the most of advantages and opportunities.

2 B A disappointed hope has thrown you back on a smaller and more personal circle, where you think you can be your own master.

2 S Why are you often blamed for your obstinacy? Because you are

Personality?

convinced of the undoubted superiority of your own opinions, judgment and plans.

3 O You go at the obstacle with vivacity and impetuosity; but you sometimes lack perseverance.

3 1 In your contacts with others, you are reasonable. You resort to action only after having exhausted every effort to understand "the other side."

3 2 You feel a great wish to accomplish something good and to make progress through useful work.

3 4 Enterprising and full of confidence in the future, you aim, with all your energy, to widen your field of activity.

3 V Although in certain situations you may sometimes lack decision, you generally manage to win through skillfully.

3 B You are firmly rooted in the present and are realistic; you work hard in order to live well. Speculation holds no appeal for you.

3 S You don't tolerate half measures, either for yourself or for others. You eliminate whatever doesn't comply with your despotic will.

4 O You are open to any new ideas. You hope they will help you solve the problems life imposes on you. But your own efforts to overcome your difficulties are too weak.

4 1 You take such a feverish interest in so many things that you must beware of a lack of concentration. But, at heart, you aspire most to find a refuge in love, friendship and family.

4 2 You rarely miss opportunities. You have "second sight" which enables you to discover them and make the most of them.

4 3 There are few men as enterprising as you. But you ought to reflect on your experience more.

4 V You have a gift for winning sympathy and pleasing your friends, because you are generous with your charm and your fine qualities of mind.

4 B You often have to be content with little; you like the company of good friends who will help you to overcome your overeasy "I don't care" attitude.

4 S Instead of going ahead and living, you have a tendency to frustrate your wishes and master your nerves tyrannically, until, without warning, everything explodes and discharges.

B O You seek to exchange your disappointments for the feeling of security offered you by what is simpler, more essential and more tangible.

B 1 You do everything in your power to attach to yourself those you love for fear of losing their sympathy. What you appreciate above all is a pleasant comfort.

B 2 The possession and disposal of material benefits gives you a feeling of security.

B 3 Elementary forces and instincts impel you to live as intensively as possible.

B 4 You like the company of simple and friendly people in whose midst you can forget your disappointments and forget yourself.

B V You feel at ease and secure only within your family or in company.

B S Disappointed, you have turned toward material benefits whose importance you exaggerate.

V O You think you make success more certain by showing agreement, diplomacy and skill; but also by not insisting when circumstances advise against it.

V 1 You have the gift of putting yourself in the place of others and of guessing their feelings; but you expect others to do the same for you.

V 2 You know very well how to act so that others get a good opinion of you. That helps you to overcome the difficulties you meet with while attaining your aspirations.

V 3 You are not afraid of risky enterprises. You probably think you can attain success more easily by unusual routes.

V 4 Are you sure you are still on your feet when you wander around in your dreams and build castles in the air?

V B You really feel in your own element only in the family circle.

V S Don't ruminate upon your disappointments. The world is a better place than you think.

S O The fear of strong emotion makes you take refuge in unchangeable opinions, in an apparently logical representation of the world and in an orderly way of life.

S 1 Feeling a great need for love, you want to force it.

S 2 You believe that your opinion alone is right. That is why you are taxed with impatience so often.

S 3 Like an obscure power, your interior tension impels you to dominate or push aside whatever opposes your will.

S 4 You aspire to adventure, but you are always frustrating that wish. That is why you are apt to let yourself go in sudden and violent actions.

S V Those who succumb to your winning amiability have no idea of your exigencies in the field of love; for you it means the austere and mysterious link that must unite two beings.

S B You prefer to consider only material values, since your disappointments have taught you that spiritual values are but deceiving appearances. ▲▲▲

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER
HERBERT TAREYTON

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

MISS ELIZABETH CROMWELL BOSLEY, noted horsewoman and popular socialite of Maryland's Eastern Shore. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Miss Bosley says: "Like so many of my friends, I prefer mild, cork-tipped Herbert Tareyton."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

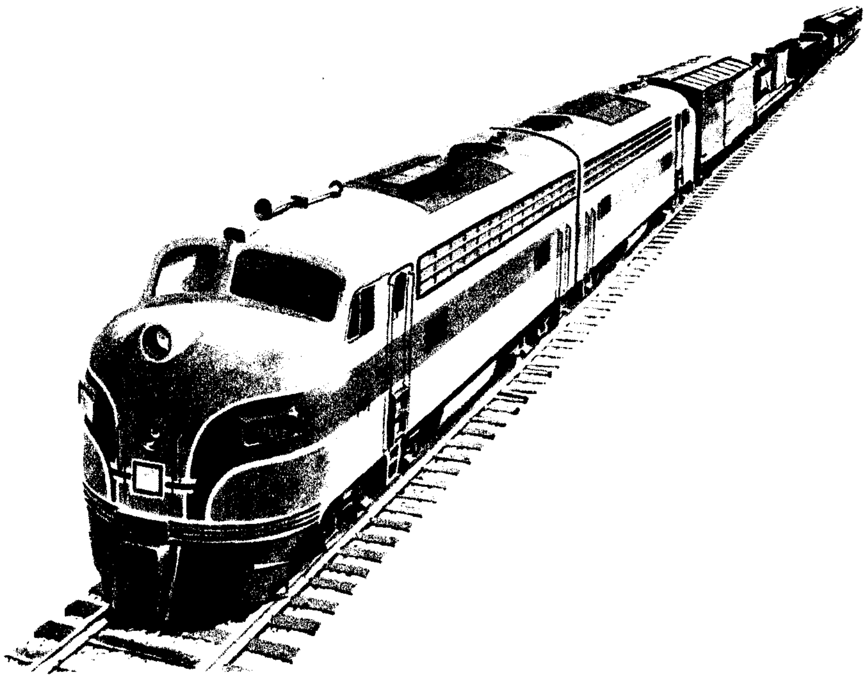
SOME PEOPLE GROW THINGS

SOME PEOPLE MINE THINGS

SOME PEOPLE MAKE THINGS

ALL PEOPLE USE THINGS

...but it takes a lot of transportation to bring people and things together



-and that means railroads!

Most of the food you eat . . . the clothes you wear . . . the raw materials and the finished goods that keep our country prosperous and strong move long distances on the steel highways of America's railroads. And, so efficient and economical is this basic rail transportation, that railroads get *less,* on the average, for hauling a ton of freight a mile than any other form of general transportation!

Here's something else to remember about transportation: *The more freight that is shipped by rail, the less wear and tear there will be on public highways . . . the less taxes you will have to pay to keep these highways repaired . . . and the more room there will be on the highways for you!*

VOTE AS YOU PLEASE BUT VOTE

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

You'll enjoy THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

The Merry Microwave

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

hampered my interest as a cash customer. I have long thought, however, that there ought to be some way that I could get a coast-to-coast ride on the monster for nothing.

And with the help of this trusting youth who has written me, I have finally figured out a way to get aboard.

Here's the plan: I will send all the stuff over to the game, and it will not cost them one cent, exactly as I have promised. So far as this Smith kid or the college will know, I want no publicity whatever.

Of course, purely in the interests of seeing that the thing goes well, I will find out which lions of the larynx will be on the radio and television microphones that afternoon, and inform them most fully just where all these blasted Indians have come from. But I will tell them that this is just for their own information, we want not one mention over the air of our part in it. We're just doing it for the kids.

But. But indeed. The half time at a football game happens to be fifteen minutes. And the fact is that the great program of Indian lore I intend to put on for the folks will take at least forty-five minutes. Result?—a nationally observed hassel the whole country will still be talking about in 1981. I have always wondered at the docility of those half-time entertainers who dutifully march off the field when the clock says scram; I have long been interested in just what would happen if one of those great two-hundred-piece bands, instead of leaving the field when the teams reappeared, should somehow get the bit in its teeth and just go right on clanking up and down the field, blasting away on Glory to the Maize and Burnt Umber. Just what would who do? Well, on the afternoon of October 25, 1952, at Cayuga, New York, the whole country is going to find out.

Because the program, as I envision it, will start fairly slowly, with simple tom-toms and tribal dances; but we shall gather speed as we go, and only as the half is about due to end will we hit our crescendo—the wagon train racing madly around the infield, more mounted Indians pouring in through the tunnel, arrows filling the air like confetti, more mounted Indians pouring in through the tunnel, the besieged wagons starting to burn, more mounted Indians pouring in through the tunnel.

I tell you, no referee could stop it. Even with the help of the police, it will take at least forty-five minutes to get things calmed down.

And I defy any broadcaster or telecaster alive to describe what will be happening out there without turning the whole thing into a forty-five-minute nation-wide commercial for The Iroquois Story. There will just be no other human way to explain it. For months and even years the thing will be refought in the papers and wherever citizens gather. The Battle of Cayuga will take its rightful place in American history beside the battles of Château-Thierry, the Alamo and Bull Run. And we will hurry The Iroquois Story to completion, get it out while the discussion is still raging, and take in so much money that they'll have to build a new bank to store it.

Isn't it a beauty? All we have to do is loudly proclaim our complete innocence, and who can say us nay? We tried to do a little favor for the kids, but nobody had ever attempted before to stage a big movie scene in a football stadium in fifteen minutes, and, well, things just got out of hand.

Possibly now you will admit that I am a genius. George, it's foolproof. All I want you to do is to hustle over to Newport, Rhode Island, where this kid says he's spending the summer, and just make sure that he isn't a demented five-year-old child. If he is indeed Ed Smith, the Cayuga student, we're in. Hurry. I can hardly wait.

Love,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

AFRAID I CAN'T PLAY THIS WEEK, COACH. THE OLD SHOULDER JUST HURTS LIKE SIXTY. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL TERRACE PLAZA
CINCINNATI O

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT I DON'T TAKE CARE OF MY BOYS. GET A NOVOCAIN SHOT IN IT, WRAP IT UP IN PLENTY OF THAT CHEAP TAPE, AND GET IN THERE. COACH REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

DICK, LISTEN TO AN OLDER MAN. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THIS SCHEME IS SO FOOLPROOF THAT I DISTRUST IT COMPLETELY. ANYTHING THIS FOOLPROOF INVARIABLY HAS A HARPOON LURKING IN IT THAT WOULD BRING DOWN A BULL ELEPHANT. AND THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH HAVING THE WHOLE COUNTRY WATCHING IS THAT THEY'RE STILL WATCHING IF YOUR PANTS FALL OFF. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL TERRACE PLAZA
CINCINNATI O

I SHALL WEAR BOTH SUSPENDERS AND A BELT. WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING? RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

NOW, I GUESS. IF THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE. SEIBERT GOING IN FOR FOLLY. GEORGE.

HOTEL VIKING
Newport, Rhode Island
August 12, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I knew it. I tried to tell you, but no. Rush on, you always say. The minute you see a loose noose, you're just not happy till you can get your head in it. In other words—yipe! I have run into a hornets' nest here that would frighten the horse marines.

Let me give it to you a little at time. Are you sitting down? If not, squat. Because this one is going to give you a nasty case of vertigo.

Actually, when you first said that this boy was spending the summer at Newport, my scalp began to prickle. Didn't you realize at all that for over half a century Newport has been a summer haven for the rich, the plush and the powerful?

But let me just give you the facts.

When I got to town this morning, I checked into the hotel, hung up my new brown pants, and called Edward R. Smith.

The phone was answered quite evidently by a butler, and my inner warning bell immediately rang general quarters. I have little confidence in anything that lies behind a butler. "Master Ed is sunning on the float," he said. "Is there any message?"

"No," I said, "just ask him to call me." And hanging up with a clatter, I hurriedly took several aspirins.

Shortly a boy's voice was on the phone—pleasant, youthful, cheery. But the minute I told him my connection with our splendid firm there came a painful silence. Finally he said, "Well, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we've really kicked it."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"You'd better come out," he said. "Dad wants to see you."

So I took a cab. And the houses kept getting bigger and bigger, and finally we came to the Smith residence—a tremendous ocean-front pile of white clapboard.

I walked up the curving drive and rang the bell, wishing fervently that I had a different type of package to deliver. The door was opened by Arthur Treacher in a cutaway. "Master Ed?" he said. "Come this way; he's expecting you." And we went through several halls and various sorts of rooms, ending up out on a tiled porch overlooking the ocean. A tall, blond young man in trunks and a crew haircut peeled himself up off a canvas chaise longue.

"Hi," he said. "Well, we might as well get it over with. Come on up and meet Dad."

And he led me through several miles of house to an upstairs sitting room, where a small, gray-haired man sat at a desk, going over some reports. "Dad," said the boy, "this is Mr. George Seibert, from Federal Pictures. Mr. Reed sent him."

"Sit down," he said. He said it as though he were saying that the funeral would be at two o'clock. "Mr. Seibert," he went on, "as you and Mr. Reed know, I am the head of the Hunt National Bank of New York, which loaned your studio the funds to make The Iroquois Story."

I stiffened like a mackerel hit with a pair of pliers.

"Y-y-you are?" I said. "C-c-congratulations."

"Yes," he said, "I am. And we are not in the habit of loaning the bank's funds in order that several thousand dollars of it should be spent putting on a wild West show for my son's school. This is our first venture into film financing, and I'm not too familiar with how you people operate, but I must say that this is the most ridiculous attempt to curry favor with an investor that has ever come to my attention. Surely your studio has more respect for me than this."

"Mr. Smith," I cried desperately, "it was not in any way an attempt to curry favor with anyone. It was just smart business. The Cayuga–Cadet game on October 25th is to be televised nationally on the microwave, and we thought that by spending this few thousand dollars we could get a million dollars' worth of free publicity for the picture."

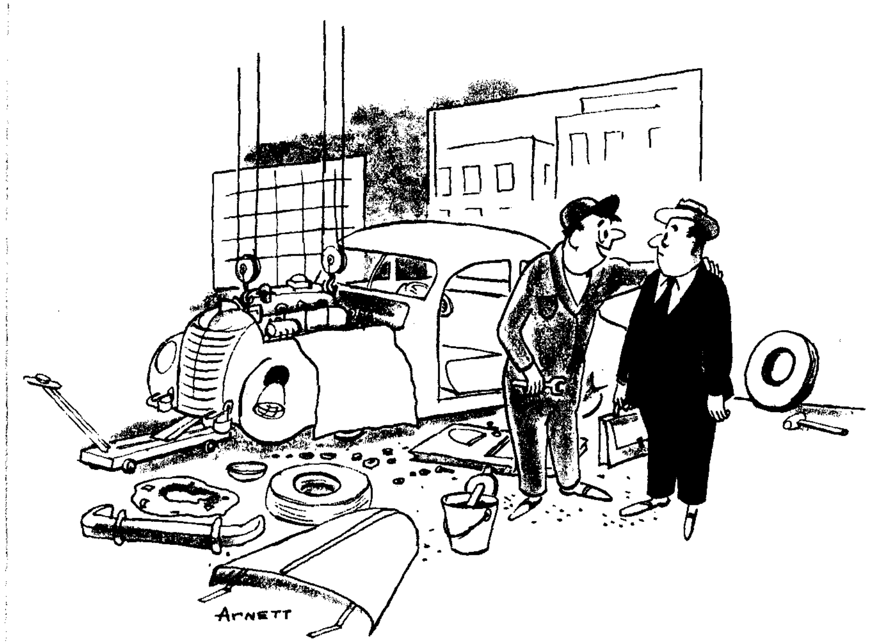
"That is an ingenious explanation," he said, "except that I have Mr. Reed's letter to my son right here, and Mr. Reed says, quote, Even if the game should be broadcast or televised, we ask no mention whatever of our part in it. We are doing what we are doing just for your dear father.

"Dear father indeed," he said. "Furthermore," he went on, looking up at me sadly, "this October 25th game concerning which my son very wrongly wrote to Mr. Reed is, of course, between Cayuga Academy and another small private school, the cadets of Proctor Military Institute. The total attendance will be possibly a thousand, and I assure you that the proceedings will not be televised, nationally or otherwise."

"But don't you see?" I said, "when Ed said the game was between Cayuga and the Cadets, we naturally thought he meant the big Cayuga U.–Army game!"

"Mr. Seibert," he said, "in matters involving several thousand dollars of borrowed funds, it is not considered good business practice to 'naturally think.' It is considered more advisable to know, as I shall inform Mr. Lou Bentley, the head of your studio, by letter as soon as I reach New York." And, rising, he shook hands sorrowfully and left the room.

Leaving me with your great fan, Ed,



COLLIER'S "Well, we finally found that rattle, by gad! You had a marble in the ash tray" ARNETT

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who was looking a little sickly. "Well, it *was* pretty lousy of you," he said, "to use my letter to butter up Dad."

Mortal flesh can stand so much. "You young idiot," I said, "we were just trying to pull one small publicity stunt. We had no idea who your blasted father was."

"Oh, come now," he said. "Everybody knows Dad."

And while I was trying to think up an answer to that, Mr. Treacher showed me to the door.

Just what is my next move to be in carrying out this foolproof scheme?

Love,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL VIKING NEWPORT RI

YOUR NEXT MOVE IS TO DO JUST WHAT YOU WERE TOLD. IF THIS SMITH KID HAS FOULED OUT ON US, FORGET HIM. NUTS TO HIM. THERE ARE A LOT OF OTHER KIDS WHO GO TO CAYUGA. GET UP THERE AND SOMEHOW ARRANGE FOR US TO BE IN ON THAT HALF TIME. AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME. WHEN I NEED YOU TO DO MY WORRYING I'LL LET YOU KNOW. RICHARD L. REED.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL VIKING NEWPORT RI

OH MY GOD, I JUST NOTICED THE REST OF YOUR LETTER TELLING ABOUT ED'S FATHER. GOOD LORD, GEORGE, WHAT WILL WE DO? DO SOMETHING, QUICK. NO, DON'T DO ANYTHING. WAIT RIGHT THERE FOR IMPORTANT AIR MAIL SPECIAL. GRACIOUS GOODNESS, LET'S SEE, LET'S SEE. DICK.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

August 14, 1952
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Viking
Newport, Rhode Island

Dear George:

Whew. Please pardon that first brash wire. How shortsighted of me. But when I first glanced at your letter this morning I was a little busy.

So I read just enough of your dull narrative to see that you had evidently struck a snag, and biffed off the wire—just to pep you up a little, till I could have maybe three uninterrupted seconds to give your problems proper attention.

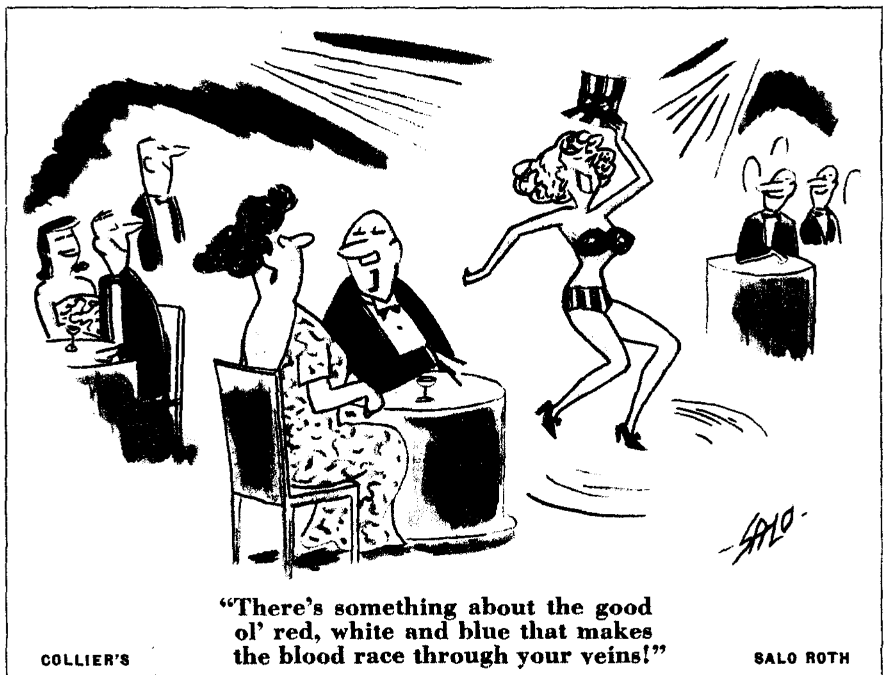
Which I have just had. I have just read your letter in full, and have of course fallen back stabbed. By God, George, there ought to be a law in this country making it illegal for anyone of any prominence to be named Smith.

Anyway, Smith it is, and I am only glad that at this moment I don't possess a pistol—I would be inclined to shoot myself right through the pumpkin. I've tried to lead a good, Christian life, but I'll tell you there are times when a man wonders if it pays. There are I don't know how many million kids in this country, there are millions of people named Smith, but the *one* kid named Smith who would write me would have to be the son of the Smith who put up the money for The Iroquois Story. The fact that that's the only reason he ever wrote me in the first place, having no doubt seen my name on one of our letterheads on his old man's desk, is beside the point. I still say that some other boy in this country could write me a letter now and then.

Anyway, we've naturally got to do something, and quick, or we're dead. The way things have been going out here lately, bankers willing to unburden themselves of a million cash dollars to make a motion picture have been getting less plentiful. Several of them have had their tail feathers singed and have returned in some haste to the mortgage business. We were therefore expecting great things of our newly found Mr. Edward R. Smith and his beautiful passkey to the Hunt National Bank. As soon as we made him a little profit on The Iroquois Story, we were intending to tap him for all sorts of major and minor expenses.

The fact that I have contrived to derail him will therefore cause no more consternation around here than if I had carelessly burned down the studio. In fact, the moment Lou Bentley reads that letter from Mr. Smith, southern California will have its own first atomic explosion, and South America will get a new tourist—me.

Which gives us only three days to save the farm. Because at great personal expense I have bribed Bentley's secretary to mislay for three days any letter whatever that comes in from the Hunt National Bank. After that, she said regretfully, she will naturally have



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• Greater power for heavy mixing jobs!
• New color design!
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TRIPLE-WHIP MIXER

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New Beater-release lets you remove the beaters without the usual tug-of-war. Just reverse the Speed-selector knob, and the beaters slide out easily!

Greater power for heavy mixing jobs. Whatever the mixing assignment is—from light soufflés and whip-desserts to heavy cookie doughs—there'll be power to spare!

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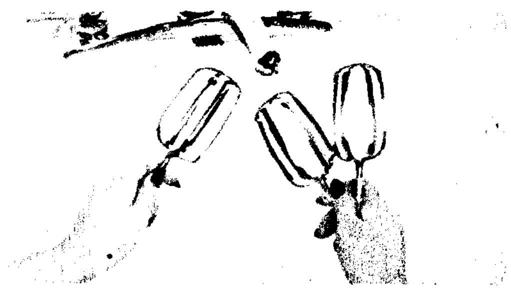
You get a two- and four-quart bowl with every mixer—plus a handy, efficient juicer! And—if you want—there's a food-chopper available, at nominal cost, that takes over a whole variety of manual dicing and slicing jobs. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Speed Selector—with twelve tested mixing speeds—is at your finger tips—to deliver the right power for the job you're doing.



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Your grocer is now offering finer-flavored Maine Sardines in single, 3, 6 and 12-can combinations at new lower prices.

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Maine Sardines are a wholesome, inexpensive food. They contain as much protein as beef. Maine Sardines are an excellent source of Vitamin D and of iodine and essential amino acids. They contain twice as much lime as fresh milk.

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THE LOW COST HIGH PROTEIN FOOD

to produce it, even if it means the chair for me.

So I've got to do something pretty brilliant right away to get this Smith back on the team; and the trouble is I can't find anybody here who's ever even seen him. So the minute you get this, wire me the fullest possible dope on him, including his taste in yachts, and whether there's any chance at all that a blonde could be used to advantage.

As ever,
Dick.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL VIKING NEWPORT RI

GEORGE, ANSWER ME! BY GOD, IF YOU'VE GONE OFF UP THERE TO THAT FOOL CAYUGA, JUST BECAUSE I TOLD YOU TO, I'LL FIRE YOU, SO HELP ME. RICHARD L. REED.

New York, N.Y.
August 15, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Just a quick note to tell you I'm not at Newport, so don't bother to wire me there. And don't bother to try to find me here, either. I need no cops or other assistants. I'm on the trail of something big; just give me till tomorrow noon, and I'm apt to have this whole thing under control.

When I got your wild telegram ordering me to waste precious time fiddling around up there at Cayuga, I realized that you had somehow failed to grasp the facts. The problem was no longer how to participate at a football game, it was how to get Mr. Edward R. Smith back on our side with the least possible delay. I therefore decided to institute independent action, in order to save you from yourself.

Well, what most impresses a banker? Money. I would therefore have to drop everything and hurriedly make several million dollars in order to show this Smith that we were not dolts.

So I packed up in great haste and rushed down here to New York. And in a matter of minutes my worst fears were realized. Every football game to go on the microwave this fall had already been bought by the Arctic Refrigerator people, and there was thus no chance whatever to do what I had in mind, a positively brilliant business maneuver which I will not bother to go into at this time.

Because suddenly I had a truly historic thought. They had bought the games, yes, but did this necessarily mean that they had also bought the half times? Is the half time, in other words, actually part of a football game? The sponsor of a game doesn't have the right to televise the practice sessions; perhaps, if the truth were known, neither did they have any right to the half time! Perhaps I could *purchase* the half times for all the microwave football games and resell them to different sponsors at a whacking profit.

The reception to my idea was mixed. It was certainly an interesting idea, said the network officials. It was certainly true that other sports events, such as wrestling matches, had so many sponsors that they often barely escaped praising one another's products. And it was certainly true that a football game gave any one sponsor an ungodly amount of time on the microwave. Yes, it was a very interesting idea.

But then their eyes lost their luster. No, they said, it can't be done. But if it could . . .

That's when I took the plunge. For a certain sum, which I shall not disclose at the moment, I have bought an option—a completely blind option—on the microwave half times. If a full meeting of the interested parties at nine tomorrow morning determines that the half times are separately for sale, they're mine—I mean ours—and we will proceed to clean up a positive barrel of money.

Which can't very well help but resell Mr. Smith on us. Smart lads, he will say; smart lads all. And he will not only lend the studio anything we want from now on, he will also no doubt demand that you and I get a richly deserved raise. I'll wire you the good news tomorrow.

As ever,
George.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? THEY RULED AGAINST ME! THEY SAY THE SPONSOR OF THE GAME DOES HAVE THE RIGHT TO THE HALF TIME TOO. IT'S NOT ONLY RIDICULOUS, IT'S A CRUSHING BLOW. PARTICULARLY SINCE I BORROWED THE THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PAY FOR THE OPTION FROM MR. SMITH'S SON ED. THERE WAS JUST NOWHERE ELSE TO GET IT AT THE MOMENT. HE'S TREASURER OF HIS CLASS AT SCHOOL, AND IT WAS SOME MONEY THEY'VE BEEN GETTING TOGETHER FOR THE NEW BLEACHERS. I FOOLISHLY ASSURED HIM WE WOULD MAKE A TERRIFIC PROFIT. BUT DON'T WORRY. I GOT US INTO THIS, AND I'LL GET US OUT. JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE GOING. LOVE.
GEORGE.

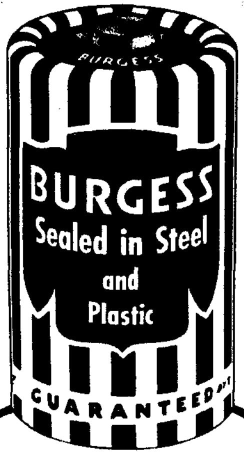
EDWARD R. SMITH
HUNT NATIONAL BANK
NEW YORK NY

MR. SMITH, I'VE NEVER MET YOU, BUT YOU MUST THINK THAT I'M THE BIGGEST KNUCKLEHEAD THIS SIDE OF WASHINGTON. I AGREE. BUT AS I GO DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. THIS IS A PRETTY COCKEYED BUSINESS, AND WE DO SOME PRETTY COCKEYED THINGS. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT EVERY SINGLE THING I HAVE DONE THIS WEEK HAS BEEN FOR WHAT I SINCERELY THOUGHT WAS THE GOOD OF THIS STUDIO. BUT I MISSED, AND THAT'S THAT. I IN NO WAY BLAME YOU. IF I EVER GET OUT OF JAIL AFTER MURDERING THAT GEORGE I'D LIKE TO MEET YOU SOMETIME. REGARDS.
RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR WIRE. BUT WHAT DID YOU MEAN ABOUT MURDERING GEORGE? MY ONLY DISPLEASURE WITH GEORGE IS THAT HE HAS JUST TURNED DOWN MY OFFER OF AN EXECUTIVE POST WITH THE BANK. WE COULD CERTAINLY USE A YOUNG MAN WITH HIS HONESTY, INITIATIVE AND SOUND BUSINESS JUDGMENT. ANYWAY, MY WARMEST REGARDS TO MR. LOU BENTLEY, THE FORTUNATE EMPLOYER OF YOU TWO FINE MEN. YOURS, SIR. EDWARD R. SMITH.

For Discriminating Users



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HOTEL STATLER
New York, New York
August 16th, 1952
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. Whew.

In the first place, I didn't sleep well last night. Up and down the night long like a monkey in an elevator. But a little after five, when I was up drinking my seven-hundredth glass of water, it suddenly came to me. Why, of course.

And hurriedly sleeping another hour, I was up sharply at six, fit as a fiddle, and shortly off across town. In fact, right on west across the Hudson River, to Hoboken, New Jersey. To the tremendous clanking nest of the Arctic Refrigerator Company.

By nine I was closeted with Mr. Barton, their advertising manager, and by nine thirty the Arctic Refrigerator Company was mine. Or rather the part of it I was interested in, which was the half times at their forthcoming microwave football games. I simply showed Mr. Barton that the reason the half times were thrown in with the games in the first place was that they were evidently of no value. "Do you think for one minute," I asked, "that the network would give you that extra fifteen minutes at half time if they thought they could sell it to anybody?" "No," he said, "I guess they wouldn't."

"Indeed, they wouldn't," I cried. "It's a plain case of their making a great show of giving you something that actually isn't worth a nickel."

"The hounds," said Mr. Barton.

"Hounds all," I said, nodding sagely. "What does *anybody* do during the half time of a televised football game? They go out and change the hose, they make sandwiches—"

"Well, they're foolish," said Mr. Barton. "They could get in a short nap during the half time. I always do."

"Exactly!" I said. "I tell you, to the advertiser the half time is worthless.

"However," I said, "I might consider taking it off your hands. Federal Pictures is interested in trying a little experiment. We will therefore actually buy this useless half time for, say a hundred dollars a game, just so that we can try something."

"Make it five thousand a game," said Mr. Barton.

"Three thousand," I said.

"Four thousand," said Mr. Barton; and since time was short I said okay. We composed a short memorandum covering the eight games, and we both signed—though I had no idea where I was to get thirty-two thousand dollars.

"See you later," I said. "I'll call you when to meet me at the bank." And out I rushed—back across the river, and back across town to the network.

There I waved the memorandum as though it were Fourth of July. All right, gentlemen, I said, I now own the half times; they are mine to do with as I see fit, and what I see fit to do is to resell them at a handsome profit to the Antarctic Refrigerator Company, which I understand is a bitter rival of the Arctic Refrigerator Company; we intend to help them put on a really interesting fifteen-minute program each half time, also telling the folks about their fine Antarctic iceboxes.

"Oh, no!" cried the network officials. "Mr. Barton would murder us."

"Yes," I said, "I can see that he might. I therefore have one final compromise offer. By great good fortune I've managed to purchase these half times from Mr. Barton for the paltry sum of four thousand dollars a game. Or, as arithmetic will have it, thirty-two thousand for the eight games. Now, if you will pay this trifling sum to Mr. Barton, and also return that three thousand you practically stole earlier in the negotiations, I will agree not to use these half times in any way that will embitter your fine client, Mr. Barton. I will of course still own the half times, but we will use them only for dignified advertising for various of our forthcoming splendid motion pictures, which can only give Mr. Barton an even dandier show for his money. And after we help you get the public used to the perfectly logical idea of having a different sponsor on during the half time, by next fall you can sell these half times and just coin money."

"What I would like to do," said one of the officials, "is to call the police. But since you seem to have us over a barrel, I'll sign." Which he did.

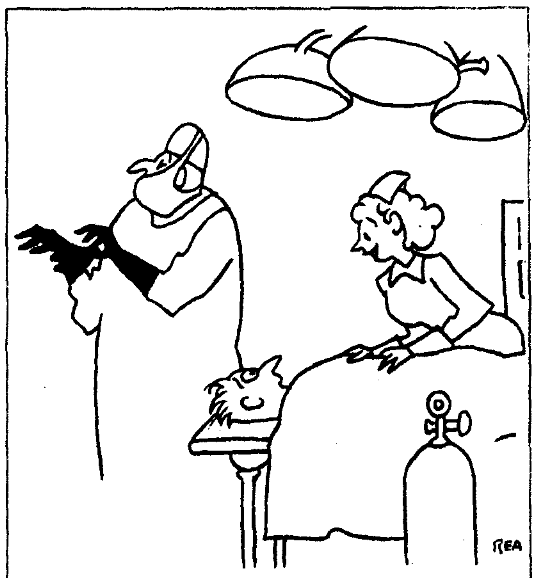
And within the hour I had returned the bleacher money to young Ed in full, and had called upon his father at the bank and informed him of our fine scoop. And fine it is. Because now instead of your having one free ride on the microwave you will have eight, to do with as you calmly will. You can not only sell The Iroquois Story during the real Cayuga–Army game, you can sell seven other future pictures during the seven other games. Mr. Smith thought this was a splendid improvement. Perhaps if I hurried, he said, I could still get in on the financing of some of those other pictures.

"I'm sure Mr. Reed could arrange it," I said. "He is a real power at that studio." And, shaking hands cordially, I left, first synchronizing our watches so that we could meet promptly later for the drive up to Newport, where I have accepted his kind invitation for the week end.

Because during the week end I can no doubt give Ed a few little ideas to help him win that pewter cup. And that is what we started out to do in the first place.

As ever,
George.

▲▲▲



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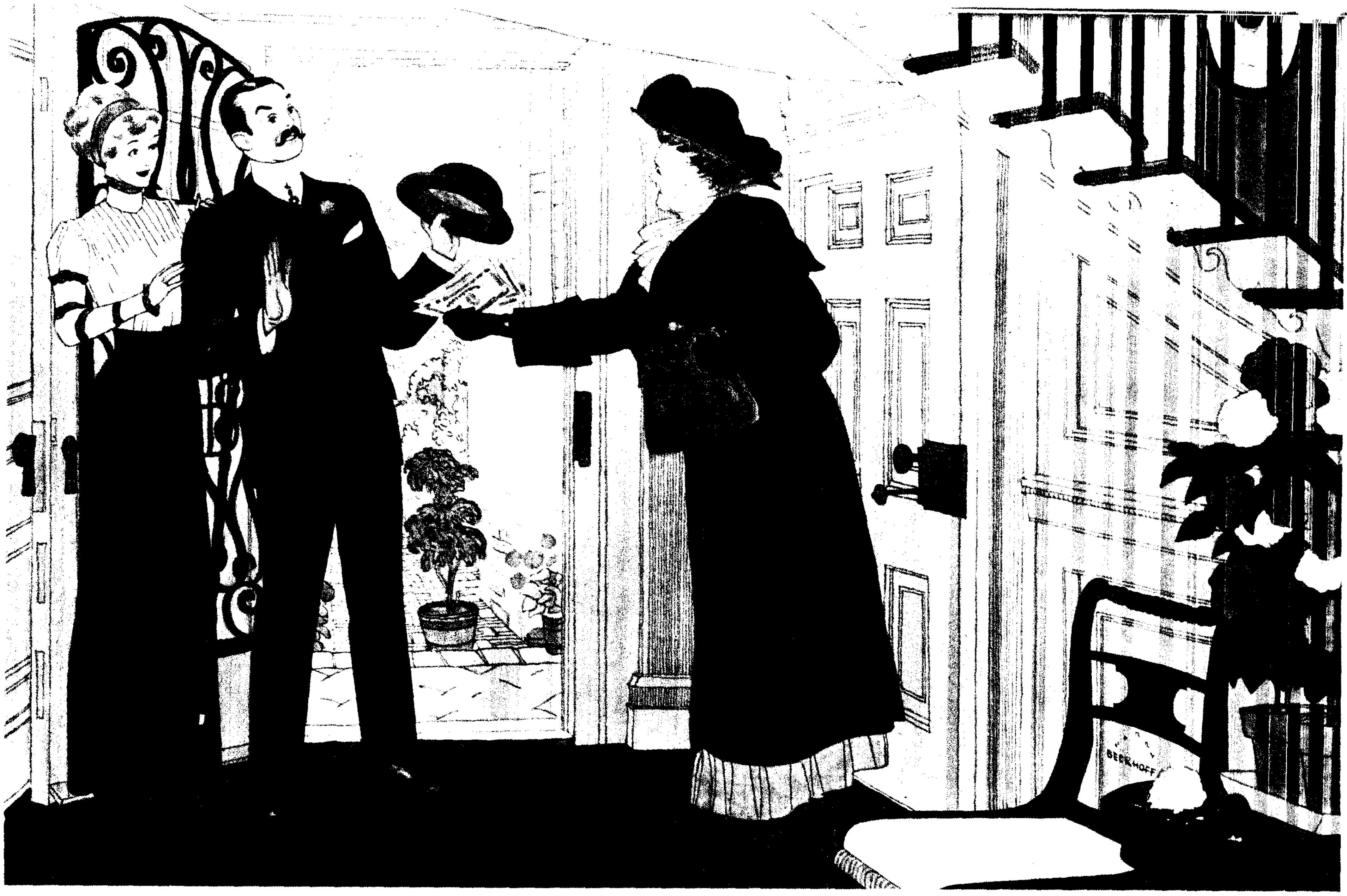

Miss Julie shook her head in her obstinate way. "No, take it," she insisted, holding out the packet of bills, "seventy-five dollars"

Their Money's Worth

By ROBERT MOLLOY

After all, the indomitable Miss Julie told herself, charity begins at home. Her son-in-law had to agree, but his question was: Where does charity end?

IN THE warm glow of the late autumn sunshine, Miss Julie Gerard surveyed the O'Donnells' garden approvingly. She inspected the neat flower beds, the immaculate walks and the sturdy annuals of her son-in-law's Charleston garden, and found them all gratifying—particularly since none of this beauty had been achieved at her expense. Miss Julie was generous, but she was also thrifty.

She strolled over for a closer inspection of the rosebushes planted by her late husband. Her attention thus drawn to his memory, she once more recalled, with a touch of concern, that she had not yet made her seasonal investigation of the condition of his Confederate uniform and his second-best black suit. Both relics had been exposed to possible damage by moths, which had been especially bad that year, 1912.

"I must see about them," Miss Julie murmured.

She leaned over to pull a single weed which had eluded the gardener. As she did so, something struck the back of her hand gently and lay there in the dirt. Startled, Miss Julie picked up the enameled pin, made sure that its diamond-dewdrop center had not fallen out, and wiped the gem carefully with her apron. "Drat it," she grumbled, "I told that jeweler to fix the catch. But I suppose he was too busy trying to get me to sell it to him to pay any attention to his job. It'll be a red-letter day when I sell it to him or to anybody else," the old lady continued grumpily.

Carefully attaching the pin to the neck of her black shirtwaist, Miss Julie was about to go and have a look at those clothes in the attic when—life being full of petty coincidences—she spied Queenie, who cooked for her cousins, the Lemays, coming in at the gate.

Not without a pang of regret, Miss Julie remembered that she had several times voluntarily promised that black suit to Queenie, who took care of an elderly, ailing and diminutive father. As this father had been a small boy in the house of Miss Julie's father in the good old days in Charleston, there was a matter of *noblesse oblige* involved. Miss Julie sighed.

Queenie bobbed with respectful friendliness and hoped Miss Julie was well. Miss Julie acknowledged the greeting pleasantly.

"How are you, Queenie? And how is your father?"

Queenie's features lost their bright look for a moment. "I'm so-so, ma'am, and I thank you," she replied. "Pa—he's jist about the same."

Miss Julie nodded sympathetically. "You tell him to keep warm," she advised. "Especially his feet and his back."

Queenie nodded. She spent a moment or two in polite small talk and admiration of the "gyarden," and then, etiquette satisfied, she got down to business.

"Pa's set on goin' to New York on the *excursion*," she announced.

"New York?" Miss Julie echoed. She was slightly deaf and she wanted reassurance. "New York?"

"He say it's the last chance he'll ever have to go," Queenie explained. "I save the money for the ticket. Now Pa say he won't go in no shabby clothes." She did not, in actual words, remind Miss Julie of her promise, but her expression did.

Miss Julie sighed, and yielded to duty. The greatest of these, she reminded herself, is charity;

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it was just that she'd grown attached to keeping that old suit of Andrew's. "Let's go up to the attic and see how that black suit of Mr. Sharp's is doing," she suggested.

Alas, the good wool of that black broadcloth suit had been only too tempting. The Confederate uniform was intact, but the black suit was speckled with little ragged moth holes. The two women stared at it helplessly.

"I'm sorry, child," Miss Julie said, and she was genuinely so, now that she'd got rid of that first selfish impulse. "Tch, tch. Look at that." And she poked a finger at one of the biggest of the moth holes. "Did you ask Mr. Lemay—?" she began, looking at the obviously disappointed Queenie. But Miss Julie instantly realized that this was a silly question, for Mr. Lemay, though his clothes would have fitted Queenie's little father perfectly, did not have anything good enough to give away—not even the clothes he actually wore.

"Oh, no, of course not," Miss Julie resumed. "Well, Queenie, I'm sorry to disappoint you. But tell your father I'll look around and see if I can find something. Did you look in the shops up King Street?"

"Yes, ma'am. But Pa don't want none of that new shoddy. He want a real good hand-me-down."

"Naturally," Miss Julie said approvingly. "All right, I'll see what I can do. You tell your father not to be concerned."

SHE did not return to the garden, but devoted herself forthwith to pondering the best source of a black suit, good enough to wear, that the owner would be willing to part with. The field was narrow. Most Charleston gentlemen of her acquaintance wore their black suits until the material was no longer black, but green; and, furthermore, she could think of no men as small as Queenie's father except her late husband, whose contribution had been disqualified by the moths, and Mr. Lemay, already ruled out on grounds of honorable poverty.

The situation was a baffling one, and Miss Julie was beginning to despair, when suddenly the idea occurred to her that, of course, suits could be altered to fit. Why hadn't she remembered that before?

No longer restricted to small men, Miss Julie, who was nothing if not logical, immediately fixed on her son-in-law, Henry O'Donnell. The selection, she thought with satisfaction, had everything in its favor. Henry had lots of clothes, being proud of his appearance. He was, if properly approached, a good prospect for any charity. And he was right there at home, and that was where charity began, Miss Julie said to herself, resorting as usual to a proverb.

As she ate an excellent midday dinner and chatted with her daughter, Annette, and her grandchildren, she now and then glanced at her unknowing collaborator in good works. He seemed in a good mood. She knew Henry could be formidable if crossed, and she hoped nothing would occur to disturb his peace until she was done with him.

Happily, everything went well, and Miss Julie felt fairly confident, as Henry settled down in the Morris chair for his afternoon siesta. Having decided upon the direct approach, she faced her son-in-law boldly.

"Henry," she said, "I've got a worthy use for a black broadcloth suit, if there's one you don't need any more."

There was a brief silence. Henry, although exceedingly charitable, was wary of such appeals. "I haven't any suit to give away," he said quickly.

Undaunted, Miss Julie went on. "Queenie's father, old Simmons—"

"My suit for old Simmons!" Henry exclaimed. "What does he want to do? Make a tent?"

MISS JULIE couldn't help smiling. "The poor little old soul has his heart set on going on an excursion to New York," she explained, "and he won't go unless he has a good black suit."

"Why don't you give him that old one of Mr. Sharp's?" Henry inquired. "My second-best one is practically as good as new."

"I was going to," Miss Julie said, "but I found the moths had got into it."

"I told you so," Henry said, a suggestion of triumph in his tone. "I told you the moths would get everything in that attic, sooner or later."

Miss Julie frowned. She did not like Henry to be right. But she struggled to overcome her personal emotions for the sake of a good cause. "Yes, you were right, Henry," she admitted. Then she sighed. "Oh, well, I suppose the poor little old man will have to give up his trip. And he'll never live to go on another, most likely."

A good psychologist when she was in form, Miss Julie reasoned that a man who had been known to give his overcoat to a strange beggar was not going to balk at helping out a pathetic little piece of ailing humanity like Queenie's father; and she saw instantly that she

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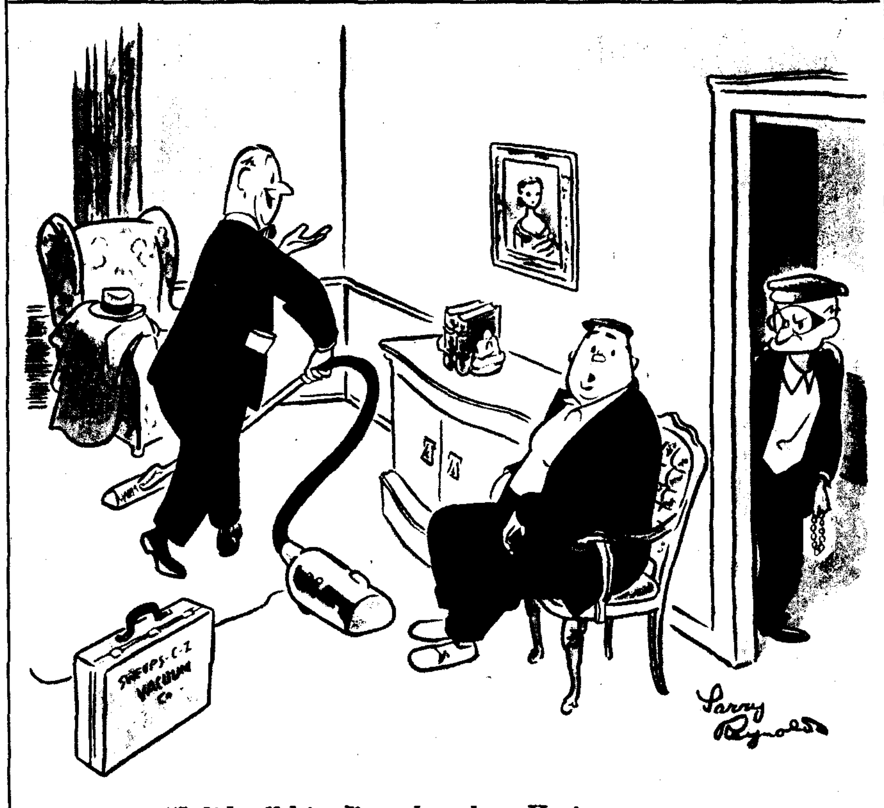
Don't scoff at flying saucers if you see them,
No matter what the Air Force has to say:
Their attitude is jocular,
But through a strong binocular
They scrutinize each disk that comes their way.
In fact, they now are sending interceptors
To chase the very things that they dispute:
An object may be laughable,
But when it's photographable
It's something that is real enough to shoot.

But no, let's not be beastly to the Martians!
(We safely may assume they come from Mars.)
It would certainly be folly
To provoke a hostile volley
From a planet more intelligent than ours.
And we also would be acting very rudely
To these creatures with the elongated dome:
If they're capable of landing,
Let's have no misunderstanding—
Let us make our little visitors at home!

The Martian may look green and somewhat eerie;
His body may assume peculiar shapes;
But I trust we won't be caddish
To this bifurcated radish
And offend him with derogatory japes.
Let's be careful what we say about those saucers,
For the Martian may be proud of them, you see.
If our fliers ever catch them,
Let's get out the cups to match them
And invite the little monsters in for tea.

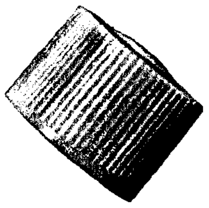
—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

BUTCH



"I did tell him I'm a burglar. He just chuckles and goes on demonstratin' "

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



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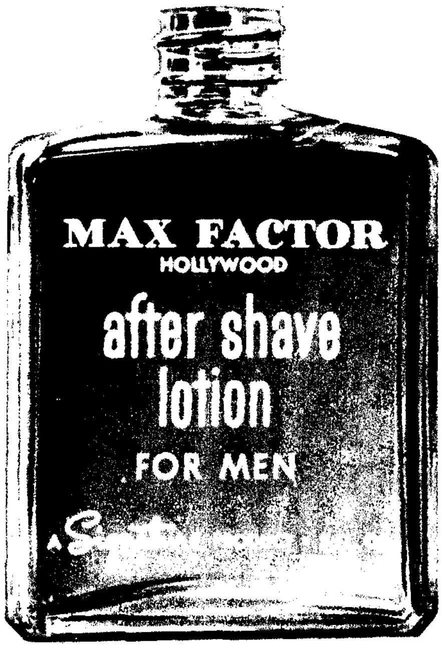

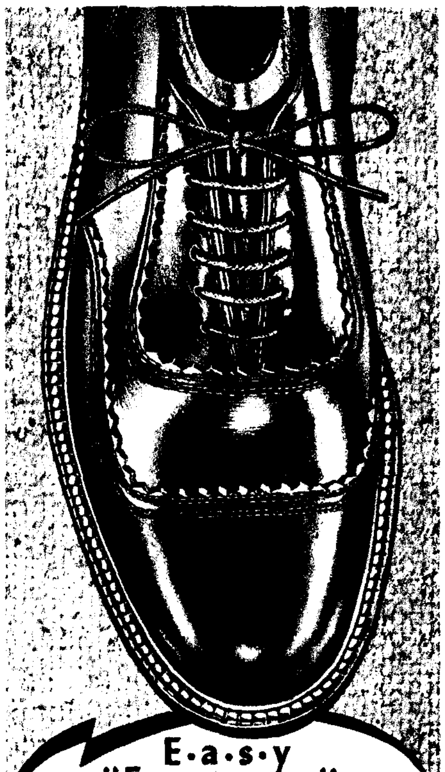

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had touched Henry on his tender spot.

"No, he won't have to give up his trip!" Henry roared, his face red with charitable indignation. "Give him my second-best broadcloth. It's in the cedar closet."

"Bread cast upon the waters—" Miss Julie said approvingly.

But Henry did not seem to hear. He had leaned back in the Morris chair and closed his eyes.

Understanding that the audience was at an end, she tiptoed out.

Although she knew there was small risk of Henry's changing his mind, Miss Julie went right to work. But she found Annette in a hurry to go out on a mission of her own.

"You can get the suit, Mama," she told Miss Julie. "The one next to the navy blue."

Miss Julie nodded. She went to the cedar closet in the master bedroom and carefully took the suit to the left of the navy-blue one. She laid it out on her bed to wrap it, and she thought that it looked very good indeed, considering. It almost seems like a shame to cut it up, she thought.

When Queenie appeared in answer to her summons, Miss Julie was careful to inform her that the gift was really from Mr. O'Donnell. She added, with magnificent understatement: "You'll have to have it taken in a bit."

A FEW days after that, the first chill in the air brought out roller skates and heavier clothes. Annette O'Donnell, looking over the family wardrobe, had naturally begun with Henry's various suits and coats. She took the dark gray from the cedar closet and shook it out. She did the same for the dress suit and the pin stripe and the navy blue. She got out the black broadcloth, shook out the camphor flakes and laid the suit on the bed next to the others. She looked through the gray and the pin stripe for loose buttons or signs of moths. Then, taking up the black broadcloth, she opened the jacket. And as she did so, a little cry of alarm broke from her, and she rushed to Miss Julie's room.

Miss Julie, whose blood was thin, was sitting by the gas heater and, unmindful of the risk she ran, was busily swabbing a pair of black gloves with naphtha. She looked up brightly.

"Mama," Annette inquired in a shaky voice, "you know that suit Henry told you to take?"

Miss Julie nodded. "That's right. I expect poor old Simmons has it all ready by now," she said.

Annette groaned, but Miss Julie did not hear that. "When you took it, Mama," Annette asked, loudly and clearly, "which one did you take?"

Miss Julie scented trouble. "The one you told me," she said stoutly. "The one next to the navy blue."

ANNETTE groaned. "Oh, Ma, which side of the navy blue?" She looked at her mother with horrified eyes. "You took Henry's good suit!"

Miss Julie dropped the glove she was cleaning. "Henry's good suit?"

"Yes, his good suit."

"Dear me," Miss Julie said. "In for a penny, in for a pound. Of course, you didn't tell me very carefully."

"There was a black suit on either side," Annette admitted, "but the thing is, not which of us made the mistake," she said as calmly as she could, "but what's to be done."

Miss Julie nodded glumly. "I suppose Henry will be put out," she remarked.

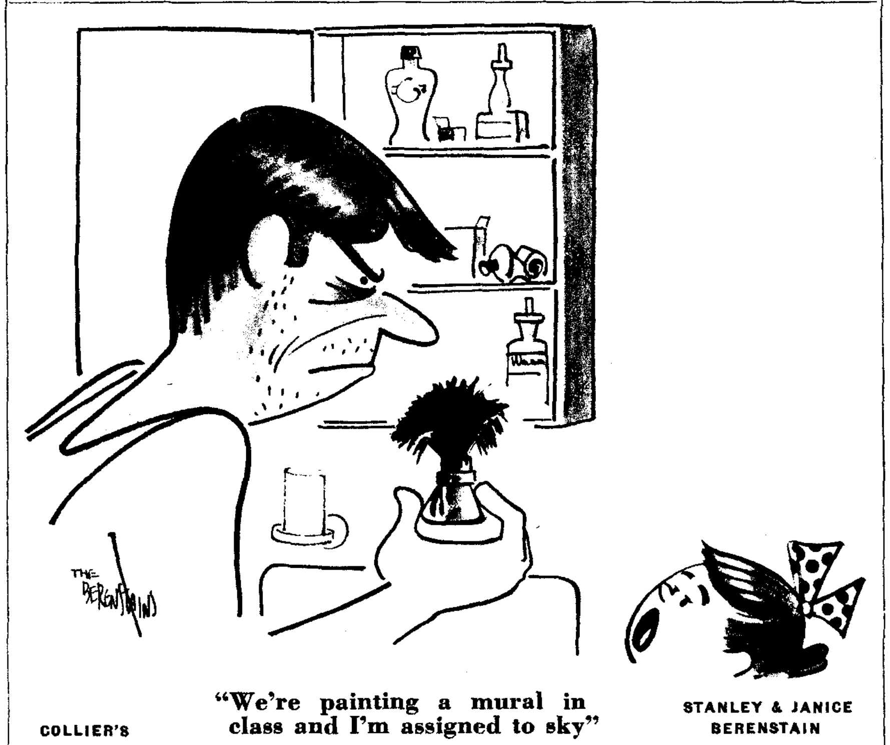
"I should say he'll be put out. And worse than that. That suit hadn't been off the hanger half a dozen times."

"Well, child," Miss Julie said, "I guess there's nothing to do but face the music. My heavenly fathers! Of course it's too late now to do anything about getting the suit back. It must be all cut up by now, anyway. I might go over to Clara's on the island for a couple of weeks," she suggested, her courage temporarily failing. "No, no, that won't do. I'll find some way to make it right with Henry. Just don't tell him until he's had his after-dinner nap. I'll think of something."

"Ma," Annette said, looking very doubtful, "Henry had the cloth imported for that suit. He had it made to order and it cost him seventy-five dollars. He's going to raise the roof."

Miss Julie shook her head dolefully at this understatement. "Seventy-five dollars for a suit!" she moaned. "Why,

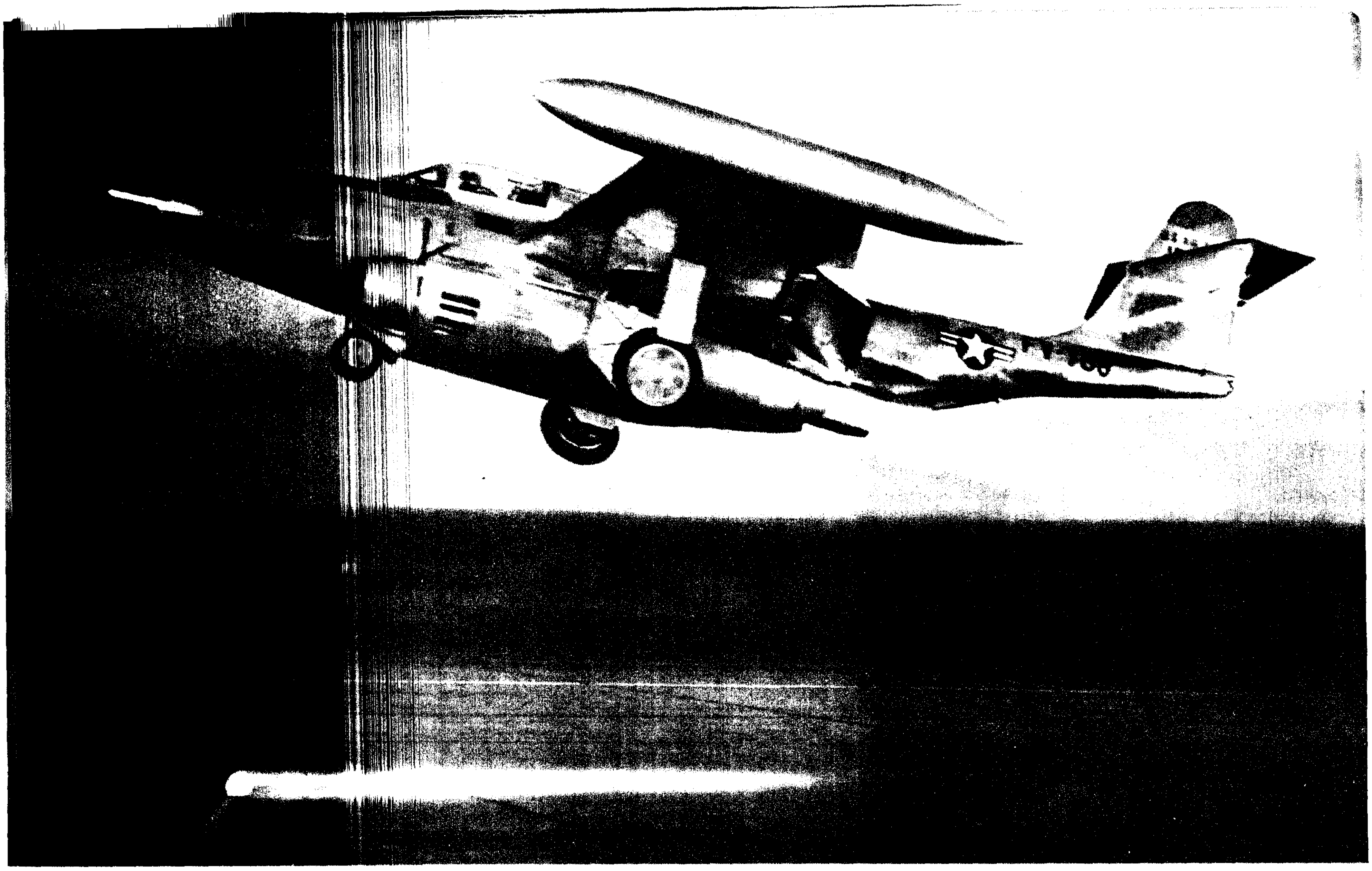
SISTER



COLLIER'S

"We're painting a mural in class and I'm assigned to sky"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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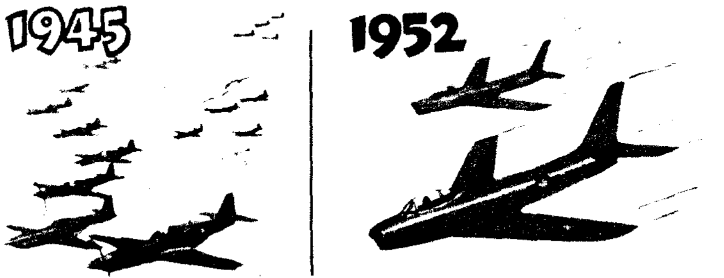
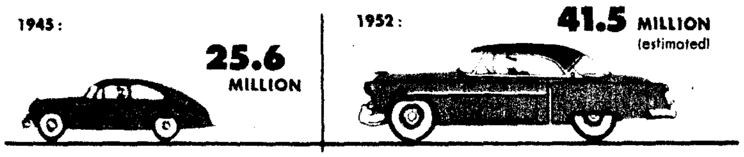


2 JET FIGHTERS NOW USE AS MUCH FUEL AS AN ENTIRE WORLD WAR II FIGHTER SQUADRON FLYING THE SAME MISSION.



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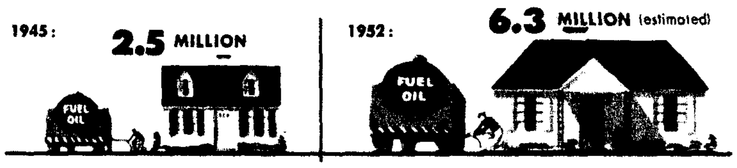

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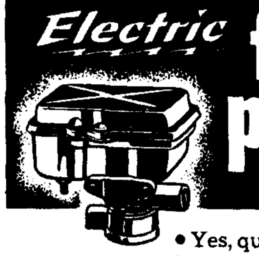

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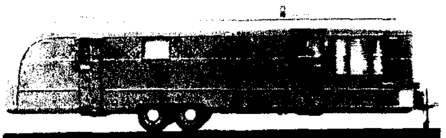

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that's sinful! He ought to be punished for such extravagance."

Annette shrugged. "Extravagance or not, that's what it cost."

"Well, I'll find some way to make it good," Miss Julie said, miserably. "Just remember, not a word to Henry until he's had his dinner and nap."

"But how—"

Miss Julie waved her hand. "The Lord will provide," she said.

Left to herself, however, she could think of no easy way out of the difficulty. Annette had been in a hurry and it was partly her fault. Nevertheless, Miss Julie felt responsible. In a last attempt to divide the blame, she thought that no tailor in his right mind would have made such a radical alteration in a brand-new suit. But Queenie and her father were models of uprightness, and their possession of the suit or their order to cut it down would not have been questioned.

Miss Julie knew that her savings would not take care of the loss, and she had no other resources.

Reluctantly, her hand stole up to the enameled pin at her neck. She loosened the catch, held the pin in her hand and looked at it. It was a lovely piece of enameling: the green leaf and the violet looked quite real, and the small but very choice diamond sparkled just like a dewdrop on a sunny morning. The jeweler had offered sixty dollars for it, and Miss Julie, no bad bargainer herself, was confident of her ability to bring the bid up to at least seventy-five.

On the one hand was the consideration that the pin had been her father's last gift to her. On the other hand there was her responsibility for the loss of that suit and, not to be sneezed at, the duck fit Henry was sure to have when he found out.

Miss Julie brushed impatiently at her eyes with the back of her hand. She took a piece of chamois, burnished the jewel to make it look its best and wrapped it carefully.

"Bread cast upon the waters," she said bitterly.

TEN minutes of two, the time of Henry's daily arrival for dinner, found Annette at a downstairs window and Miss Julie at the corresponding upstairs one, like watchers at a fort. Once the enemy was admitted, there was constraint in Annette's manner toward her husband and in her deportment at the table. As for Miss Julie, her heart was in her mouth. It was all she could do to eat three fourths of her usual amount. "A full stomach maketh a light heart," she kept telling herself, but that didn't bolster her appetite. And once, when Henry made some remark about a nip in the air and the need for getting out his winter suits, Miss Julie almost choked on rice and gravy.

Taking only a modest second helping of plum pudding, she asked to be excused, and, after an exchange of looks with Annette, hurried to her room. She put on her best black coat and her heaviest veil, for she felt that mourning befitted the occasion, and sallied forth with her sacrifice.

Annette would have liked to defer the breaking of the bad news, but being a woman of character she knew that this would do no good in the end. Promptly, thirty minutes after the beginning of Henry's siesta, she took her stand outside the sitting room and waited until his snores stopped and a strangling, agonized sound told her that he was awake. Then she knocked and entered.

Refreshed by his nap, Henry O'Donnell was stretching gratefully. He put a hand to his polka dot tie, gave a twirl to his mustaches and stood up.

"Henry—" Annette began uncertainly. Then, tactfully, she added, "Did you enjoy your nap?"

Henry grunted.

"Er—" Annette began again.

YEARS of marriage and parenthood had developed in Henry a sixth sense, so that he knew instinctively when he was being cajoled, when someone was trying to hoodwink him and when he was being gently prepared for some cataclysmal revelation. Suspecting the last, he bristled in advance, and his fierce reddish mustaches twitched like antennae.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he barked suspiciously.

"Henry, you mentioned getting out those winter suits—"

"Yes, I did. The weather is turning. What's so remarkable about that?"

"Well—that suit you gave Queenie's father," Annette said, as if, by making it seem a direct gift, she could minimize Miss Julie's part in the unfortunate transaction, "it was a very nice one, you know."

"But I'd worn it for two years."

Annette looked at him. It didn't seem to her that this conversation was going quite as she had planned it.

"Sometimes I think Ma's eyesight is getting a little dim," she went on. "She—"

But Henry was quick at comprehending calamity. He swelled perceptibly; he took a deep breath; he seemed to be standing on his toes and looming over her.

"You mean," he thundered, "the old lady went and gave away my new black suit?"

"I'm afraid so, Henry," Annette said humbly.

Henry took a few quick paces up and down, considering this new affliction. "My brand-new suit!" he roared. "My brand-new suit!" He stamped, and the loving cups on the mantel jiggled. "Why, that suit cost me seventy-five dollars, and I never had it on more than half a dozen times!"

Then he sought a crumb of hope. "Are you absolutely sure?" he demanded.

"Absolutely," Annette said, "because the one that's left has an odd button on the vest, and I remember putting it on last spring."

A less virile man would have sobbed outright. Henry started to put his head in his hands, but he seemed to think better of it. He made a few heartfelt remarks about the carefulness and general intelligence of mothers-in-law, and added a few more about the eternal negligence, on the part of everyone concerned, of his interests and comfort. It was some time before Annette realized that someone was knocking at the living-room door, which she had prudently closed.

"Come in!" she called, and Henry glared at her as if she were to blame for the interruption.

SARAH, the maid, apologetically entered. "Excuse me, Mr. Henry," she said. "Queenie want to see you, suh."

For an instant, Henry O'Donnell looked as if the mere mention of Queenie, another person connected with his tragedy, was going to give him the apoplectic fit that he had been cultivating.

"Queenie!" he bellowed. "What—?" And then a ray of hope struck him. Perhaps she had discovered the mistake and was returning the suit. But Sarah extinguished that ray of hope with her next remark.

"Queenie—she want to thank you, suh."

Scaling his voice down to the point where it was merely deafening, Henry roared, "Ask her to come in!"

A trifle awed, Queenie entered. She made her very best courteous bob to the O'Donnells; and Henry, subsiding a little, asked after her father.

"Pa's fine, thank you, suh. He send me to thank you for the suit, suh."

"The suit? Oh, yes," Henry said, as if he had just recalled giving it away. "Well, did you get it cut down?"

"Yes, suh," Queenie said, and Henry winced. "It fit fine."

"Good," Henry said, but his tone was hollow. "I hope he liked it." And, straining to appear jovial, he looked at An-

Next Week

I Couldn't Make the Varsity Today!

By RED GRANGE

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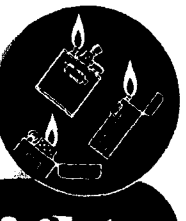

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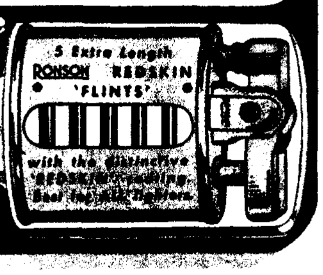

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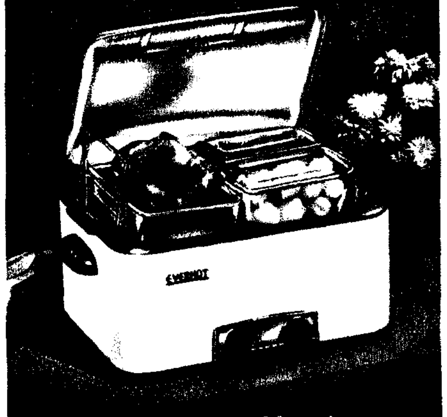

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EVERHOT
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nette with what he intended to be a genial smile.

"Yes, suh," Queenie said. "Pa was so glad to git that suit, he cried. He cried jist like a little boy because he never had sich a good suit—" She broke off and sniffled audibly.

"Well, well!" Henry said. "Well!" He took out a handkerchief and blew his nose violently. "You tell your father," he went on in an odd voice, "that I'm very glad to know he was so pleased. Tell him to have a good time on that excursion. And," (here Henry winked broadly) "Queenie, you tell Simmons I said to keep away from the gals up there in New York."

"Oh, Lawd, suh," Queenie protested, giggling. "Pa's seventy-five."

The sure-fire joke having sent Sarah and Queenie out laughing fit to kill, Annette stood uncertainly, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. Henry, his wrath gone, tried hard to be gruff, nevertheless.

"Oh, hell, it was only money," he said finally. "I suppose it doesn't matter. If seventy-five dollars can make that old man as happy as all that, I guess I can stand it."

"It's a shame about the suit," Annette said sympathetically, "but it is nice to feel that it pleased the old man so much."

Henry grunted again, but she understood. She got his hat, and when he had kissed her good-by and was putting his hand on the doorknob, she gave him a little pat of approval.

THE knob seemed to reject his grip, and the door flew violently inward, almost upsetting Henry, and revealing Miss Julie. Miss Julie, of course, was intent on her own affairs and did not see the look on Henry's rugged features which told of a good deed well done.

"Henry!" she shouted. "Well, I'm glad I caught you before you got back to the office. I wanted to have this off me mind." Impulsively, she thrust a handful of bills at her son-in-law, who drew back in astonishment.

"I'm sorry about the suit," Miss Julie explained. "It was all me own fault, and I mean to pay for it."

But Henry didn't intend to be deprived of his pleasure in being charitable. "No, no," he said. "Never mind. We all make mistakes."

Miss Julie, unaccustomed to such tolerance, looked at him sharply; she was not sure she had understood him correctly. She shook her head in her obstinate way. "No, take it," she insisted, holding out the packet of bills. "Seventy-five dollars. I think that was the right amount. I just met Queenie," she explained, "and she told me her poor old father was so pleased with the suit that he cried like a baby." She stuffed the bills into Henry's unwilling hand and wiped her eyes. "I won't get another seventy-five dollars' worth of satisfaction like that at my age," she explained to Annette.

Henry stood holding the bills and looking remarkably unhappy for a man who has just received the price of a new suit. But he had got the credit for this act of charity and had reconciled himself to the loss it entailed. Now the readjustment was too radical, and he knew, too, that he would have to have the entire picture of his generosity erased from the minds of Queenie and her father. On the other hand, his mother-in-law was a proud old lady, and he knew that it would offend her deeply if he positively refused.

He pocketed the bills by shoving them into his trousers as if they were of no value whatever. "Very well, Miss Julie," he said gruffly. "Have it your own way." And he slammed the door hard and was gone.

"Mama," Annette said, "Henry feels bad about taking that money. Queenie was just here, too, and when she told him about old Simmons crying, he didn't care a thing about the suit or the money."

Miss Julie pouted. "It was my idea," she said doggedly, "and if I'm to have the satisfaction, I want to pay for it. I'm not exactly a pauper," she added stiffly.

"Henry has already taken the credit," Annette objected.

"Henry can correct any wrong impression as he chooses," Miss Julie said. "That's no affair of mine."

With a sigh, Annette abandoned the argument. "Tell me, Mama," she inquired, curiosity getting the better of her, "just how did you raise seventy-five dollars so quickly?"

Miss Julie blushed and looked momentarily indignant, but under the softening effect of charity well bestowed, she relented. Her hand instinctively sought the place at her throat where the enamel pin had been. Before she could answer, Annette understood.

"Ma! you didn't!"

"It was mine to do with as I liked," said Miss Julie. "Hartley wanted that pin, and he gave me seventy-five dollars without too much haggling. It's done now. Let's not have any more talk about the matter."

"You know how Henry would feel if he knew that—"

"I can't help his feelings," said Miss Julie. "He's not the only person who can do good works, is he?" And she sailed up the stairs—if the word sailed may be used about such a solid old lady.

Left alone, Annette stood a while in thought. "He can't be at the office yet," she murmured, looking at the telephone on the wall of the entryway.

Five minutes later, she called the number of Henry's office.

"Henry," she almost shouted into the mouthpiece, "you know how Mama got the money?"

Henry's reply was brief, and Annette realized that only the presence of his fellow workers kept it within gentlemanly bounds.

"She sold her enamel pin," Annette informed him. Henry could not make a full-dress comment on that, either. "Oh, Hartley's, of course. I knew you'd want to know. Good-by, dear."

MISS JULIE responded with her usual alacrity to the supper bell and descended the stairs still glowing with the warm pleasure of charity mixed with satisfaction at having bested her son-in-law in a good cause. She beamed at the golden pile of scrambled eggs and was about to butter a hot muffin when she noticed, beside her plate, a small box daintily wrapped. Miss Julie held the butter spreader idle for a moment and looked at Annette, who signaled to her to open up the package.

Miss Julie did so, murmuring her wonderment. There was a box inside, with the jeweler's name on it. She lifted the lid and gave a little cry of surprise.

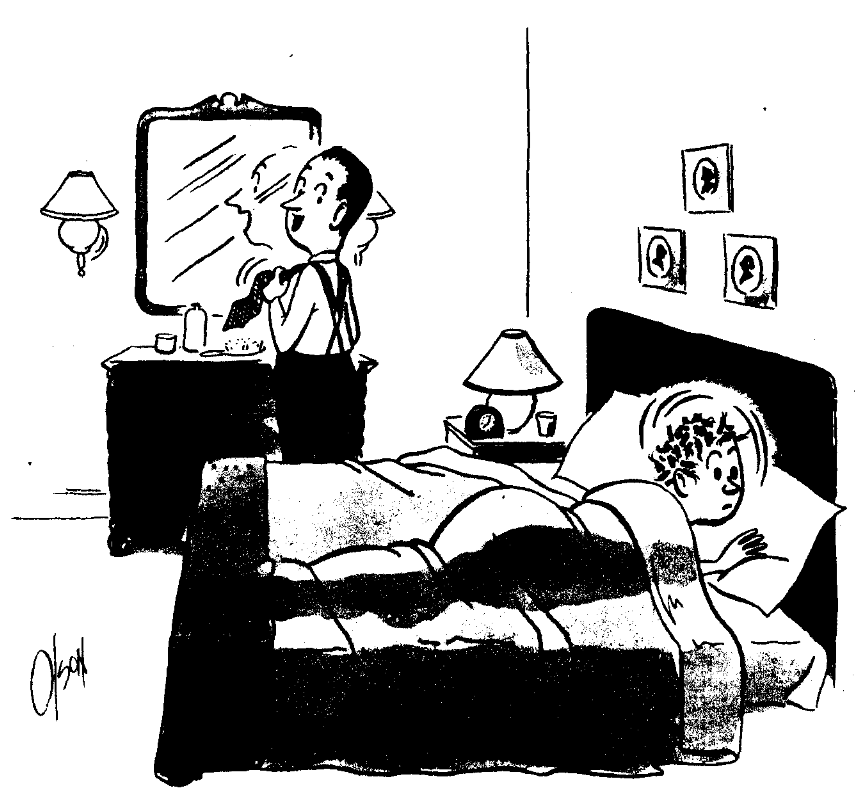
George, the youngest grandchild, asked what was in the box.

"Me diamond-and-enamel pin," said Miss Julie in a voice that was choked with—well, maybe it was surprise. "And there's a cyard with it." She lowered her gold-rimmed spectacles from her forehead and read aloud.

"From an admirer," she read. She flushed. She knew that Annette had betrayed her and that Henry had got around her cleverly, but as she saw their beaming faces, she couldn't feel resentful, even if she had wanted to. She cherished that pin, and what Southern lady, regardless of her age, could ever resist gallantry? A bit mistily, like the sun through fog, Miss Julie beamed, too, at her son-in-law.

"Thank you, Henry," she said, and her voice trembled.

Henry waved a hand. He felt that he had got his money's worth—not merely once, but twice. ▲▲▲



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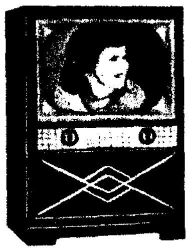

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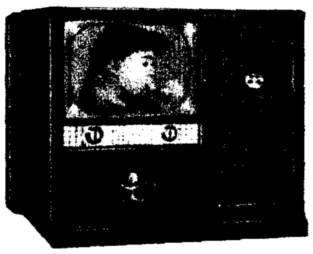

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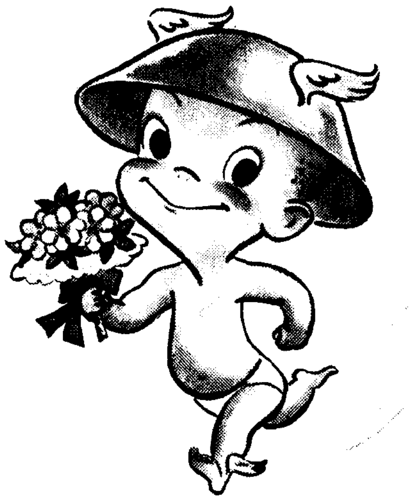

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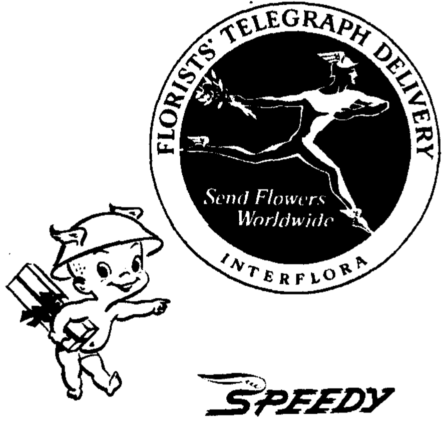

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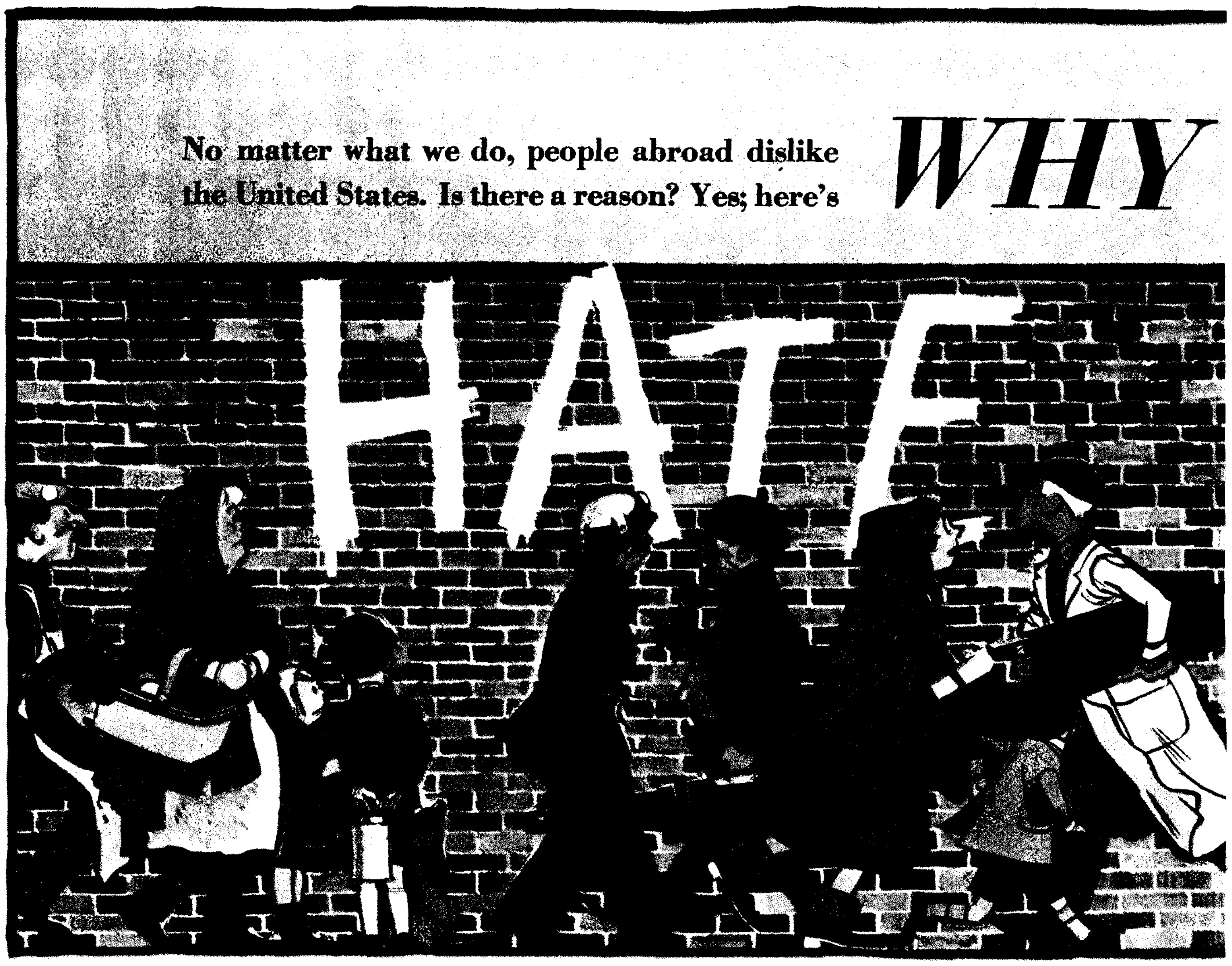
WHY HATE

No matter what we do, people abroad dislike the United States. Is there a reason? Yes; here's



HARRY DEVLIN

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

Paris

IF YOU think our enemies have harsh words to say about us, you should hear our friends. All over Western Europe, the United States is undergoing a withering non-Communist verbal attack that shocks, bewilders and alarms every American who hears it. A few men lead this anti-American chorus, but millions sing it. Sometimes the roar is deafening.

The shouting is noisiest in the three nations we have helped the most—Britain, France and West Germany. Why? Is it because we have asked the most from these countries in return for our help? That's part of it. Certainly the demands of Western defense have been used as the rallying cry by the leaders of the anti-American campaign. The United States, they have protested, is dragging the free world into war, is unfit for world leadership, is bleeding the rest of the world dry. But the words of politicians (the world over) don't always reveal their real motives. What's behind the attacks? Let's look at the men who are uttering them.

In Britain, the loudest voice is that of the brilliant leftist Laborite and former coal miner, Aneurin Bevan. In France, it's that of the strong, aloof, rightist General Charles de Gaulle, who heads the Rally of the French People, the nation's second largest party. In West Germany, death—resulting from years as a Nazi prisoner—has stilled the bitter voice of Socialist leader Kurt Schumacher, but his hymn of hate has been picked up by his successor, Erich Ollenhauer, without dropping a note.

If Ollenhauer hadn't stepped into the gap left by Schumacher's death, another man would have. For there is always someone to lead the disaffected, to rally the malcontents, to make political capital of widespread dissatisfaction. And that is why, without denying that such politicians have serious convictions too, it pays off in Europe to hate America.

It is significant that in each country the attack has been led by an ambitious politician, a minority leader eagerly contesting for control of his nation's government. The miner, the martyr and the martinet have been motivated in part by sincere suspicion of American policy—but they have also been driven by a desire for power which, they feel, can best be obtained by playing on the nationalist passions—and the selfish interests—of their followers.

Results Delight the Reds

And play on them they have, not by the hysterical methods of the Communist propagandists, but by a more restrained approach better calculated to appeal to the people of free nations. Whatever the method, the results have been a source of unconcealed delight to the Reds.

"I do not believe," said Aneurin Bevan a few months ago, "that the American nation has the experience, sagacity or self-restraint necessary for world leadership at this time. They are engaged at the moment in the most tremendous rearmament program the world has ever seen and I cannot see any sense in it . . . I'll say to my American friends that their economic and fiscal policies are doing more damage to Western Europe than Stalin can ever do!"

The argument that the real threat to world peace is posed by the U.S., not Russia, is a recurrent theme in Bevan's speeches and writings. Fantastic as his argument is to Americans, it has an appeal to Britons who know their drab lives would be much brighter if there were no need for expensive defense measures.

The United States, Bevan cries, is reckless, greedy and wanton; because of its own frantic fear of Russia, America is threatening Britain with economic disaster—first, by insisting on banning East-West trade,

Martyr. German Socialist Kurt Schumacher blasted U.S. till day he died, left legion of followers

'T PAYS OFF TO

and second, by demanding that the British keep pace with the American military build-up. "Fear of Soviet Communism," he wrote in a recent book, "has led the United States and those who follow her lead to take a distorted view of the world situation and of the forces which are at work in the modern society."

Then there is nothing to fear from the Russians? Certainly not, says Bevan. The Soviet Union's steel production is only one third the potential production of the West, he argues, and "there is no better test of the military striking power of a nation than its steel consumption . . .

"This the Russians know probably better than we do, and it is this knowledge that will restrain their military adventures unless they are panicked into more than limited aggression." (In other words, the Reds won't fight unless chip-on-the-shoulder Americans make them.)

Bevan's argument isn't De Gaulle's. The French general is in favor of preparing a defense against Red aggression. He just doesn't like the way it's being done. Why? Because France is being pushed around by her big ally from the other side of the Atlantic. Here are some excerpts from recent De Gaulle speeches and press conferences:

"We have need of allies, but we do not want masters!"

"Because the Americans give us arms, we do not have to be their subjects!"

". . . To escape Soviet domination someday, to escape becoming tomorrow nothing but an American protectorate—until we pass under German domination—we must have an army which is *our* army!"

"(Americans) should use greater restraint in the way they treat Europeans, especially in Paris."

De Gaulle has fought vigorously against almost every major defensive and economic measure adopted by the Western European community of nations—a European army, the Schuman Plan for pooling coal and steel production, and many others. The thought of working on the same team with Germany seems so abhorrent to him that it sometimes appears he would cheerfully scuttle all current defense planning to avoid it.

As Schumacher Lay Dying

That sentiment is returned in kind by the West German Socialists.

We were the last Americans to see the one-armed, one-legged Socialist leader, Kurt Schumacher, before the tortures he had suffered in Hitler's concentration camps took his life last August. For months he had fought against efforts to include West Germans in a Western European army. His harangues against America and the Allies had done tremendous damage to our prestige in Germany—but he seemed to be losing the fight. Now he was bitter. He lay propped on a cot, empty right sleeve and useless left trouser leg tangled by his restless tossing, and said acidly:

"By attaching West Germany to your alliance, you'll keep the Russians in East Germany forever. We want a unified Germany. And you express surprise at our anti-Americanism! Be assured: Our gratitude for the Marshall Plan will not make us an American satellite!"

That was the theme of most of

Miner. British Laborite Aneurin Bevan, ex-coal digger, says U.S. s worse peace threat than Russia

Martinet. Tough, cold French Gen. Charles de Gaulle says Americans are trying to enslave their allies

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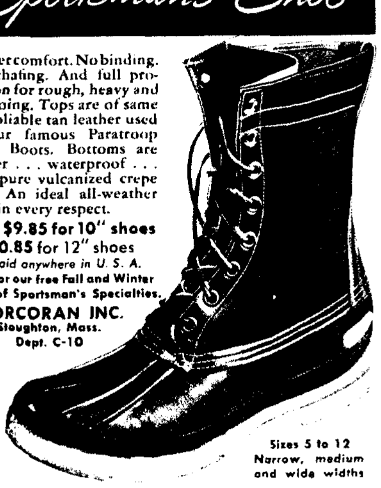

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De Gaulle: "We need allies, but we don't want masters!"

Kurt Schumacher's political statements in the last months of his life, and his Socialist heir, Ollenhauer, has pledged himself to the same policy. The effect has been incendiary. Germans, bitter over two successive military defeats, tired of occupation, weary of insufficient rations—discontented, in short, for whatever reason—have rallied to the "Hate America" banner. Will that solve their problems? No, but it's nice to have someone to blame.

There have been so many clashes between German civilians and American GIs in recent months that the U.S. Army had to clamp down a curfew on its soldiers. It doesn't apply to officers, though, and we were on hand when a couple of American lieutenants walked into a Munich restaurant. There was a roar of disapproval, and someone shouted, "Go on back to your own snack bars!"

In Heidelberg, we visited the ancient, renowned university and inspected a lecture amphitheater, freshly painted and newly furnished with American aid. A group of students watched us impassively. When we approached, one of them greeted us with these words: "Pretty pleased with yourselves, aren't you? Do you think this"—he gestured around the room—"will buy us to be your hired soldiers?"

Some Beer-Parlor Opinions

One night in Frankfurt—a city reduced to rubble by Allied bombs, then rebuilt with American money—we went to a popular beer joint and took notes on conversations we overheard:

"The Americans will put us back in uniform—but in a European army, not a German army."

"Can you see yourself fighting for France? Or for Italy? What's the difference between that and fighting for Russia?"

We introduced ourselves to a prosperous-looking man who said he was Gunther Brandt, a grocer. Yes, he said, he had lost practically everything in the war, but now his business was doing well. Who had set him up again? The Americans. Then he added quickly: "You had to help us. The Communists would have if you hadn't." Brandt was a Socialist. "As long as they're for unifying Germany and keeping out of alliances, they've got my vote."

Tempers were hot in Germany. Elsewhere in Europe, they were slightly cooler—but only slightly. Bevan and De Gaulle have been somewhat more temperate than Schumacher was, but by the time their views filter down to their followers, they often acquire an almost explosive emotional content. The poor people of Britain and France, the hard-pressed merchants, the malcontents, all are seeking a scapegoat. They may not care about international politics, but they have jumped at the chance to blame their troubles on the U.S.

In Britain, we spoke to a Lancashire woman who had lost her job in a cotton mill because exports had fallen off, and was now working as a domestic. She was hurt, and in a mood to heed the words of "Nye" Bevan. "It's just like he says," she declared angrily. "Russia wants to buy from us, but the blasted Americans won't let us trade. If it weren't for your government, I'd have my old job today. What difference does it make if I sew shirts for some Russian? He isn't going to *shoot* me with them!"

Even some industrialists—the last people in the world you'd expect to see supporting a leftist Laborite—find appeal in Bevan's economic views. Desperately anxious to find outlets for their goods, they chafe at restrictions on commerce between Russia and the free world.

"You Americans are flooding the Western markets and keeping us out of the Eastern ones," a Scottish locomotive manufacturer told us grimly. "I hate Bevan, but he's got the right idea there. I could sell 100 locomotives tomorrow if it weren't for all this damned nonsense about East-West trade!"

Raymond Guliers is a French farmer, hardheaded, implacably anti-Communist—and almost equally suspicious of the United States. Guliers lives in Normandy, the first part of France to be liberated by the United States. He mentioned that, then added in a polite, steely voice: "Would you say, perhaps, that liberation has come to mean domination?"

His son, Robert, on furlough from the French army, didn't even bother to be polite. "The Americans want to run everything," he growled. "You're trying to lead us around by the nose!"

We spoke to a French general who has gone into politics with *"le grand Charles"*—De Gaulle. "We have a great military tradition," he said furiously, "but the Americans treat us like children. Ours is the natural leadership of anti-Communist forces in Europe. But no, not to the Americans. To them, *this* must be done equal with *that;* everybody co-operates. You are fools!"

De Gaulle got more than 4,000,000 votes in the last election. It wasn't enough, but it was promising. "We will have some reverses, certainly," said a vivacious young Parisian housewife who braves the reddest Communist districts to preach De Gaullism. "We are fighting against great odds—not only Communists, but Americans as well."

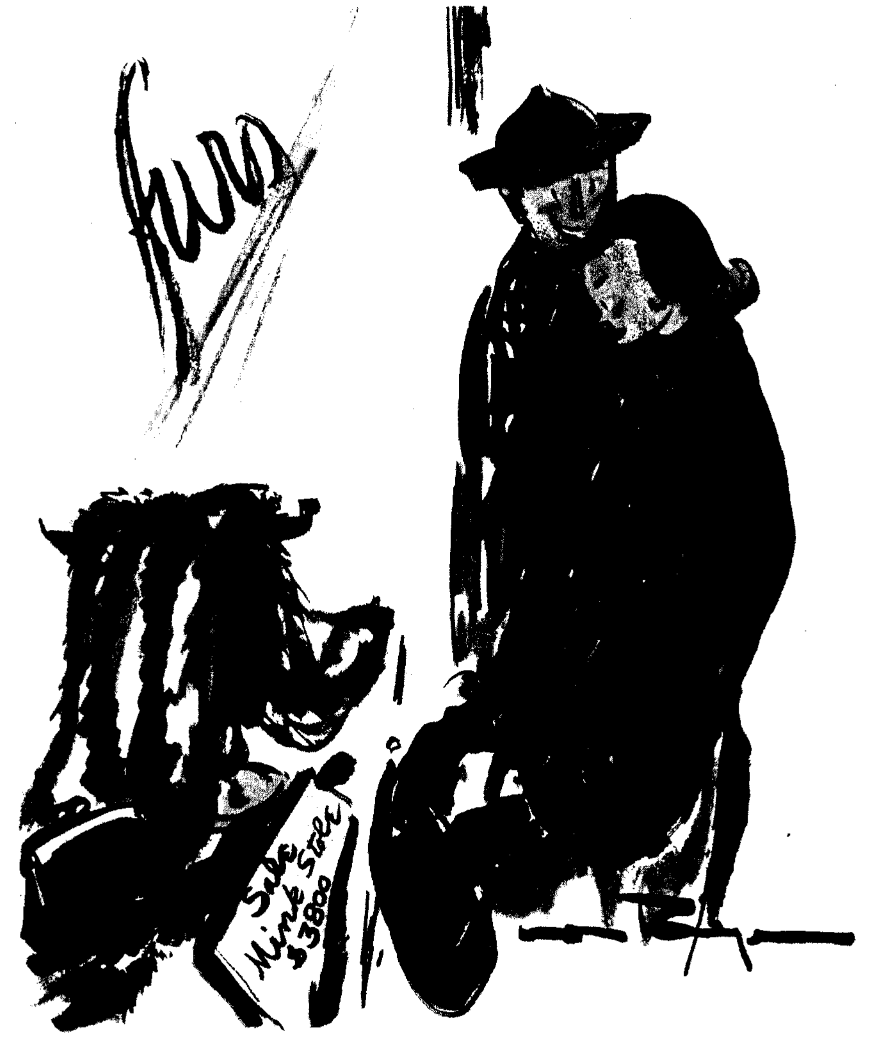
Sees End of U.S. Influence

A young civil servant carried the thought further: "Our power will one day burst over the country like a tidal wave. When it does, it will sweep away American influence, once and for all."

We heard statements like these everywhere in Europe. To be sure, despite their confident predictions, the people who are deeply angry still represent a minority. But they are a large minority, and a highly vocal one. And many of the people who are stringing along with the policies of the United States and its partners are doing so with obvious reluctance. The total effect is astonishing.

Most of the Americans visiting Europe are insulated from the views of the local inhabitants by their unfamiliarity with the language and by their tendency to stick to the tourist attractions, where they have little direct contact with the people. But we have met a few in the past several months who strayed from the usual tourist trails and were shocked and sickened by what they had heard.

There was the little high-school teacher from Wisconsin who asked in a



COLLIER'S "It *is* nice. And I'll bet it makes some woman's husband unhappy" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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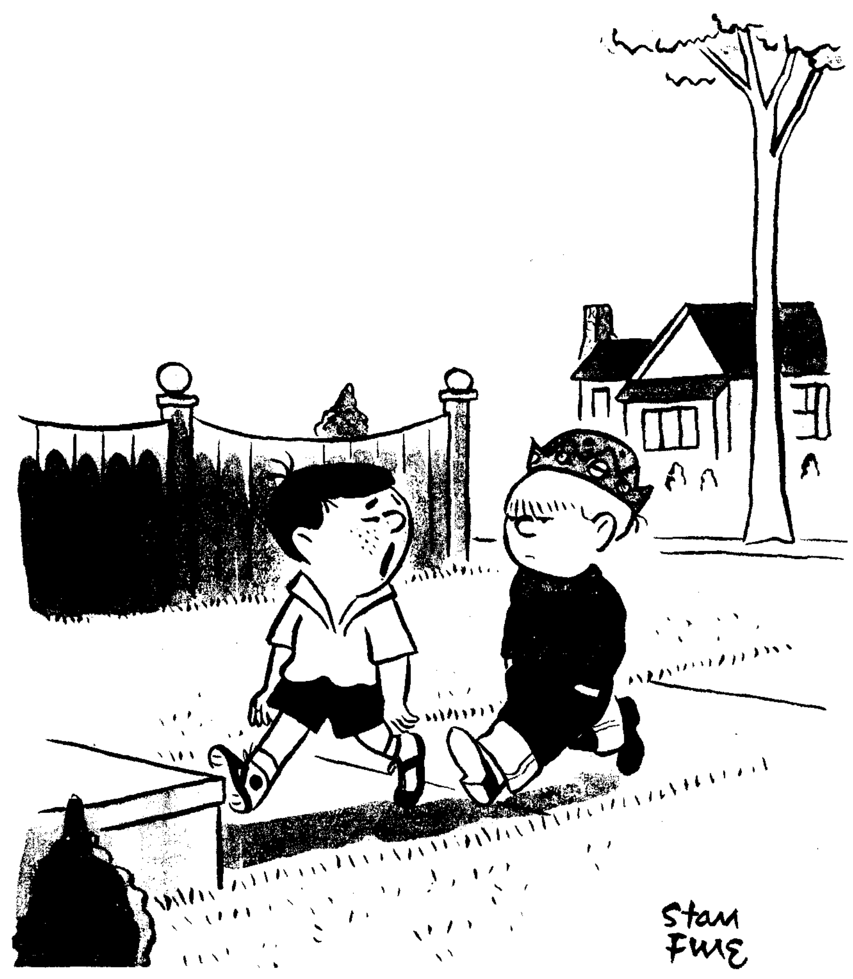


"Now take it easy—our house is brand-new, and we have to be careful of it for a week or two"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

hurt voice after a trip through France: "Why do they say we're trying to rule the world?" And the businessman from San Francisco who visited the birthplace of his grandparents in Germany and returned angry and shaken: "I thought we had made a lot of friends over here, but I met dozens of Germans who told me we're leading the world to another war."

In an atmosphere such as this, the seeds of Communist propaganda find fertile ground. We know an American sergeant who took an automobile trip to northern England. He stopped at a filling station and chatted pleasantly with the proprietor. The owner's eight-year-old son came up and was introduced to the sergeant. He looked frightened, ducked behind his father and refused to shake hands—an unpardonable breach of courtesy for a European child.

"You know what that kid said?" the sergeant told us later. "He had heard from some other kids that all Americans carry germs that kill people, like they do in Korea. Can you tie that?"

Leaders Are Getting Worried

Although incidents as extreme as that are rare, there is no question that the Communists have reaped great benefits from the anti-American campaigning of the Bevanites, De Gaullists and German Socialists. Recently there have been signs that even the leaders of the anti-American groups have become concerned, as if the movement had started getting out of hand.

The inner councils of the German Socialist party have resounded with appeals for caution since Schumacher's death, although the bulk of the party still feels strongly that his attacks on the United States were justified.

In France, a small bloc of De Gaullists bolted the party rather than vote with the Communists on a move which would have paved the way for the general's ascendancy to power.

Recently, the British trade-unions which give Bevan his greatest support called on him to concentrate on domestic issues and stop trying to provoke an open split with the United States.

These reactions against anti-Americanism have not been violent; the campaign against the United States has been too successful for that. The German Socialists have been principally responsible for the months-long delay in German approval of a Western European army; the British government, prodded by Bevan, has been forced to consider seriously the advisability of cutting back the nation's armament program; French acceptance of German rearmament hangs in the balance because of De Gaulle's opposition.

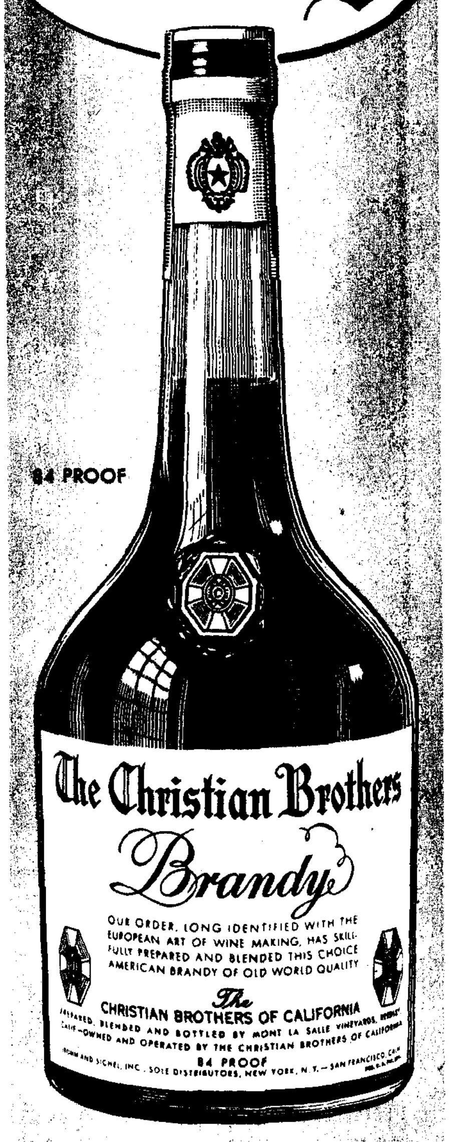
Nevertheless, some American diplomats are encouraged by the slackening of the campaign against the U.S.

"Rolling back anti-Americanism will be a slow process," a top U.S. official told us. "It's been going on too long and too hard to be licked overnight. But it will be licked. It's beginning to occur to some of these people that Stalin is the only winner when a name-calling contest begins among the nations of the free world."

And one of America's most respected diplomats, said, "I think the peak of the anti-American campaign has been reached. It should begin to recede noticeably in the next year."

Whistling in the dark? Maybe. For many American officials, the thought of a Western Europe ruled by men like Bevan, De Gaulle and Ollenhauer, Schumacher's successor, is too horrible to contemplate. It would mean the ruin of the defense program we have been laboriously building for years—and so, in the view of most Western diplomats, an open invitation to aggression for the men in the Kremlin. ▲▲▲

It's Smart to drink Brandy



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Voter, Grab That Wheel

THERE IS PROBABLY no activity in American politics more important than the right, privilege and duty of a citizen to vote. There is also probably no political subject which is so likely to set up a chain reaction of clichés once you sit down to write about it. Nevertheless, we feel compelled to run the cliché risk and write something about it now, in view of the perennial disparity between the number of persons entitled to vote and the number who exercise that right.

What really made us decide to write this piece were a couple of remarks that friends of ours made recently. Both these friends are intelligent men, and both of them readily admitted that they hadn't voted in years.

One of them said quite frankly, "I'm not a good citizen. Millions of people aren't. And the reason I don't vote is that I'd have to register, and if I register I'm liable to get stuck for jury duty."

The other friend explained his failure to vote in this way, "I've never seen an election yet where my vote would have made any difference."

Our first friend's excuse is, of course, lazy and irresponsible. Few busy men and women relish jury duty, but most of us have "got stuck" at one time or another. We may have thought that we had more important things to do. But we also have remembered that the right to be judged by a jury of one's peers is one of the most ancient, cherished and necessary privileges of free men, and one that we, too, might need to avail ourselves of sometime. So we did our tour of jury duty.

The second friend's reason is more typical of nonvoters, we should imagine. It sounds plausible, but it isn't. And to bolster that statement we want to recall to you just three of the several close squeaks in the 1948 Presidential election.

In case you've forgotten, almost 4,000,000 people voted in Illinois, and President Truman carried the state by only 33,612. More than 4,000,000 voted in California, and Mr. Truman took the state by a mere 17,865. It was even squeakier in Ohio. There the number of voters was just under 3,000,000 and the President's edge over Governor Dewey was a scant 7,107.

We can't prove it, of course, but we think it's a safe bet that in three states where almost 11,000,000 *did* vote in 1948, there were 60,000 people who favored a change of administration but *didn't* vote. Theoretically, those 60,000 votes—or a little more than one tenth of one per cent of the country's total vote—could have carried Illinois, California and Ohio for the G.O.P. candidate. With those three states, Mr. Dewey would have landed in the White House.

So our friend was wrong in saying that his vote wouldn't make any difference. When you multiply his indifference by the indifference of thousands more who feel as he does, you come up with the disquieting answer that American elections have been and can be decided not by the voters, but by those who stay away from the polls on Election Day.

This year the Presidential race promises to be one of the closest in our history. We don't think anyone wants to see it decided by default. And it won't be if citizens like our indifferent friend will cease underestimating their own individual importance, not only in the operation of their government but in the fate of their country, and acknowledge that voting is everybody's responsibility.

Free Press—Fair Press

WE'VE BEEN INTERESTED in the continuing discussion of Governor Stevenson's criticism of a "one-party press in a two-party country," which was so loudly and enthusiastically echoed by President Truman. And we are particularly interested because this criticism appeared on the front page of the publications of this "one-party press" all over the country.

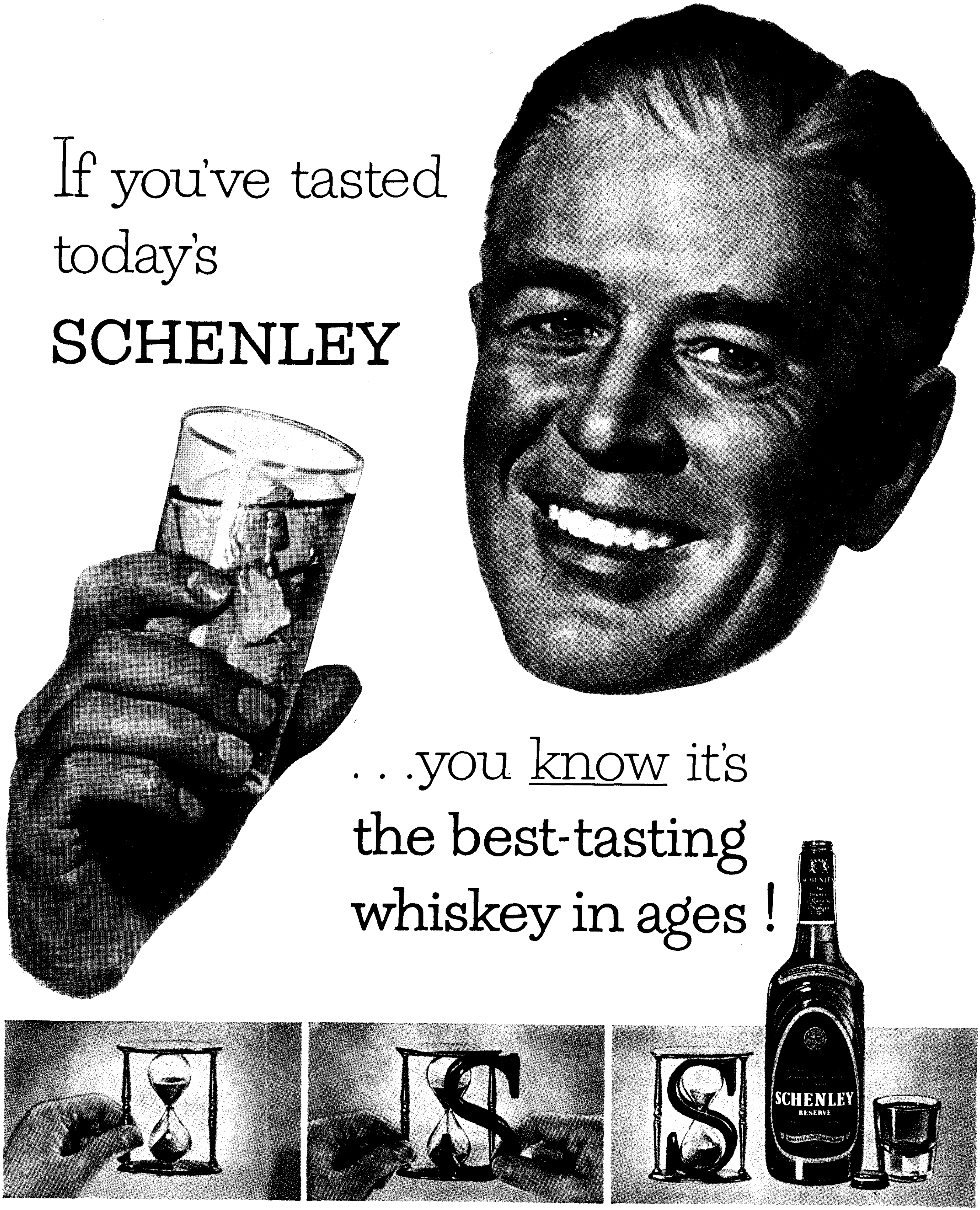
Mr. Stevenson complained that "some of our nation's great papers," like the Times and Herald Tribune in New York and the Post in Washington, had announced support of General Eisenhower even before the Democratic candidate was selected. Mr. Truman cited the figure that only 10.3 per cent of the nation's newspapers had supported him in 1948.

Well, if a large number of newspapers still think today, as they thought in 1948, that it's time for a change in administration, it seems to us that it's their privilege to say so. But the important point is that virtually 100 per cent of the daily newspapers in America give just as prominent display to the views and statements of the President and the Democratic Presidential nominee as they do to those of General Eisenhower.

Governor Stevenson is, if we may coin a phrase, an old newspaperman himself, and if, as the Democratic candidate, he were also editorial director of the Bloomington, Illinois, Pantagraph (in which he still owns a partial interest), it's a cinch that he wouldn't order all news of General Eisenhower's sayings and doings buried in the back of the paper, while all his own activities were displayed up front. He wouldn't do it for the practical reason that he'd know his readers were probably pretty evenly divided between Eisenhower and Stevenson supporters, and that if he permitted himself any blatant political bias he would lose readership, circulation and advertising revenue.

But we're idealistic enough to believe that there are other considerations beside the practical ones which dictate the fair treatment which the American press traditionally gives the Presidential candidates of both parties. We think that the vast majority of newspaper publishers and editors are decent, ethical men. They know their readers buy their papers primarily for news. They know it's their business to give them the news. They know that the President of the United States and the men seeking that office make news. And they also know that their own personal and political convictions belong in the columns of the editorial page and should be confined there.

So we feel sure that if Governor Stevenson and President Truman ever feel like teeing off again on the "one-party press," they'll find that most newspapers once more will give their blast a prominent spot on page one.



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